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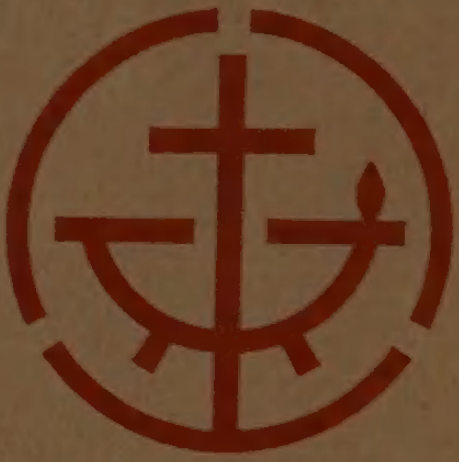


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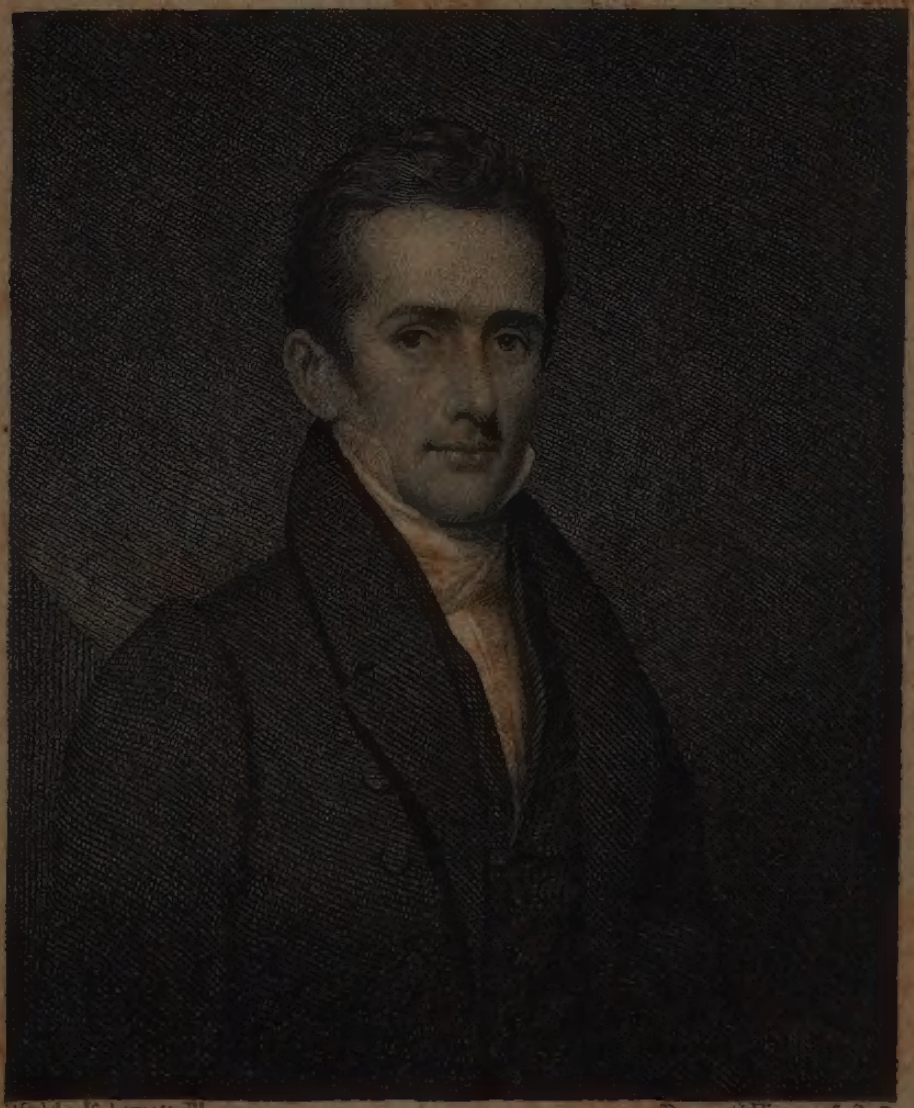

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# MEMOIR

OF

# JAMES BRAINERD TAYLOR.

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BY

JOHN HOLT RICE, D. D.

AND

BENJAMIN HOLT RICE, D. D.

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SECOND STEREOTYPE EDITION,

REVISED UNDER THE SANCTION OF THE SURVIVING COMPILER.

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# MEMOIR.

## CHAPTER I.

*Early Life, till commencing Study.*

James Brainerd Taylor, son of Col. Jeremiah Taylor, of Middle-Haddam, Connecticut, was born on the 15th of April, 1801. His parents were in the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and greatly respected in the circle of their acquaintance. On the mother's side, he was connected with the family of Brainerd, a name to be held in remembrance as long as the devoted zeal of the self-denying missionary shall be had in honor. On the father's side, an old record traces up the lineage to a branch of the family of Jeremy Taylor. But, while no wise man ever undervalued the benefits of being born of worthy parents, no one of right spirit ever relied on this providential circumstance to bear him on through life. Our character depends on ourselves. So thought James B. Taylor. And while he honored and revered his parents with the truest filial affection, he went forth with the spirit of genuine independence to make his own way in the world.

Of his very early youth, the affection of friends has preserved many recollections of deep interest. He was particularly distinguished by an affectionate vivacity, which greatly endeared him to his relatives, and made him a general favorite in the circle in which he moved.

The first deep religious impressions on his mind were made by an elder brother, who, while on a visit to his father, took occasion, after family worship, to make some observations on a portion of Scripture, and to apply them to the state of those around him who were out of Christ. He was affected even to tears; and, for the first time in his life, went on his knees in secret prayer. The feelings, however, which had been thus awakened, were almost entirely suppressed, in a way not at all unusual. James had been exceedingly devoted to the gayeties of life, and was particularly fond of dancing. Just about this time he was prevailed on by some young companions to go to a party formed for this purpose in the neighborhood. The result was the loss of his seriousness, and the commission of sins of which he never before had been guilty. No one ever resists the Holy Spirit, and suppresses the convictions of his own heart, without a great increase of sinfulness.

In this state of mind he was placed as a clerk in the store of a merchant in New-York. Two brothers, both older than himself, watched over him with all the solicitude of fraternal affection; and thus he was preserved from the paths of that destroyer which lurks in all our large cities, and takes in her snares so many of our most hopeful young men.

James attended the ministry of the Rev. Dr. John B. Romeyn, pastor of the church then in Cedar-street, New-York; and there, at the age of fifteen, publicly professed his faith in Christ, and joined in commemorating his dying love.

Nothing in the history of his religious experience, at this time, shows it to have been very remarkable.

It appears, however, that as soon as he felt the transforming power of religious truth, he manifested a decided disposition to active benevolence, and readily engaged in such labors of love as a young man in his situation could perform. His letters also show a great concern for his younger brothers and sisters at home. Writing to a sister in the year 1815, he says: "Tell the dear little brothers and sisters the state of their hearts; give them all the instruction you can as to their future welfare; and O may the Lord draw them by the cords of his everlasting love, and let his Spirit and blessing rest on them." In another letter written to the same relative, he gives this solemn exhortation: "M—, as you are the oldest child of our dear parents, now at home, do instruct our dear little brothers and sisters, and urge them to seek the salvation of their souls—for it is your duty."

It appears, indeed, that afterwards he had a very low opinion of his religious attainments at this time. Yet his correspondence was almost entirely on the subject of religion, frequently indicating a deep sense of obligation; and, though he was obliged during the whole week to perform the laborious services of a merchant's clerk in a place of great commercial activity, he engaged with great alacrity as a teacher in the Sabbath school; and his letters breathe a deep solicitude in behalf of the children committed to his care.

The compiler of this little work gladly takes this opportunity of recording the very valuable services rendered to the community by many young men in similar situations. And they deserve the higher approbation on account of the peculiarly disadvantageous circumstances in which they are placed. Little do pa-

rents think to what danger they expose their sons when they send them to a merchant's counting-house in a large city. Removed from all the sacred influences of domestic life, and surrounded by ten thousand temptations, they usually have no society but that of lads in their own situation. With but little previous education, and of course few mental resources, it is not so much wondered at, as deplored, that when the business of the day is over, they should seek relaxation and amusement in those places near which the destroyer is always lurking; and that often, before their time of service is expired, they should have acquired habits of dissipation, and a love of pleasure, too strong for their principles of honor and morality. Nor is it surprising that, in many cases, the interests of the employer should greatly suffer from the profligateness of his clerks.

Surely the value of religion cannot be too highly appreciated, when it is sufficient to preserve the young, amidst all other temptations, from debasing pleasures and extravagant amusements. Of the strength of this principle of action there is very strong evidence afforded by the Sabbath schools of our cities. While thousands, on the Lord's day, are pouring out through every avenue, under the pretence that their health requires a ride or a walk into the country; and while every tavern and tipling shop in the vicinity is swarming with numbers, high in revelry and riot, there are hundreds of young people, of both sexes, who need amusement and relaxation as much as any others, and who seek and find it in the delightful exercise of a most beneficial charity. They meet the children of the poor; they even go among the outcasts of society, and take up

the neglected, and speak words of kindness to them, and teach them to read the precepts of the purest morality, and cause them to hear the lessons of heavenly wisdom. Thus, with every right feeling of the human heart greatly strengthened and refreshed by the consciousness of voluntary efforts to do good, they re-return to the labors of the week, more happy in themselves, and more deserving of the confidence of others than ever. If the gratitude of the community has no civic crown to reward such services, there is One, who will hereafter bestow the meed of approbation, when he shall say, "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter into the joy of your Lord."

In employments of this beneficial character James B. Taylor took great delight; and the peculiar kindness of his disposition induced him to engage in teaching the people of color, of whom there are very considerable numbers in New-York, and who have been greatly neglected in all the efforts to do good which had preceded the establishment of Sabbath schools. "I am engaged," said he, in a letter to one of his sisters, dated April 5, 1818, "in a Sunday school—a pleasing task indeed! I have in my class eight, between the ages of 19 and 40. Some of them learn, during the week, to recite, on Sunday, one, two and three chapters in the Bible. We have in our school about seventy regular attendants, between 16 and 72 years of age. O how that race has been neglected! But I trust that the time has come for them to know more of their Creator. There have been many converts, and some, both teachers and scholars, have connected themselves with the church, who ascribe their convictions to the influence of Sunday schools. We expect

a great day at the anniversary. We shall probably meet in the Park, with all the children, about five thousand. These children, or most of them, were once, I may say, vagabonds, wandering about the streets, and committing the worst of crimes." Such were the first openings of a christian character, which afterwards rose to great eminence, and shone out with exceeding lustre. In the present day, opportunities of doing good are so brought home to every individual, that if any one is contented with the determination to go to heaven by himself, and let others alone, he probably needs no other evidence to prove that he is not a Christian at all.

In letters to his friends, James B. Taylor, by stating facts showing the great usefulness of Sabbath schools, and by earnest exhortations, urged them to set up similar institutions in their neighborhoods. In every way he endeavored, when a youth of only sixteen, to be the cause of good to others.

When young men are sent from the country to a large city, and become engaged in its business and pleasures, they generally are *weaned* from home; and its simple pleasures are regarded with contempt. This is one of the truest signs of corruption; and is an omen too sure, of the ruin which is soon to follow. If religion is not the only, it is certainly the best preservative from evils of this kind. Under its influence, James B. Taylor maintained all the simplicity of his character, and retained all his love of home, his filial and fraternal affection, in full vigor. Under date of Nov. 15, 1818, he writes:

"It would give me great pleasure to receive a letter from my kind mother. I can never repay your good-

ness to me in my younger days. But I hope that He who alone can give happiness, will reward you a hundred fold. I never can, and I never would erase from my memory the kind admonitions which I have received from your lips. I never can sufficiently thank the Lord that my parents have been so good to me. And it is impossible for me to express how much I love and *esteem* you. For this also I desire to be thankful. I esteem it a great blessing."

In many other letters addressed to his parents, similar sentiments are expressed in similar language. And the same strong natural affection was ever shown towards his brothers and sisters. But religion is the great subject of every letter; and the most intense desire that the whole family might become disciples of Jesus Christ, and partakers of his salvation, is manifested in every page.

In his correspondence, as carried on from year to year, there are clear indications of a growth of religious feeling, and increased consistency of religious character; giving promise that one so devoted in early life would be employed by the Head of the church in some remarkable way for the advancement of his cause.

He was now pleasantly situated as a merchant's clerk, with a kind-hearted, pious man, whom he greatly loved. His prospects were entirely favorable. But before the close of 1819, he determined to abandon his pursuits, renounce his hopes of becoming rich, and devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel. The providence of God was plainly in this whole affair.

A physician in New-York, in full practice, and with a rising reputation, had determined to "leave all," and

go with his family as a missionary to the East Indies. His departure from the city excited great interest. James was engaged in his ordinary business, when a young christian friend, on passing his door, called, and asked him to accompany him to the wharf, "to see Dr. Scudder off." The invitation was readily accepted. The scene and the effect produced may be told in his own words:

"*New-York, May* 24, 1819.

"This morning I witnessed a scene highly interesting to the heart of a Christian. It caused thanksgiving and praise to rise from my heart, and tears to flow from my eyes. I saw a missionary and his wife take their departure from this port for India, to declare among the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ. How pleasing is it to see the Lord, from time to time, raising up one and another to make known his truth to the children of men, and sending them to those who have never heard the voice of mercy, have never been told of a Savior from sin, nor of a way of escape from the wrath to come. Let us rejoice in what he has done, is doing now, and has promised to do in time to come, for his church. On looking back thirty years, there were no Bible, no Missionary, no Tract Societies, nor Sabbath Schools. But now, we see them all, and hear of their happy results. We also see societies for the education of pious youth for the ministry, who, I trust, will prove a blessing to millions yet unborn. Christians, at this time, seem to be exerting themselves for the cause of Zion; and while one minister is going among foreign pagans, another is taking his station among the Indians.

"This, I think, is not 'a day of small things.' Yet much remains to be done. And all the followers of Christ ought to be more concerned and engaged for a 'world which lieth in wickedness.' We must also be more careful about our own growth in grace, and advancement in the divine life. For it would be a poor charity to neglect our own salvation in securing that of others.

"The missionary who has just left us, was formerly a physician in this city. This circumstance will be of great advantage, for he will be able to administer to the diseases of the body as well as the mind. It may be said of him and his wife, that they have left all, and followed their Savior. They counted not the blessings of home, and friends, or even their own lives, dear unto themselves, that *they* might 'win Christ,' and win others to him.

"I had the pleasure of being introduced to Dr. and Mrs. Scudder. He appeared cheerful; Mrs. Scudder was bathed in tears, but yet rejoicing. They were surrounded by many acquaintances and friends; and we can with difficulty imagine their feelings when, just about to leave home, and country, and all the blessings of Christian society, they heard one and another say, 'my friend, my sister, farewell, for ever!' Just as the steamboat was moving off, one of the Doctor's friends, who came too late to go on board, called out and bade him adieu, wishing him a pleasant passage. I shall never forget Dr. Scudder's looks, or his words. As he spoke, his eye kindled, and his cheek glowed with the ardor of christian benevolence. He waved his hand, and with a benignant smile on his countenance, said, 'Only give me your prayers, and that is all I ask.'

"He is now gone—gone never to see his friends again in this world:—

'Go, messenger, and bear
'Upon thy gentle wing,
'The song which seraphs love to hear,
'And angels joy to sing.'

"I have felt, since this morning, as though I would be willing to forsake my ever-dear father and mother, brothers and sisters, and country, for my Savior's sake and the Gospel's. I have also thought, perhaps my present business is not to be my future employ. Yes, the Lord may have in reserve for me, unworthy as I am, a situation far different from my present one. May I ever be led in the path of duty, this has been my prayer this day: and I have, more than at any former time, felt the importance of crying, 'Lord, make me to know my duty, and give me a heart to perform it.' Yes, my Lord does know all my desires, and hears all my sighs."

Again he writes:

"On seeing Dr. Scudder take his last leave of his friends, and of the people on shore, with a true missionary spirit, I felt a tenderness towards the poor heathen, to whom he was going, which caused my eyes to overflow. I thought that I would be willing to change my situation for his. On returning home, I felt that I could not attend to business. My desire was to spend that day with the Lord. I retired for prayer, and found the exercise sweet. My mind was impressed with the necessity for more ministers of the Gospel; and many reasons presented them-

selves, why I should devote my life to the good of my fellow-men in that situation."

The desire, which was thus awakened, grew in strength. But no hasty resolution was taken. He consulted with those in whose judgment he confided; and with that warm filial affection and reverence which characterized him, asked counsel of his parents:

"*New-York, May*, 1819.

"Will it not give you pleasure to hear of my desiring to enter on a course of study for the ministry of reconciliation? Yes, my dear father, I have been led, within the course of a few weeks past, to think seriously on this subject. When I turn my eyes to the extensive fields which are presented to my view, they seem to be 'white unto the harvest.' The language of Scripture is surely applicable to the present time,—'The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few.' The calls of Providence are loud to young men to devote themselves to the ministry. And to whom can the Church look but to her sons for this service? The population of this country is growing very rapidly, and the proportion of its increase is much beyond that of the faithful ministers of the Gospel. The call of destitute churches in different parts of our country is, 'Come over and help us.' The voice of the Indians on our borders is, 'Come and make known to us the Savior, that we perish not.' The superstition and idolatry of the heathen, beyond the seas, urge us to go and preach the Gospel, and proclaim to them the glad tidings of salvation. When we think of the Hindoos, who offer their own children in sacrifice to appease their offended gods: whose worship is a worse than

useless superstition; who, on going down to the grave, have no Savior on whom to repose, and no hope of awaking to a happier life to come,—how can we help feeling for them! Surely every benevolent heart longs for their salvation. The heathen are promised to Christ for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. To whom can they look but to us who are Christians? And does not God require us to be co-workers with him in the execution of his grand designs? Means always have been, and probably always will be used by the Lord, for evangelizing the nations. There is a want of faithful ministers throughout the world.

"Now, when I reflect on the goodness and mercy of the Lord towards our family, in bringing the children, as they grow up, to be acquainted with his ways, and to become his professed followers, it seems to me as though some of the number were called to devote themselves to him in the work of the ministry. We have been brought to profess his name at an early age. May God make known to us the path of duty, and give us a heart to walk therein.

"He who enters on this great work ought to weigh the matter well, knowing that many go without being called. In leaving my present business to engage in the ministry, I do not expect more ease or worldly comfort. Far from it! The life of a minister, who is faithful to his Master, to himself, and to those around him, is not only laborious, but full of trials. Yet, doing good to the souls of men, and glorifying God, is more than double compensation for all the hardships and crosses which the devoted servant of Christ is subjected to. Very erroneous views are entertained

by many respecting the life of a minister. It has been supposed that it is easy. But the most arduous labors of a clergyman are not visible to the world. They are performed in his study. Let people follow him to that place, and see him praying, reading, examining, composing—they will then have very different thoughts. But only they who have entered on this course know all the bitter and the sweet connected with it. The responsibility which presses on the mind of a truly conscientious minister is probably more trying than any other species of care and anxiety. Self-denial is also necessary in a minister, as indeed it is in all Christians. It is the very foundation of all active religion. Without it nothing can be done to purpose in the great work of reforming the world—this world that lieth in sin.

"Do you ask me whether I am willing to leave my present business? It would indeed be a cross to leave Mr. H——, for he is one of the best of men. Some may think, if they do not say, that I am a fool for wishing to give up my present employment, which bids fair to make me rich, and which is far more honorable in the sight of the world. To this I can reply, and I do think from the heart, that I *am* willing to give up my present situation, with all its prospects, for one in which I think that I can be more useful. As for the riches of this world, I do not expect to find happiness in them; and the more I think on the condition of the 'christian poor, who do not want,' the more I am convinced that they enjoy higher happiness than those who share largely in the good things of the present life. The cottages of humble Christians are more honorable than the palaces of the rich, where there is no fear nor love of

God The language of my heart is, Lord, whatever may be denied to me—health, friends, and comforts of this life—let me never be denied the light of thy countenance, and thy loving kindness.

"The number of ministers necessary adequately to supply the United States, is estimated at more than 11,000. There is thought to be at present less than one-fourth of that number. What is wanting to encourage one to engage in this all-interesting service? Why should not the call for more laborers be heard by *me?* Surely, if I have been called from 'darkness to light,' it should be my chief aim and desire to point out the way of salvation to others.

"But sometimes my heart shrinks when I think of entering on this service. I have so much to go through before I can appear in the pulpit; and then to come before the world—I am terrified by the anticipation.

"I have now stated my feelings, and submit the same for your consideration. I hope that they may meet your views, and receive your approbation. I doubt not that they will. My desire is to leave all, and become an ambassador for Christ. Of the difficulties in my way, the most prominent at present is the want of funds. I wish you to inform me whether you feel able and willing to support me through my course of study.

"Should I enter on the work of the ministry, there are these promises to comfort and sustain me. Luke, 12 : 42, 'Who is that faithful and wise servant, whom his Lord shall make ruler over his household, to give them their meat in due season?' Ver. 43, 'Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing.' Matt. 28 : 20, 'Teaching them to ob-

serve all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Dan. 12 : 3, 'And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever. Luke, 21 : 15, 'I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay or resist.'

"I can say no more at present. My heart is open before the Lord, and I wait the direction of his providence. Please to give me an early reply, and state your views on the subject. There can be no objection on account of my age. Of my natural talents I wish you to be judge.

"Your affectionate son, JAMES."

After receiving an answer to this letter, he continued for some time in the employment of Mr. H——, faithfully discharging his duty as a clerk, and endeavoring in his place to do good.

During the summer of 1819, New-York was visited with the yellow fever. It was a time of great alarm. But this served only to show the strength and steadiness of his religious principles. While engaged in duty, he appeared to have no fears or anxieties for himself. To his parents he writes thus :

"*New-York, September* 10, 1819.

"Probably you have by this time heard of the yellow fever in New-York, and given yourselves some anxiety about your children here. The fever has not yet spread much, and it is remote from us. At present there is not much occasion to be alarmed.

"You have this one thing, my dear parents, to comfort you. Your children here have an interest in the Savior, at whose command are all the diseases to which we are subject. They can proceed as far as he wills, and no farther. How can we be thankful enough to him, who has called us to the knowledge of the truth! As the Lord has sustained us in times past, let us trust him for that which is to come. This seems to be my language:—'Lord, I would trust thee: I desire to be willing to submit to the ordering of thy providence, whether it send sickness or health, life or death; for I know that all things shall work together for my good."

Through the agency of his beloved pastor, the way was soon opened for him to enter on studies preparatory to the ministry in the academy at Lawrenceville, N. J., in view of which he thus gives utterance to his full heart in letters to his parents and friends:

"*New-York, November* 16, 1819.

"My dearly beloved Father and Mother,

"I begin my letter in the language of the Psalmist—'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' It may be truly said, that the ways of the Lord are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts; and that his dealings with his children are often very different from their expectations. Thus my heavenly Father has dealt with me, his disobedient and unworthy child, in opening the way that I may be prepared to preach the everlasting Gospel. Yes, my dear parents, I have concluded to leave my present employment, to prepare for the ministry. This

determination has met with the approbation of all my friends here, as far as I have communicated it to them. Mr. H. my employer, on learning the circumstances of the case, and my wishes, instead of making a single objection, immediately said, go! and added, that he should rejoice in it, if I were called to that work. He also lamented that, in the present great want of faithful laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, so few young men were inclined to devote themselves to the service of Christ in the church. Was not this favorable? My brother, (to whom I am under many obligations, and whom I love both as a brother in the flesh and in the Lord,) on hearing my statements, said that he saw no objections to my going, and that as to what I owed, it should raise no difficulty, for he would take care of that.

"In view of these circumstances, I am constrained to adore and praise a gracious Providence, and to ask, what is there now to hinder my going forward? I can see nothing. I do not desire the office on account of worldly praise or honor, but, as I hope, for the glory of God, connected with the salvation of my fellow-men.

"My heart at times rejoices in the prospect of being useful to my fellow-sinners, and at times it shrinks back from the many difficulties which rise to my view. The life of a faithful minister (and *such* may I be, if admitted to the office) appears to me to be more glorious than any other. He is prompted by true benevolence; he labors not to destroy men's souls, but to save them. He is engaged in a cause which must prosper, for Christ is the head. He shall receive a reward according to Christ's promise.

"The land is greatly destitute of devoted and able ministers. The harvest truly is great, and the laborers are few. My heart is turned towards this work; and one proof of my being called to it, as it seems to me, is that I have lost that relish for my business which I once had, and am willing to be poor, if I only may be useful in my Master's cause. In entering on my course I have nothing to fear but the commission of sin; but every thing to encourage me. The men of this world, after having accomplished their plans, are often at a loss to what they shall turn next, and are unhappy for want of something in which to employ themselves with interest. But it is not so with the devoted servant of Christ. The world is the field of his labors. He always has enough to do, and is assured that his labor shall not be in vain. It will be sweet and animating in his last hours to reflect that he has lived to some good purpose; that he has served the Lord by serving others. And if he can know that he has been instrumental in turning sinners from the error of their ways, and saving souls from death, it will be matter of everlasting thankfulness and praise. May this joy, my dear parents, be mine, to the glory of divine grace!

"In reflecting on this subject, I am led to ask, *Can*, CAN it be, that the Lord will raise me up to be one of his servants in the ministry—*me!* who am so ignorant, so helpless, so needy? But while I am ignorant, helpless, needy, I know that my Lord is wise, powerful, and possesseth all things. Him I love—him I would serve and obey.

"I shall probably take my departure from New-York for Lawrenceville, near Princeton, New-Jersey. There I expect to spend two years in academical studies. Af-

ter which I shall spend three years in some college; whence I shall repair to a theological seminary, and study probably three years more. The time seems long: but this is the prescribed course.

"Now, taking things as they appear, does not the language of Providence seem to say, GO? In doing this, I would be mindful that I must deny all ungodliness, and every worldly lust, and live soberly, righteously, and godly. In pursuing this course, I must be holy in heart and in life. Humility becomes the followers of Jesus—I must possess much of this grace. As a minister of Christ, I must be willing to forsake all, and follow him. I know that there are many and awful responsibilities connected with this office; such as do not rest on other Christians. The Lord knows this too, and imparts grace sufficient for them. But he who, whether minister or private Christian, has the glory of God singly in view, need not fear the *world, the flesh, nor the devil*, for he shall be brought off more than conqueror. 'They who put their trust in him shall never be confounded.'

"Trusting in the Lord for strength, and confiding in him alone for help, I will go forward, hoping that I shall be made a workman that need never be ashamed; a faithful soldier of the cross, having always the glory of God and the good of my fellow-men at HEART.

"My dear parents, I now see that the world has had too much of my time. The remainder, I trust, will be spent more in the service of my blessed Lord. And may you find increasing delight in 'serving without ceasing.' Our stay here is short. The time is not far distant when death will enter our family. And shall it be my father, my dear father, or my dear mother, a be-

loved brother or sister, who shall *first* be consigned to the tomb? My father, mother, brothers and sisters, all be *prepared;* being washed, being sanctified, being justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.

"Your affectionate son,

"JAMES."

Under a subsequent date, he writes:

"The time necessary for me to go through the course marked out, is eight years. I hope that in the discharge of my duty during this period I *may be useful.*

"The Lord has laid me under great obligations to be thankful, by singling me out from the rest of the dear family for this service. And I hope that you, my beloved father and mother, cease not to thank and praise him, that he has condescended to confer this honor on me. Should I be found a faithful minister of the Gospel, and you, with me, be admitted into the upper sanctuary, this one thing will no doubt be a theme on which we shall dwell with everlasting pleasure."

To his sister, in a letter of the same date, he thus expresses his views of the solemnity of the work in which he was about to engage:

"This age seems to require that a minister should be thoroughly furnished for his work. They who have the greatest store of knowledge, connected with true piety, have the best opportunities of doing good. But while I set so great a value on a good education, I would not be understood to say that education is a

matter of the highest importance. Pure and undefiled religion is the chief thing in the character of a minister of the Gospel. Without it he cannot be useful. He who does not possess love to God; who has never been 'born of water and the Spirit;' who does not feel the worth of immortal souls, and who does not preach as a dying and accountable man to perishing and accountable beings, is not worthy of the name of a minister of Jesus Christ. Feeling the awful responsibility which is to rest on me should I enter this office, as I hope in due time to do, I am ready to say, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' The Lord alone can be my helper. Having him as 'my rock of defence,' I need fear nothing. I hope that the language of my heart is, 'none but Christ;' and that the tenor of my life will be in conformity to it. My dear sister, the Lord has been kind to us in days that are past. He has given us reason and made us capable of enjoying him. He has brought us in early life to seek him, that we may 'be found in him:' let us then devote the remainder of life to his service. Let us not be content with barely getting to heaven ourselves; but in seeking our own salvation, let us also seek that of others. I have often thought that, should my life be spared to enter the ministry, and should the blessing of my Master enable me to do some little good in the world, the reflection would be sweet and cheering in a dying hour. And in the eternal world, how delightful must it be to find souls in the enjoyment of everlasting rest, who have been brought there through our instrumentality! Let us set out then with renewed diligence, and endeavor to do something for the glory of our Redeemer and the salvation of sinners."

To another friend he urges the following request:

"As I have it now in prospect to enter the ministry, let me solicit an interest in your prayers. Pray that I may, indeed, be willing to forsake all, and follow Christ; that I may be meek and lowly; a workman that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, and giving to every one a portion in due season; that I may, as 'before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and dead at his appearing and his kingdom, preach the word; be instant in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long suffering and doctrine;' that I may be blameless, not a novice lifted up with pride; that I may hold the mystery of faith in a pure conscience, and be holy in heart and in life, a child of God, without rebuke."*

To a young friend, who had entered on a preparatory course of study a little time before him, he unfolds himself with much freedom.

"You having entered on your studies for the ministry, and I having the same thing in prospect, *we* ought to unite in grateful acknowledgments to the Lord, that he has given us a desire for this service. We are told by an inspired apostle, that 'he who desireth the office of a bishop, desireth a good work.' On asking myself what reason I have to believe that the Lord has called me to preach the Gospel, I reply: My desire has continued for a considerable time, and has been strong. My wish is to glorify God, and be useful to my fellow-men. Providence has, in a clear manner, opened the way for me. Far be it from me to take this holy office

on myself, unless I am 'called of God, as was Aaron.' But the time seems to have arrived, when I ought to go and prepare for preaching the Gospel. During my preparation, and through life, I expect to meet with trials. Those of a minister are, often, of no ordinary kind. But as are his trials, so will be his joys, if indeed he has pure and undefiled religion. This is, above all things, necessary. And as 'God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble,' how important is it that we should cultivate humility. 'He that exalteth himself shall be abased, but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted'—exalted to fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ; and in being made a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. In prospect of this, I have felt willing to be poor. If I can only be useful, it will be enough for me. But self-denial is indispensable for a minister: may I be willing to deny myself, and take up my cross!

"I feel desirous to go to my work, and to be about my Master's business. But I must be detained here a while longer. When I am awake, my mind is at all times on this subject. My relish for business is gone, and I shall not feel that I am in the right place, until I am at my studies. When that time shall come, I hope that I may so improve in virtue and knowledge, that I shall glorify God, and meet the expectations of my friends.

"My Christian brother, permit me to request that you communicate with me as you may find time; and as you are older in religion than I am, I shall look to you to give me such advice as may aid my growth in grace. As we have a common Lord, are aiming at the same heaven, amidst the same difficulties and dangers,

let us bear each other on the heart, when we go to a throne of grace."

In another letter to the same friend, he speaks of the long time to be employed in preparation for the ministry; and expresses the hope that he might be useful while prosecuting his studies. To this he adds a sentiment of very great value to all who are preparing for the ministry. It seems that he had expected, on entering his course, that he should enjoy the fullest opportunities of reading the Bible, meditation, and prayer in secret. But better information convinced him that so many hours would be occupied every day in literary and scientific pursuits, that very little time would remain for those delightful employments. He therefore resolved to *carry religion* as fully as possible into his studies; and daily engage in them, with the thought that thus he might be rendered useful in the vineyard of the Lord.

His purposes and resolutions in relation to those who might be his fellow-students, also show the true spirit of christian prudence and benevolence. To the same friend he writes after this manner:—"I hope that those with whom we shall associate, will be of the right cast; and that we shall be very cautious with whom we form intimate connections. But let us, by the meekness of our temper and the kindness of our deportment, by devotedness to the cause of our Redeemer, and the earnestness of our wishes to promote the real happiness of those around us, interest them in us and gain their affections. Let the saying of Paul be our motto, 'Follow peace with all men, and *holiness*, without which no man shall see the Lord.'"

Shortly after the date of this letter, he joined the academy at Lawrenceville, under charge of the Rev. Isaac V. Brown, and began his preparatory studies. The reader cannot but have remarked the earnestness of his desire to enter the ministry; the singleness of his motives in desiring the sacred office; and the grateful joy manifested, when Providence rendered plain the way for him to begin his studies. With the utmost alacrity he left an employment which promised wealth, and all the consideration in the world which wealth insures, and devoted himself to the service of the church, with the expectation of being poor and laboring hard during his whole life. In all this, however, there was none of the rashness of a young enthusiast, but the deliberate self-denial of a true Christian. He adopted no plan, he took no step without first consulting his parents and most judicious friends, and obtaining their approbation.

At the age of nineteen he was willing to sit down to a course of eight years' study, that he might be qualified for usefulness, and, in some measure at least, prepared to meet the awful responsibilities of the ministerial office. These responsibilities he deeply felt; and while he most earnestly desired to be a preacher of the Gospel, he was too conscientious and too prudent to rush into it without that mental discipline, and that culture of the heart which would, in his own deliberate judgment, justify him in going forward as a teacher of others.

He who teaches religion, has to teach persons of all classes—the master spirits of the nation, who expect justness and force of thought, propriety of language, enlarged and liberal views, united with "the meek-

ness of heavenly wisdom:"—and the uninstructed poor, who need that the truth should be set forth in terms so clear and familiar, that they cannot be mistaken. The man of real learning alone is able to perform this service. Accustomed to investigation, he arranges his thoughts in a natural order; habituated to the search after truth, he employs words with precision; and knowing how greatly the energy of language is increased by simplicity, he uses "great plainness of speech." Whereas, the untaught and the half taught foolishly imagine that they are great and profound, in proportion as they are unintelligible. The most eloquent men whom I have ever known, such as Patrick Henry and John Randolph, among statesmen; and James Waddell and James Turner, among preachers, were remarkable for the simplicity of their manner and the perfect intelligibleness of their language. They made every one, learned and rude, feel their intellectual power.* The art consists mainly in setting the subject so plainly and distinctly before the people, that every one shall think that he can see it *himself*. But it requires much intellectual discipline to enable a public speaker to do this.

It deserves also to be remarked, that James Brainerd Taylor did not rely for evidence of a call to the minis-

* An old soldier of the revolution told me, that in some severe encounter during the war, his commanding officer, perceiving that his men, though fighting bravely, were overshooting the enemy, in his peculiar slang cried out, "*shin* them, boys! *shin* them!" and at the very first fire after this command, the advancing column of British grenadiers wavered and reeled, and was very soon entirely broken. Let the soldier of the cross imitate the example—let him *fire low*.

try on the impulses of his own mind, or some undefinable feelings, but looked carefully at the leadings of Providence, at the wants of the world, and at the state of his own heart. He consulted his friends, and prayed over the subject. In a word, he adopted every measure to enable him to form a wise determination; and as the result of the whole, went forward under a firm conviction of duty.

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## CHAPTER II.

*First two years in Academy.*

On the 13th of January, 1820, Mr. Taylor arrived at Lawrenceville, and began a course of study preparatory to his entering college. A young man in his situation is exposed to temptations which require much vigilance and care; otherwise his religious interests will suffer; and while he is growing in knowledge, he will be declining in piety.

A new, dry, and difficult study at once occupies and harasses the mind. If there is an ardent thirst for knowledge, and any waking up of ambition and rivalry, the attention is so engrossed that little opportunity is found for prayer and that devotional reading of the Scriptures which is indispensable to one's growth in holiness. And if religious exercises afford high enjoyment, there is great danger lest the young student should go from them to his daily studies with reluc-

tance, and in process of time with feelings of disgust. It requires, then, much firmness of religious principle, and great self-watchfulness, to go through this early part of preparation with no diminution either of the piety of the student or his desire of intellectual improvement.

Besides, a promiscuous school of twenty or thirty boys, lodging in the same or neighboring buildings, has a spirit generally unfavorable to religious improvement. Their petty jealousies, their occasional dissatisfactions, the general levity of boys, and a thousand things of this kind, operate injuriously. And it happens, sometimes at least, that a young man enters college with less of the spirit which becomes a minister of Christ, than he carried with him to the grammar school.

If, then, an example can be shown of one who went through these dangers without injury; and if it can be shown by what means he grew in grace, while others in similar circumstances often decline, this part of James B. Taylor's memoir may be useful to numbers, in whose high-toned and fervent piety the church and the world have a deep interest.

His first letter from Lawrenceville is addressed to his friend C——— H———, who was then preparing for college, at Bloomfield, N. J.

"I left New-York on Tuesday, and lodged in New-Brunswick. On the next day, at six P. M. I set out for Lawrenceville. After we had proceeded about eight miles, the horses suddenly started off, and before we had discovered that the driver was left behind,

they were *on the run*. There were four passengers in the stage besides myself, who appeared to be much agitated; nor did I wonder at it, for they were very irreligious persons, and there appeared to be no way of escape. I did not know what the issue would be, but of this I was certain, that the Judge of all the earth would do right, and my mind was in a great degree composed. The suddenness of the affair caused a little anxiety at first. But I thought of the distinguishing mercy of my heavenly Father, who had been pleased to *call* me to trust in him; and I felt that it was a time to set a value on the religion of Jesus, and the hope which it imparts. O that I might value it more! The horses ran about two miles at full speed, and then turned into the yard where they are accustomed to stop, without any injury to the passengers or stage. I consider the escape as entirely providential, and feel that I am called on 'to praise the Lord for his goodness,' and say, 'hitherto hath he helped me.' My situation is pleasant. Religious privileges are better than I expected. We have family worship morning and evening, preaching every Sabbath, and prayer-meetings on Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday.

"As yet I have made very little progress in my Latin. I find it pretty dry, and rather *trying*, for I go on more slowly than I expected. This has troubled me somewhat; but *as it is the way to usefulness*, I hope I shall not yield to such feelings. I think that we may be as happy now, as at any future period of life, if we only use our present privileges with a right spirit. Having been here but a short time, I have not yet adopted any particular plan for disposing of my time. I design before long to draw up such an one for

my guidance. The remarks of the great moralist (Johnson) on this subject I think are good. 'I believe (says he) it is best to throw life into a method, that every hour may bring its employment, and every employment have its hour. If every thing be kept in a certain place, when any thing is worn out or consumed, the vacuity which it leaves will show what is wanting: so if every part of time has its appropriate duty, the hour will call into remembrance its engagement.' Should you have drawn up any scheme for the disposal of your time, I should like, if you have no objection, to see it, as it may be useful to me.

"During the course of our studies, may we have the smiles of our heavenly Father! The responsibilities resting on us are of no ordinary kind; let us, therefore, 'be up and doing.' As we advance in life, I hope that we shall grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; counting it more than our meat and drink to do the will of him who, of his mercy, hath called us into his service. It seems more and more necessary that we should be exemplary in our conduct, that we should be 'wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.' That this may be the case; that we may be found faithful soldiers of the cross; the 'sons of God without rebuke,' and be finally received to mansions in the skies, is the prayer of your sincere friend, J. B. T."

To two of his aunts, living in Tolland, (Conn.) he addressed a letter, dated January 23, 1820, in which occur the following passages:

"The school which I attend consists of twenty-five

scholars, of whom five, including myself, are preparing for the ministry: the rest are wild, giddy-headed boys. I am pleasantly situated in an agreeable family, and have two room-mates, of whom one* is a pious, humble Christian, and I think as suitable a companion for me as could be found. He is about three weeks ahead of me in pursuit of the same object. In the summer season this will be a beautiful spot, having many pleasant walks and much fine scenery. Yesterday morning, early, I walked into the fields, and found a refreshing time for my soul. A view of the works of creation, and the echoes of various pleasant sounds, broke on the ear and warmed my heart. As I looked on the surrounding objects, I felt that 'my Father made them all.' How delightful is it to be 'calm and serene;' how sweet to repose with confidence on a covenant God, and to cast all our care on him, who careth for us! The soul can then look down on the world with a holy indifference, knowing that it is not the believer's home.

"'The older I grow, the more I feel the necessity of living nearer to the Lord.' Do you not find it so with yourselves? O for the power of quickening grace to animate us in our Christian life!

'Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
'With all thy quick'ning powers;
'Kindle a flame of sacred love
'In these cold hearts of ours.'

"Having embarked in the cause of Christ, I hope that my life may be one continued act of devotedness

* Rev. Mr. Gulick, since missionary to the Sandwich Islands.

to him. Having put my hand to the plough, I trust that I shall never look back: and I depend on him who raises up, qualifies, and thrusts laborers into his vineyard, for grace to strengthen me. In looking forward, I see that years will pass before I appear in public as an ambassador for Christ. But this does not discourage me. I am sometimes anxious, lest, while occupied with my studies, I should lose my enjoyment of religion. Do you tell me 'draw nigh to the Lord, and he will draw nigh to you?' O for a closer walk with God; a continual hungering and thirsting for the water of life! Since my mind has been made up to devote myself to the service of Christ in the ministry, I feel more deeply my need of an interest in the prayers of my brethren and sisters in the Lord. I hope you will not think that I am placing dependence on man. The prayer of the righteous, you know, availeth *much*. As then you are acquainted with my situation, I earnestly beg to be remembered in your prayers. Make mention of me in all your supplications. Entreat our heavenly Father that I may be a pattern of piety; that I may manifest the reality and excellency of the religion which I profess, by walking worthy of my high calling in Christ Jesus; and that I may never bring reproach on that cause which I have espoused.

"The Lord being near and around me, and the Holy Spirit abiding in my heart, unworthy as I am, during the part of my life devoted to preparatory studies, may I grow in grace, and in the knowledge of my Savior. It is my earnest desire that I may be prepared for my work, and in due time become a faithful minister of the New Testament."

In letters to his parents, written shortly after commencing his studies, he further exhibits the state of his mind in regard to the great work before him.

"*February* 4, 1820.

"My present situation is that which I have for many months been wishing to occupy. The Lord, I trust, has inclined my heart to engage in this work, and by a kind providence has placed me here, that I may prepare to preach his Gospel. In looking around for my former companions, I find that some are dead, others are living without any concern for their souls, while a precious *few* have fled to the ark of safety, and have found the Lord Jesus. O, what occasion for thankfulness have I! My dear parents, help me to praise the God of my salvation: for once your son was 'dead in trespasses and sins,' a despiser of that which is good, and a lover of evil. Bless the Lord for the hope which we have through the 'peace-speaking blood of the dear Redeemer.'

'He moves in a mysterious way,
'His wonders to perform.'

I, who am so unworthy, am now on the way, under his direction, as I believe; and should life and health be spared, I trust the time will come when I shall publicly declare the riches of his sovereign grace to my fellow-sinners. It is delightful to think of being made the instrument of bringing even one of the lost sheep of Christ into his fold. How sweet, in a dying hour, to know that one has done *some* good to the souls of his fellow-men. To be engaged in the service of him who came to seek and save the lost, is honorable; for he is 'King of kings and Lord of lords.' May my soul al-

ways delight in this service, and my lot be cast with the followers of Jesus. Let it be our continual desire to live near to him, who gave himself for us, that we might not perish, but have everlasting life.

"I greatly admire the character of a minister of the gospel, as drawn by Cowper:

——— 'Simple, grave, sincere;
'In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
'And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste
'And natural in gesture; much impressed
'Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
'And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
'May feel it too: affectionate in look,
'And tender in address, as well becomes
'A messenger of grace to guilty men.'"

In a letter to Mr. H., written about a month after he began his course of study, after expressing a number of sentiments similar to those contained in the foregoing extracts, he gives a brief account of the manner in which he employed his time. This account is closed with the following sentence: "The last thing before retiring, every night, my companion and I commit to memory a portion of Scripture. What may not this amount to in eight years?"

This little quotation is introduced chiefly for the purpose of earnestly recommending such a practice to the imitation of all theological students. During the long course of preparation for the ministry, while every term brings with it some new and difficult study, with which the mind is much occupied, and often much perplexed, the Bible is too frequently treated with comparative neglect. And not unfrequently young preach-

ers manifest more intimate acquaintance with critical rules, and the arguments of polemics, than with the Holy Scriptures. But *nothing can compensate the preacher for the want of a thorough knowledge of the Bible.* It ought to be treasured up in the memory, and made the subject of daily meditation and prayer. Now, if a young man will, when he enters his preparatory course, adopt James B. Taylor's rule, and *every* night, before retiring to rest, commit to memory a short portion of the Bible, selecting those parts which may make suitable subjects for meditation and devotional exercise the next day, he may, by the time he enters the ministry, have half the Bible by heart. And he may be so familiar with its contents, as to be able, when performing missionary services, to prepare sermons which shall be full of pertinent scriptural illustration and proof, without the help of a concordance. The facilities which such preparation as this would afford are invaluable. But in addition to this, if the truth is the only instrument of sanctification, what better means for growth in grace can be adopted, than this daily increase of scriptural knowledge? Let students of theology read the *Bible*—let them *study the Bible* —let them pray over the *Bible.**

* *Note by a friend.*—Mr. Taylor's familiarity with the contents of the Bible was observable by all with whom he associated. It was an interesting trait in his habits of intercourse with friends, that, when the conversation seemed at a stand, he would take out his little pocket Bible, saying, "I *guess* I can find something here to amuse us;" and then would give a familiar exposition of some passage, and connect with the illustration some anecdote; at the same time repeating, and turning to parallel passages; so that no one could listen to him without being deeply interested. So peculiarly happy was he

We have now seen with what views and feelings James B. Taylor began his preparations for the ministry. Let us next see how he preserved the spirit with which he set out; and what measures he adopted to prepare for the office which he so ardently desired.

Before he had been one month at Lawrenceville, he established, and with his pious fellow-students conducted a weekly prayer-meeting, about three miles from the village. It was among a people, the most of whom seldom or never attended church. But yet, won by the kind attentions of these young men, they came together weekly, in considerable numbers, to hear hymns sung, listen to instruction, and join in prayer to the Father of all. After giving to a friend an account of this place, and of the spiritual condition of the people, Mr. Taylor adds, in a tone of peculiar earnestness, "THERE I HOPE TO BE USEFUL." This is the true spirit of the pulpit. A man who enters it with any other view, had better be any where else in the wide world.

There is need, therefore, that the candidate for the ministry, as well as the preacher of the Gospel, should watch the movements of his heart; and every hour that he should pray, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

This prayer-meeting, which had been established on

in these familiar illustrations, that it was not an unfrequent thing to see those around him smile with delight, and at the next moment weep with deep emotion. There are many, who were often in his society, who will recognize the truth of this remark in their own experience. He would often speak of his Bible, as "*the dear little book.*" I was present at his examination, and never heard any man quote the Sacred Scriptures with such fluency, for confirmation of his doctrinal views, as the questions were successively proposed to him.

Friday evening, was changed to Sabbath afternoon; and was regularly attended by Mr. Taylor. The religious exercises thus held, soon produced a desire for further information; and a Bible class was formed, which he was requested to superintend. A short time afterwards, the young ladies of Lawrenceville voluntarily associated in a similar class, to meet before church time on Sabbath morning, and desired him to hear their recitations. To each of these requests he assented. And thus his Sabbaths were fully occupied in labors to do and to obtain good. At 10 o'clock he met the Bible class in Lawrenceville; at 11 he went to church; and after dinner walked three miles to hear his Bible class in the country, after which he attended the prayer-meeting, where he read a sermon, frequently addressed the people, sung thrice, offered two prayers, and sometimes held conversations on the subject of religion. This showed great earnestness of desire to be doing something for the cause of Christ and the good of men. His letters give some interesting accounts of the effects of this prayer-meeting. To one of his sisters he writes thus:

"*Lawrenceville, June* 19, 1820.

"'To do good and communicate forget not,' is a maxim which we should keep in continual remembrance. The more we conform our lives to it, the greater will be our resemblance to our blessed Savior, as he lived among men. To do good, we must seek opportunities; and then opportunities will frequently find us. Since reading Cotton Mather's 'Essays to do Good,' I feel that I have been exceedingly deficient. In looking back to the time when I first made

public profession of religion—(you know that though distant from each other, and unapprised of our respective intentions, we both made the same solemn profession on the same day)—on looking back, I am constrained to say, O what a barren fig-tree I have been! my leanness! my leanness! But blessed be the Lord, I have a desire to do good now.

"No doubt you wish to hear something of my prayer-meeting. On Sabbath afternoon, at four, I meet about one hundred people, assembled in two rooms, most of whom are ignorant of God. I stand in the door between, and generally read to them a sermon; after which I sometimes speak a few words of exhortation. As yet I have seen no effect, except that they have become more attentive; and instead of profaning the Sabbath by laboring in the fields, &c. they are seen at the meeting. I trust that good seed is sowing, and that it will spring up in due time. Pray that it may; and engage your Christian sisters to pray for me. The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Then for his distinguishing mercy, let us distinguish ourselves by our piety, our love to God and men."

## To C—— H——.

"*Lawrenceville, July* 12, 1820.

"That millions of souls are perishing, is a truth that ought to have a place in all our thoughts. And we may profitably inquire, what can we do to meliorate their condition? This ruin is not confined to heathen lands—*it is at our doors and our fire-sides.* Numbers near us are dying for want of the bread of life. To these last, situated as we are, our attention is now

called. What Providence may do for the former, in the course of time, by our instrumentality, we know not. The Head of the church, who qualifies his servants to do his work, disposes of them as 'seemeth him good.' But what are we doing for those that are near to us? My brother, I presume that you are faithful—I hope you are. For my part, I have to confess with shame my many omissions. My failings stare me in the face. '*A beam is in my own eye.*'

"But now I will inform you what I have been endeavoring to do. The opportunity was afforded to me of attempting something, by a recess of three days in our school. On Sunday, the 2d instant, I went as usual to attend my prayer-meeting, and found the house filled to overflowing. At the close of the meeting, according to my previous plan, I told the people that I intended to spend two days in visiting, from house to house, as many of them as I could. Accordingly I commenced on Sunday evening my new employment. At the first house where I called, I found a young person greatly distressed on account of sin. This case of awakening had occurred at our prayer-meeting. There was very great distress. I endeavored to offer such instruction as suited the case; and I have strong hope that there will soon be joy and peace in believing. I say no more of this case, but only ask you to *pray*.—At the next house where I stopped, I found no appearance of religion. You can form a pretty good idea of what I said in such cases.

"On Monday I made ten visits. In these I found four Christians and some persons well disposed towards religion, but the great majority caring only for the perishing things of this world. At the house where

I tarried that night, I found a young lady, in circumstances similar to those of the person first mentioned, bowed down under a sense of sin, and earnestly desiring the one thing needful. This greatly encouraged me; for I do believe that she is seeking the way of truth, 'the good old way.' Here also I met with one who appeared to be a Christian indeed. O how pleasant! It is like a well of water in a thirsty land.

"On Tuesday I called at ten houses. At most of them I presented one or more Tracts, such as I thought most likely to be useful. This was the fourth of July. In the evening I had many reflections on the manner in which I had spent the day, so totally different from that in which I had heretofore spent that anniversary. O how much greater cause of triumph, to be instrumental in delivering *one* soul from the power of sin and Satan, than to be the conqueror of nations! The contrast will be fully seen only *above*.

"On the following day I attended the installment of the Rev. G. S. W———, at Princeton, and a solemn time it was. O C——, the awful responsibilities of the office to which we are looking forward! It is connected directly with the solemnities of the judgment-day. Should the Lord see fit to put us into that station, the souls of those to whom we preach will be profited or injured by us. But the duties of the pulpit are not all—that of visiting, we know, is expected. When I anticipate the time of my being a preacher, my mind dwells on this as a delightful task.

"By visiting, the pastor knows all the wants of his flock, and performs indeed the kindest part of the shepherd's office. Since I wrote to you last, the young ladies of Lawrenceville have formed a Bible class,

and solicited me to hear their recitations. I was glad to comply with their request. To render this measure beneficial, I have determined to make it a kind of prayer-meeting. The recitation is always opened with prayer, and closed with singing. Thus, you see, my duties increase; and I hope that it will be so as long as I live. May I have that wisdom from above which is profitable to direct; may the word of truth dwell in me richly in all wisdom! This increase of duties convinces me that the grace afforded for yesterday will not supply my wants to-day. I trust that I have not been called to this place for nothing. That I may be useful, is my desire. If my heart does not deceive me, I long to spend and be spent for Christ."

These extracts will serve to show how this devoted young Christian endeavored, while pursuing his studies, to strengthen the desire of being useful. In the sequel we shall see more of his labors, and of their results both in regard to himself and to others.

While thus engaged in Lawrenceville, he felt the deepest solicitude respecting the spiritual interests of his near relations. He had natural affection in unusual strength, and it mingled in all its power with his religious feelings. Every letter to his parents, brothers and sisters, breathes the most earnest desires that those who were Christians might advance in holiness, and that the others might feel all the power of divine truth, and be brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

To his Parents.

"The other evening, as I was reflecting on the passage of Scripture contained in 2 Cor. 5 : 10, 'For we

must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad;' I thought on the situation of my fellow-men who reject the offers of mercy! Alas! where will the sinner appear in the great day of the Lord, when the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth shall be burned up? In thinking of our relatives, I could call to mind but few who had devoted themselves to Christ. And, when my thoughts turned to our own family, they dwelt on some who had arrived at years of discretion, but who had not given themselves to the Lord. Oh! shall they—*can* they perish? May God interpose for them, that not one, at the last, may be 'found a cast-away!'"

Under a sense of duty to his nearest kindred, James B. Taylor had a very delicate task to perform. At that time, the only regular worship in his father's family was reading prayers on the Sabbath. The necessity of a change of heart, it appears, was not duly regarded by his father; and young Taylor was deeply distressed under the apprehension that some, whom he most loved in the world, were stopping short of that religion which the Gospel required. He often resolved that he would speak to his venerated father on this subject; but filial fear and youthful diffidence prevented. At length he resolved that he would write. But a direct address might appear as though the son were taking the place of the parent. Accordingly he determined to select as a subject, "The idea of a well regulated family." On this he wrote, in the form of letters to his parents, three essays; in which he con-

sidered all the usual topics of *order*, *industry*, *economy*, &c.; but with these he gave a very correct view of the religious obligations of heads of families. After going over the whole subject, he put the question to his parents, whether their views coincided with his on those important points, and on the obligations of parents. He then, in turn, addressed his sisters on the subject of vital, experimental religion, with great earnestness; rejoicing on account of those members of the family who gave evidence of piety, and expressing the deepest solicitude in regard to the rest. These letters exhibit the writer in a most interesting point of view. Few Christians feel as they ought their obligations to the souls of their near kindred; and many who do in some degree appreciate them, are so injudicious in respect to time, manner, and spirit, as to do harm in many cases where they meant to do good. It was not so in this instance. James B. Taylor's labors of love were blessed in an eminent degree to his kindred, as will more fully appear in the sequel.

It appears from his correspondence, that he was very careful in keeping a diary, in which he noted down his religious exercises, his joys and sorrows, his performances of duty, and his sins. But these only remain parts of his journal from the years 1823 to 1827; the rest have been destroyed. His confidential letters which have been preserved, show great vigilance of self-inspection, much humility under a sense of defective holiness, and strong desires to make greater advances in the knowledge of Christ; as will appear from the following extracts of letters to an eminent Christian, with whom he corresponded in terms of the greatest intimacy.

"*May* 9, 1820.

"Alas! how distressing to the soul is a sense of the departure of the Comforter! Let me call on you to unite with me in praising the Lord that the darkness has, in some degree, gone by. The billows have rolled over me; but thanks to our blessed Lord that his mercy was not clean gone for ever. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name,' for the Sun of righteousness has risen upon me."

"*July* 11, 1820.

"Do you ask, 'how is it with you?' Oh ——, I am the same inconstant, unsteady one you have always seen me to be; the same unfruitful vine, on which barrenness seems to be written. O sin, thou art the enemy of my soul! It is for this my heart is pained. It is the cause of all our trouble in this world; and while it digs graves for our bodies, it kindles the fires of hell for the souls of those who love it. But I think that I really hate sin and love holiness. Yet I must say that I am not satisfied with any of my performances, because so much sin is mixed with them. Nothing short of perfect holiness can ever satisfy the soul."

"*November* 18, 1820.

'I feel myself, as heretofore, unworthy of the regard of my Christian friends; and at times I am astonished that any should love such a one as I am. Surely if they could see me as I sometimes see myself, they would wonder too. Alas! in all things I come short, and in many I offend. Yet I bless the

Lord for what he has done for me, and I rely on his grace to make me more like himself. My soul daily pants for more holiness, more devotedness to the cause of my Redeemer; and through him I do hope to be made useful."

To another friend, a candidate for the ministry, he says:

"*February* 10, 1820.

"I wish that I could give you some good account of myself. But I am too little engaged in my Master's service. Spiritual pride, that bane of the human soul, lurks within me, and is ever ready to destroy my peace. Many and strong are my temptations to sin. Sometimes I stand strong; and then I am brought low. But this I can say, that with divine help I will serve the Lord. I am determined to carry on the warfare until every enemy is subdued."

It would seem, from the style of his letters about this period, that his reading for spiritual improvement was much in the old writers of the seventeenth century, those noble men, who, with some quaintness of manner, showed a most intimate acquaintance with the Bible, a profound knowledge of the most secret workings of the human heart, and a fervor of piety rarely equalled in the world. Writing to a friend, who had been walking in darkness, he addressed him in language certainly derived from these sources, as the following sentences will show. "The greater the conquest, the brighter the crown. Stars shine brightest in the darkest night—torches are better for beating. Grapes come not to the proof till they come to

the press. Spices smell best when bruised. Young trees root the faster for shaking: gold looks brighter for scouring: juniper smells sweetest in the fire: the palm-tree proves the better for pressing. Camomile, the more you tread it, the more you spread it. Such is the condition of God's dear children: they are then most triumphant when most tempted; most glorious when most afflicted; most in favor with God when least in man's and least in their own; as their conflicts so their conquests; as their tribulations so their triumphs: true salamanders, that live best in the furnace of persecution. So that heavy afflictions are the best benefactors of heavenly affections; and where afflictions hang heaviest, corruptions hang loosest; and grace that is hid in nature, as sweet water in rose leaves, is then most fragrant when the fire of affliction is put under to distil it out. Let us then be encouraged, in all our trials, to say, 'Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him.'"

In the year 1820, on a day appointed for humiliation, thanksgiving, and prayer, he felt it to be his duty to retire, and especially to note down topics for meditation suitable to the season.

Reasons for thankfulness.

1. That through the greater part of his life he had enjoyed good health, while many had suffered much pain and sickness.

2. That the necessities of nature had been abundantly supplied, while many had pined in want.

3. Civil, and especially religious liberty. On this he dwells with peculiar interest and force; contrasting our situation with that of most nations of the earth.

4. But that which calls for double thanks, is the foundation and preservation of the church, the preaching of the Gospel, and the enjoyment of religion in its purity.

5. A very special reason for thankfulness, is the number and the power of revivals of religion, as they had occurred during the preceding year.

6. Next to this he places pious relations and friends.

7. Last, though not least, he places the dispensation of Providence, which had carried him to Lawrenceville to study for the ministry. Great honor had thus been conferred on him, and heavy responsibilities laid on him.

This leads him to ask what he had rendered to the Lord for all his mercies. And this question suggests causes for humiliation.

1. Neglect of opportunities of doing good.

2. Backsliding, coldness, formality in religious service.

3. The imperfection of his *example* as a Christian.

4. Negligence in self-examination and closet exercises generally.

His prayer is for an increase of true religion, especially in himself: that he may to faith add virtue; to virtue knowledge; to knowledge temperance; to temperance patience; to patience godliness; to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity.

Thus we see how James Brainerd Taylor spent the first year of his preparatory course, in respect to the cultivation of his heart and the acquirement of a spirit suited to the pulpit.

On the first day of *January*, 1821, he writes to one of his most valued Christian friends as follows:

"I have found this a good day to my soul; and I know that you will be gratified to hear some of the particulars. This morning I returned home from a prayer-meeting, which I conducted last evening, about four and a half miles from L. Of this meeting I will tell you more by and by. On my arrival I retired to my room, and found it *good* to spend half an hour on my knees; because it was delightful to adore and praise the greatness, goodness, mercy, and long suffering patience of God; it was *good* to have the privilege of pouring out my heart before him. O how astonishingly condescending is that great and fearful One, 'who inhabiteth eternity and the praises thereof,' that he should deign to visit a worm, a creature of a day, whose tabernacle is in the dust! I felt myself 'less than the least of all his mercies.' But the Lord does condescend to regard those whose hearts are broken on account of sin. He will give ear to their supplications, while they pour out their hearts before him, and cast their burdens, however great, on him. They are privileged to tell him *all*—guilt and fear, sins and sorrows, cares and crosses, wants and dangers, weaknesses and temptations, darkness, ignorance, doubts, anxieties, whether for themselves or others, the church or the world. I found it *good*, while I was ready to hide my face for shame, to confess my short-comings, my negligence, my wanderings from the path of duty during the past year. I found it good to cry for mercy to pardon, and for grace to help in time to come; good to bless, and praise, and magnify the holy name of the Lord, for his loving-kindness in giving me a goodly heritage, and casting my lot in pleasant places. I found it good to lay my necessities before him, and to

offer my body a living sacrifice to him, whose I am, by creation, preservation, redemption, and I hope by adoption. I found it good, and at this season peculiarly solemn, to dedicate myself, and all that I have and am, to his service and glory, and resolve, through grace, to walk in the way of his commandments, and do as well as suffer his whole will concerning me. I found it good to plead that I might have faith, hope, and charity; that I might be crucified unto the world, and the world be crucified unto me; that I might be delivered in time of trouble, and have grace to overcome all my spiritual enemies; that I might be humble, ever lying at the foot of the cross, and looking to the Savior as my sacrifice, my advocate with the Father, my prevailing intercessor, my salvation; yea, all my salvation and desire for time and for eternity. Yes, I found it good to call on the name of the Lord; and afterwards I found it good to read the Scriptures, to meditate and engage in self-examination.

"Part of the afternoon I spent in visiting my acquaintances. I called to see a daughter of affliction, one of whom I have spoken to you before. She has not, for eighteen years, been free from lameness; and for *sixteen* has been entirely unable to walk. Yet she rejoices in the midst of all her sufferings, knowing that the rod which is on her is not that of a tyrant, but of her heavenly Father, who afflicts, but not willingly, the children of men. She triumphs in the prospect before her, and well she may, for there remaineth for her a rest beyond the skies. I found it good to be with this suffering Christian.

"The evening has been spent in worshiping the Lord, and in supplicating his blessing on a ruined

world. It was good to be there. And now I find it good to address my friend in Christ.

"But I must tell you more of the meeting which I attended last evening. And I have good news for you, tidings which have gladdened the hearts of some here, and have occasioned joy in heaven. In that neighborhood about twenty souls have, as we hope, been born again. The meeting last night was a solemn one—the attention of the audience was fixed, while I addressed them for more than half an hour. After singing and prayer, I addressed them again. The meeting then closed, and they who had been lately brought into the kingdom stood around, while I conversed with them, for the purpose of encouraging them to be steadfast, and to fight manfully the battles of the great Captain of salvation. The converts are mostly young, one not more than thirteen years old. The good work seems to be increasing. May it go on and prosper, and spread all around.

"Thus, ———, you see how I spent the last evening of the old year, and the first day of the new. May every succeeding day and year find us ripening for that place where time and change are unknown—for a seat at God's right hand, where are pleasures for evermore! We shall be satisfied, when we awake in his likeness. Pray for me, that I may be humble and faithful."

"*January* 7, 1821.

"On asking myself this evening how shall I answer life's great end, which is to glorify God? the following passage of Scripture came into my mind: Titus, 2 : 12, 'Teaching us, that, denying ungodliness and

worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.' O how much is comprised in this lesson! It comprises all branches of our duty—what we owe to ourselves, to our fellow-men, and to our Creator. 'To deny ungodliness and worldly lust,' what is it but to abandon all those evil courses which wicked men are found in? 'To live soberly,' is in a right manner to govern all our appetites and passions. To live 'righteously,' is to do to others as we would that they should do to us. And to live 'godly,' is to hold communion with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ. O! how fit and right is it that we should thus live. It is a life such as this which is connected with 'peace in believing,' and 'joy in the Holy Ghost.'

"You concluded your last letter with the exhortation of the apostle, 'To do good and communicate, forget not.' I add, as a comment,

'Blest is the man who spends his day
'In acts of good to those around;
'His is the path which surely ends
'Where all shall be with glory crown'd.'"

His deep concern for the salvation of his kindred, and his endeavors to promote a more spiritual religion in his father's family, have already been mentioned. In May of this year he adopted the expedient of addressing a letter to his parents, brothers and sisters, who were heads of families. The general subject of this letter is *the responsibility of parents*. It is a remarkable instance of delicate fidelity. The duties of the relation are urged with great earnestness, and in a

manner well suited to make any one, who had not taken a decided stand on the subject of religion in his family, deeply feel his deficiency. But in it there is nothing inconsistent with the highest filial reverence, and the respect due from a younger to his elder brothers.

To the letter is subjoined a long postscript, addressed to two young sisters who had not manifested any serious concern for the salvation of their souls. It contains a most solemn and affectionate warning of their danger, and entreaties that they would, in early life, devote themselves with all the heart to the service of their Creator and Redeemer. To his mother he wrote as follows, April 15, 1821, the day he was twenty years old:

"The day of my birth I hope that I shall, at all times, have reason to bless and observe with thankful remembrance. But I hope that I shall have more abundant reason to bless and triumph in the day of my death, because I trust it will introduce me into a new and glorious existence.

"O! my dear mother, how much have I cost you. In my infancy, while hanging on your breast, I doubt not that I witnessed many a tear and many an anxious sigh, although entirely unconscious of your solicitude and of my helplessness. O what tenderness was manifested to me! what care to rear me up and preserve me from every ill! How many sleepless nights have you spent on my account! Did the thought at that period ever enter your mind, that you were training up a little immortal, destined to be a servant of the Most High? Did you look on me as one whom

you might afterwards hear, as a herald of the cross, bearing the unsearchable riches of Christ, preaching a crucified Savior to guilty and dying man?

"Instead of indulging such pleasing hopes, perhaps my fond mother thought of the innumerable evils to which I might be exposed in the slippery paths of youth; or of the no less numerous dangers with which manhood is surrounded. You might have contemplated me as a companion of those who wander from the ways of the Lord, and walk in the paths of the destroyer. And perhaps in your maternal fears you sighed and said, Can it—ah! shall it ever be—that this child will bring grief to his father, and sorrow to the mother who bore him? Did you not pray that God would undertake for me, and avert the storms to which the young voyager of life would be exposed? He has heard your prayers; an answer has been sent; but not before I had done much to blast your hopes and increase your fears. O! how kind, how gracious was the unseen, but not unfelt hand, that turned me from my evil ways, and 'sweetly forced me in.' Well may I sing songs of deliverance, and shout—'a miracle of grace!'"

He then adverts to a very dangerous attack of typhus fever, which he had in his twelfth year, when every one expected that he would die; and, to heighten his feelings of filial gratitude, dwells on the great kindness of his mother, in watching by him and nursing him during his protracted illness.

It seems that his death appeared so certain, that some kind friend prepared a shroud for him. On alluding to this circumstance he asks, with great solemni-

ty, Mother, "how were you exercised when taking your last look at me? Alas! had I been cut down as a cumberer of the ground—my peace was not then made with God—death would have consigned me to the 'blackness of darkness, and to everlasting despair.' Who but God could have averted the stroke which was leveled at my head?

"But your son, who was once on the verge of the grave, yet lives; and lives in the enjoyment of heaven's blessing. He has been spared, and permitted to indulge the hope of being extensively useful in the church. At least, his desire is to spend his days in the cause of that dear Redeemer who gave his soul a sacrifice for sin, 'that we might not perish, but have everlasting life.' To compensate you for your sighs and tears, your fearful apprehensions and anxieties, see what God hath wrought. Out of our number it seems that he hath chosen me to be a minister of the everlasting Gospel. May I be prepared to labor in his vineyard!

"I expect to occupy my present place for two years after the ensuing fall. I expect then to enter college, so advanced as to remain there only two years. After which I shall go to the theological seminary for three years. As to my life after that, I can make no conjecture. Only I can say, that I hope to devote my life to the service of God, soul, body, and spirit. Yes, I had rather fall a sacrifice to my labors than be lukewarm and dead in his service. My whole self I would consecrate to him, in whatever sphere the Lord of the harvest may see fit to appoint me to labor; whether at home or abroad, on the land or on the sea.

"God has blessed us both, and been very kind to

us in times past—let us trust in him for time to come. The Lord has blessed you, my mother, in permitting you to see the prospect of my entering the ministry; and he has blessed you in your other children, my dear brothers and sisters. May they, who have professed the religion of Christ, be faithful, and keep their garments unspotted from the world. And may the rest, who are yet far off, be brought nigh, and be united with us in the bonds of an everlasting covenant; may the Lord by his Spirit convince them of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and make them heirs of the grace of life, that parents and children may all unite in anthems of praise in the upper sanctuary."

The letter concludes with particular addresses to the several members of the family, containing appropriate and most earnest exhortations.

To C—— H——

"*July* 5, 1821.

"My Brother,

"O that I could, with the humble confidence of a little child, raise my voice to heaven, and with the faith of assurance cry, 'Abba, Father! *my* Father —my reconciled Father and portion, in and through Jesus Christ. O that I could lift up my heart, having the witness of the Spirit, and say to Jesus, *my* Savior and Redeemer from sin and death; *my* advocate with the Father, and prevailing intercessor; *my* prophet, priest, and king; my salvation; my all in all! O that I could know the Holy Spirit to be my sanctifier, guide and comforter!' But, to my shame, I do not possess that unshaken confidence which I want. I can

indeed say, that not this world, nor ten thousand more, could purchase the hope which I have. And if I know my own heart, I do think that the desire to have God as my Father, Jesus as my Savior, and the Holy Spirit as my Sanctifier, is predominant. But yet I feel that whereas I ought to be a full grown man in Christ, I am only a babe. To think that I have been now five years a professor of religion, and have made so little progress, is indeed a cutting thought. Alas, I feel myself to be far behind those who set out with me in the divine life.

'O for a breeze, a heavenly gale,
'To waft me through this gloomy vale,
'That I may join the joyful band
'In Canaan's fair and happy land.'

"Since our last separation, my course has been varied. The Lord has been good. I have had seasons of enjoyment. Blessed be our heavenly Father, that I should at any season be permitted to sip of the good cup by the way. To many the water of life is dealt out more bountifully. My unfaithfulness and unbelief hinder the blessing. O how much reason have I to chide and upbraid myself for past offences.

"While we are preparing for the holy ministry, and looking forward to it, our constant desire should be to bring many sons and daughters into the kingdom: also to build up the humble believer in his most holy faith. And what a delightful task will that be to us! While we are in the school of the prophets, may the Lord impart to us a right knowledge of ourselves and of him—may he endow us plentifully with heavenly gifts—convince us thoroughly of sin—give us true, un-

feigned repentance—strong faith in Jesus Christ—and that zeal and love which characterize the humble, meek, lowly, devoted, self-denying, spiritual, heavenly-minded child of God—and thus furnish us for every good work. Whether we shall ever go into the vineyard of our Lord, is known only to him. The harvest truly is great, and the laborers are few. Should we enter the field, may we be found wise as serpents and harmless as doves—baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

"But I think that our views should not be altogether directed to the *end* of our preparatory course. There are many opportunities now of doing good. *The call from many a lowly cottage is*, '*Come over and help us!*' And we ought to inquire for persons to whom we may be useful. If indeed we feel as we ought, we hold ourselves to be very *small* and unworthy. But we are looked upon by those around us as having already entered on a ministerial course, and we have a particular character to sustain. Occupying such a situation, how necessary it is that we should be circumspect, and walk worthy of our vocation.

"A few days since, I had some interesting intelligence from the east. The good work appears to be going on. Some, whom I left distressed, have obtained a hope. The time is coming, when 'a nation shall be born in a day.' We may see greater things than our eyes have ever yet witnessed. O! may the preciousness of immortal souls, and our responsibility to God, to ourselves, and to others, be written on our hearts, as with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond. And may we be kept very humble, and very sensible of our entire dependence! Farewell."

To his sister M———.

"*July*, 1821.

"Perhaps you may wish to know how I have employed myself during the past session. O that I could tell you I had been faithful! But alas! in all things I come short, and in many I offend. However, I have endeavored to do, at least, a little for my Redeemer, by visiting the people of this neighborhood, and conversing with them on the concerns of their souls. In several instances I have been encouraged. The prayer-meetings are continued every other Sabbath. I have also been engaged in several other places. I am about establishing a Sunday school for colored people at the village where I hold my meetings. I hope that you are actively engaged in your sphere. Our working days will soon be over, and the consideration ought to sink deep into our hearts. Souls may be waiting for us to be the means of their conversion. 'UP AND BE DOING,' should be our motto."

To ———.

"*October*, 1821.

"Knowing that you feel anxious about your friend, I give you early information of my safe arrival in L., and of the improvement of my health. I am nearly well of my cold—but alas! I am compelled to say that my heart is not warm on a subject on which I ought to be all on fire. Pray for me, that the Sun of righteousness may arise with healing in his beams; that my doubts and fears may *all* be removed; that my sorrow may be turned into joy. You know how painful it is

to be under a cloud. But, blessed be the Lord, I know that I do want more religion, and that my chief desire is to be holy. Nothing can satisfy me but the eternal fountain of life and light.

'Return, O holy Dove, return,
'Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
'And drove thee from my breast.'

"After I had written the preceding, (the other evening,) I laid aside my paper and took hold of *Clarke on the Promises*, when I met with the following hassage: 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms. He shall drive out the enemy before thee; and shall say, *Destroy them.*' From this I derived some encouragement. I have since found it good to wait on the Lord; and feel strengthened to persevere. Pray for me, that I may *hold fast*, and *hold on* to the end.

"*December* 8.—I have reason to praise the Lord for his goodness to my soul since I wrote the foregoing. Last Monday night particularly was a season of enjoyment to me. I enjoyed a delightful 'time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.' It was our monthly prayer-meeting. I trust that I have not lost the blessed Savior yet. The world and all its enjoyments appeared, and do still appear diminutive and transitory. I felt, and still feel determined, the Lord helping me, to live nearer to him—'O for grace to love him more.'"

To C——

"*Lawrenceville, Dec.* 1, 1821.

"Since I wrote last, I have made quite a tour through Connecticut. The occasion was this. While going to New-York at the commencement of our vacation, on board the steam-boat between New-Brunswick and the city, I fell in with Major Ridge, an Indian chief, of the Cherokee tribe. My becoming acquainted with him seemed providential. I saw his *credentials*, which were very satisfactory, from our missionaries—and finding him a stranger in a strange land, without a guide, I offered to him my friendship. With this he seemed to be highly gratified. I conversed with him as much as I could about his country and its productions; about the missionaries, schools, &c. among the Cherokees. This rendered our trip very agreeable. I was particularly pleased to have beside me, from the wilderness, one of those for whom so much exertion had been made.

"On our arrival in New-York, I conducted Major Ridge to my brother's, where the family immediately became interested in him.

"On Sunday he attended church and prayer-meeting. In the evening I concluded to accompany him to Cornwall, where he had a son at school. Accordingly on Monday morning we set out for New-Haven, where we tarried for the night. On Tuesday we went to Litchfield. The country is beautifully diversified with hill and dale. I passed through the place where Mr. Newton formerly resided, who went with the last mission family to the Osages.

"I found Litchfield a beautiful place, situated on a

commanding eminence, from which one may look over a very fine range of country. There I saw Mr. Nettleton.

"On Wednesday we arrived at Cornwall. It is a small village on a plain surrounded with mountains. But to return to my companion. He manifested very great pleasure in meeting his son. Both parental and filial affection were strongly displayed. Tears stole gently down the cheeks of both father and son; so that for some time they were incapable of much conversation. When they had become more composed, the father, through his son, began, apparently with much feeling, to express his gratitude for my unexpected attention. During the afternoon I had an interview with the son. He is nearly of my size, about eighteen years of age, possesses an intelligent mind, uses good language, and exhibits refined manners. He has been nearly three years at Cornwall, and has made rapid progress. He is regarded as a youth of first rate talents. But he appeared quite a stranger to his own heart.

"In the evening I attended a conference meeting conducted by the young men, and heard some of the heathen youth speak and pray! David Brown is particularly interesting.

"Next day I had an interview with Major Ridge just before I left him. Mr. Brown was my interpreter. At the close, the Major gave me the assurance that he would hereafter give his *whole mind* to the subject of religion. His wife has become a member of the church in the wilderness, and he is desirous of becoming a member too.

"I left Cornwall on Thursday. Mr. Brown accompanied me as far as the burying ground, to view the

stone erected to the memory of Henry Obookiah. Many pleasing and many painful ideas are associated with that place. It was there David Brown and I said farewell, and parted.

"It will be glad tidings to you to hear that my brother F. is expecting to study for the ministry. I have some hope that he will be with me soon. Is not this the Lord's doing? May it prove to be so!"

The following is from a letter to the Rev. Mr. H—, an aged clergyman, with whom he was in habits of friendly intercourse, and in whose family he was intimately acquainted:

"Is it well with your youngest daughter; I mean, is she now rejoicing in that 'hope which maketh not ashamed, because of the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart, through the Holy Spirit given unto her?' Such seemed to be her case when I had the pleasure of seeing her. And if it be really so, you are ready, no doubt, to bless the great Redeemer for his grace in thus visiting your house in the decline of life. May she grow daily in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ! She has been the child of many prayers: may she love to pray, not only for herself, but also for others—may I not add, *for me too*, that the Lord would make me holy in heart and in life, to the praise of the glory of his grace!

"But when I was with you, your eldest daughter could not see that she had passed the line which separates Christians from the world. May I not hope that ere this she has submitted herself to Christ? If so, how blessed the change! a change which has not

only imparted peace to her own soul, and gladness to her parents and christian friends, but joy to the angels in heaven. She has had to record one of the happiest events in the annals of her pilgrimage—it is an era in her existence, on which she will reflect with peculiar pleasure and gratitude, not only in time, but through eternity. O that I could know that it is *thus* well with her. But if, indeed, she has made no progress; if she has not yet 'apprehended Christ Jesus' as her Savior, and found him the 'chief among ten thousand,' I would ask her, why is it so? 'Is there no balm in Gilead;' 'is there no physician there?' Has not the Father called you? does not Jesus invite you by his life of toil, by his agony in the garden and on the cross, by his death and burial, by his resurrection and glorious ascension? And now, being exalted as a prince and a Savior, is not his kind and winning language addressed to you, 'Come unto me?' All heaven appears to be engaged to secure the salvation of returning sinners. You have been alarmed by feeling that you were in the city of destruction; O stay not in all the plain, lest thou be consumed, but fly to the refuge provided for sinners by the sinner's Friend. Your best interests call for it—the prayers, anxieties, and tears of your parents call for it. As you love your soul; as you value your everlasting all; as you ever hope to meet God in peace, and dwell for ever in heaven, *do it. O! do it!*—May the Lord have you all in his holy keeping!"

To his Parents.

"*L*——, *December*, 1821.

"Beloved Parents,

"When I call to mind that you have not heard from me since I left New-York, I feel that I have not manifested that love for you that I ought. But you will excuse me, while I assure you that I find my affection for you increasing instead of diminishing. You know, my dear father and mother, that nearly two years have elapsed since I arrived at this place to begin my studies. How rapid has been their progress! I feel disposed to rejoice rather than to mourn that the time has sped its flight. I look upon them as two years of preparation for that office which I anticipate with pleasure. And the faster our years fly, the better, if God be our Father, Jesus our Savior, and the Holy Spirit our Sanctifier; for the sooner shall we be wafted over life's tempestuous sea, and the sooner shall we reach the wished for haven. Glory to our heavenly Benefactor, for devising the plan of salvation! Glory to our Redeemer, who accomplished the mighty work! And glory to the Holy Spirit, who applies it to our hearts and consciences! Everlasting thanks to our God, if we have been made partakers of the grace of life; if we are his sons and daughters! Surely it has been a work of his own on our hearts, and we *ought* to praise him. He is worthy of our highest homage and best services. Then let us spend the remaining days of our pilgrimage to his honor; that *so*, when we are done with earthly things, an abundant entrance may be administered unto us into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

"What distinguishing mercy has been displayed to our family! But to *me* in particular—*to me in particular*; and you may well wonder at and admire that divine grace which 'sweetly forced me in.' Once I was a child of many anxieties, and the occasion of many sorrows. I feel that in my childhood I often caused you to suffer much pain on my account. But all was parental tenderness and affection on your part. O forgive me the follies of my youthful days, my obstinacy, self-will, disobedience, and rebellion. I know that you have forgiven me; but I cannot forgive myself. No! my ingratitude to you, the kindest and best of parents, is a reproach to me. May God forgive me—yea, I trust he has forgiven me, wherein I have been guilty in breaking this his command, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.'

"Once my home was under your roof—once I sat at your table—once I enjoyed the society of your family circle—and once I could call to you by the endearing appellation of father and mother. But now I am far away. My home, my table, my society, are among strangers. They, however, are my friends; this I am persuaded is of the Lord's kindness. And as he has been good to me in times past, I can trust him in time to come.

"Did not the Lord, when he gave me to you, say, 'Take this child and nurse him for me, and I will give thee thy wages.' For all your goodness to me, may heaven's best blessings rest upon you. And may I be an honor to my father, and to the mother who bore me!—may I glorify my heavenly Father, and be made a blessing to society! O may I not live a cipher

in this world, but be made extensively useful. For this, let me ask your continual, earnest, united prayers."

The above extracts from Mr. Taylor's letters show, it is thought, very distinctly an increase in his piety and in his religious enjoyments. He appears to be gradually raising higher his standard of ministerial holiness and usefulness, and making progress in real, decided, heart-felt religion.

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## CHAPTER III.

*Completion of his course in the Academy.*

On the 1st of January, 1822, we find, in a letter to a valued and confidential Christian friend, a brief statement of his religious views at that period.

"The last time I wrote, you recollect the state of my mind. Since then, the Lord has been better than my expectations. I have had some precious seasons. I have known what it is to hold communion with my heavenly Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, through the Eternal Spirit. My closet duties have afforded my highest enjoyments; not always, indeed, equally great, but generally delightful.

"During this year may I, and may you, be more than ever engaged in the Lord's service. I am desirous to spend and be spent for him—to live the life of

the righteous. But we may not live to see its close. This morning I was meditating on the words in Matt. 26 : 18, *My time is at hand;* and I thought that if it should be the Lord's will to take me to himself this year, yea, even this day, I should rejoice at my departure. The grave seemed to lose its terrors—heaven and its glories appeared to be in sight—my soul was joyful. *O to live religion*—to have heaven in view, the love of God in the heart, the world, the flesh and the devil under one's feet! Then, come life, come death, *all, all* will be well.

"O my friend, I am tired of living *by halves.* God says, 'Son, give me thy heart.' I answer, O for an entire surrender—I long for complete deliverance from remaining corruption; for sanctification in soul, body, and spirit; for that perfect love which casteth out all fear—and until I attain this, I shall feel that I shall be unfit to be a minister of Jesus Christ."

It deserves to be noticed, that our young friend was, in a remarkable degree, exempt from sectarian feelings. Among other tokens of enlarged and liberal feeling, it may be mentioned that he had correspondence with students of theology and private members of several religious denominations, and that the interchange of fraternal affection and christian exhortation was characterized by perfect confidence and entire freedom. This is what we may expect, when professors of Christianity have the spirit of their religion. It is truly a religion of love, which embraces all, of every name, who show themselves to be true disciples of Jesus Christ.

From a letter of Major Ridge, dated, "Cherokee

Nation, Feb. 19, 1822," it appears that Mr. Taylor had written him, and that his kindness and christian faithfulness had deeply impressed his heart.

"Dear friend, (he says,) we were made acquainted by a kind Providence, and I hope I shall never forget all your kindness to me. When I think of New-York, it seems near, and I feel almost as if there. When I went there I was a stranger, and you were so kind as to be my guide and assistant to the place where my son was, for which I am under great obligations of gratitude. You not only rendered me all necessary assistance on the way, but when we arrived at Cornwall, you was so kind as to converse with me on the subject of religion. What you told me I ought to do, I am now fully determined to do. I think I can say now that I do seek the Savior; but I do not find him. I hope the Lord will hear my prayers, and enable me to find the right way. I thank you for, and rejoice to think of what you told me. I also rejoice that the missionaries here tell me the same; and that there are some, even in this land, who care for my soul."

Another extract of a letter addressed to Mr. Taylor, Feb. 25, 1822, by one to whom he had been useful in an excursion during vacation, will give the reader some idea of the active zeal of this young Christian.

"On looking back on my life, and recalling past scenes, I remember with humility, with love and adoration, the occurrences of the past year. I adore the riches of that grace which, I hope, plucked me as a brand from everlasting burnings. To you, my friend, I feel peculiarly grateful; and as long as I live, I shall

remember your faithful admonitions and prayers. I have reason every day to adore and praise that Providence which directed you in my way, and made you an instrument of doing much good to my soul. When I first saw you I was where I had been for years. I knew that I was a sinner; that my situation was wretched; and that remaining where I was, I must perish. But yet I made no exertions to escape. I was waiting for the irresistible influences of the Spirit, with the excuse that I could do nothing myself. You were employed by an overruling hand to rouse me from this state of awful stupidity and sin. Your words went like daggers to my guilty conscience, and wrought that conviction in my soul which I had never experienced before. It is needless for me to tell you what I then felt, as you were a witness to part of my anxiety and distress. You also saw the change which took place in my feelings. O happy seasons of delight—how I love to call them to remembrance! The Lord has not only been kind to me, but has extended his mercy to my beloved companion; and while we deserved nothing but wrath, has made us, as we hope, children of his grace and heirs of everlasting life."

It would be easy to give many similar passages from other letters, showing that this young academical student was made, to a surprising extent, useful in bringing sinners to a knowledge of their condition, and conducting them to Jesus Christ as their Savior.

It is apparent from the following letter to his friend H——, that his mind was at the same time intent on his own preparation for the ministry; and that while

he wished to possess all the intellectual qualifications required, his first object was to make eminent attainments in holiness.

"*March* 9, 1822.

"You no doubt rejoice with me that our friend C. and my brother F. have given themselves up for the work of the holy ministry. O, my brother, what a gracious Providence it is that calls so many young men from mercantile business to labor in the vineyard of our Lord. More than all, I wonder that I should be counted worthy to do any thing in the glorious work of salvation. How astonishing! 'How condescending and how kind!' How signal was my escape! When every thing indicated that my situation was fixed for life, and that I should have to spend my days in buying and selling, a kind Providence opened a way for me to enter upon my studies. You know what were my difficulties. I cannot, with the certainty I wish, say that I *have been*, and yet I dare not say that I *have not been* called of heaven—*no, I dare not.* But, would I 'look back?' No, verily. I desire to be a minister of the Gospel above and before all earthly things. My mind is bent on it, with the most earnest wish to spend and be spent in the Lord's service. How *else* could I be happy?

"The work of the holy ministry is, we hope and trust, before us. No doubt you have dwelt, as I have, on the necessary work of preparation with fear and much trembling, yet with satisfaction and joy. But yet it can never be amiss for us to stir up each other's minds by way of remembrance.

"That a minister of the Gospel should be a con-

verted man, is too plain, and commonly believed, for me to insist on. He must be born from above—be created in Christ Jesus unto good works—have his name written in heaven. Thither, when going out and coming in, at home and abroad, he should direct his affections and desires, his whole walk and conversation: there should he lay up his treasures, and look to heaven as his eternal home. Nothing can be more unbecoming in one who ministers in holy things, than worldly-mindedness. May God, of his infinite mercy, make *us* peculiarly humble; and fit us to bear the vessels of the Lord, by imparting to us much of Enoch's spirit.

"A minister of Jesus Christ ought to be thoroughly furnished for his work. It need not be splendid furniture, to attract admiration; but solid, substantial, and fit for use. We must seek it in the store-house of grace. There is enough treasured up in Christ—may we receive from his fullness! Let us make our *Bibles* our text books.

"But the preacher must have a call from the great Head of the church, whose prerogative it is to raise up, qualify, and send forth laborers. Alas! how miserable must that man be, who preaches when he is not sent. None of the truths which he utters—none of the warnings which he gives, but reverberate, '*Physician, heal thyself.*' O may you and I have our commissions from Christ, to go into the world and preach his Gospel. May we receive an unction from the Holy One; be set apart by the great High Priest of our profession; be filled with the Holy Ghost, and with the fire of divine love—love *supreme* towards God, *ardent* towards our brethren, and *universal*

towards perishing sinners. May the Spirit of the Lord rest on our hearts as a spirit of prayer, a spirit of conversation, a spirit of exhortation, a spirit of preaching. Then, setting up our banner in the name of the Lord, we shall destroy the works of the devil, and advance the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom.

"A minister has great need to look well to all his motives. Does he work for filthy lucre's sake? then he cannot prosper. Does he seek the honor that cometh from men, and not that which cometh from God only? then leanness and barrenness will rest on his heart, life, preaching, and conversation. O may we enter the work to win souls to Christ, and have, as our great motive, the honor of our blessed Redeemer. May we forget every thing about ourselves but our responsibility, the shortness of our lives, our final account, and our eternal state; and may we always remember that many, *many* souls, in their eternal interests, depend on our faithfulness. May God make us faithful.

"The greatness of this work should rest like a heavy weight on our minds. O! it is a work for eternity. The mischiefs of unfaithfulness here can never be repaired. To fail here, is to fail for ever. If souls are lost through our neglect, they are murdered. May we, with our might, do all for God. O! to be devoted servants of his, and workmen that need not be ashamed. Then, when we come to give an account of our stewardship, we shall have joy and not grief.

"Ministers, of all others, should be *holy* men; Christians every where, *and no common Christians;* always setting an example for the flock to imitate.

O for perfect love, for complete sanctification for the office which awaits us!"

It will be seen by all who read the preceding lines, that James B. Taylor was by no means satisfied with his religious attainments. His daily and most earnest prayer was for higher and holier zeal, and more fervent love. He was fully persuaded that a Christian, in the use of the appointed means, might make continual progress in the divine life, and advance far beyond his Christian stature. And this high attainment was the object of his continual desire.

His repeated declarations show, that from the time he made a public profession of religion until the year 1822, he longed for, and with much earnestness sought clearer manifestations of the divine favor, and greater conformity to the divine will. He was under the abiding feeling that, without higher attainments in holiness, he never could enter the ministry. During the spring vacation of 1822 he visited his parents, and, as it would seem, resolved to consecrate this time of relaxation from study to the special object of seeking such an increase of religion as would relieve him from many doubts which harassed his mind. It was his privilege at this period to enjoy the society of some relatives, who, according to his account, were persons of very distinguished zeal and piety. He made much use of their conversation and prayers, as well as of other means for the accomplishment of his object. All his subsequent papers refer to the *twenty-third of April*, in this year, as the most important era in his Christian life. He then gave himself up to Christ with a *strength of purpose*, a *depth of feeling*,

and *an unreservedness* of which he had never before been conscious. And he was made to partake of peace, of joy, of rapture, such as he had never experienced. It was a great revival of religion in his heart. He knew something of that "hope which maketh not ashamed;" of that "perfect love which casteth out fear;" of that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory. In a great number of letters written about this time, and years afterwards, he dwells on this season and its blessings. The fullest account, however, of the whole case, is given in a letter, dated May, 1823, which is here introduced, as the event recorded had a very strong bearing on his religious character and his whole future conduct.

"*Lawrenceville, May* 11, 1823.

"This is the Lord's day morning; and it comes to me a welcome Sabbath. I awoke with the sensible presence of the Savior. How delightful the presence of Jesus! It is he who makes us happy. Take him from the soul, and the sinner's hope of pardon is gone —take him from the Christian, and his peace is gone. If he is not with the believer in the *swellings of Jordan*, he has no rod and staff to support him—take him from heaven, and it is no place of bliss. Truly, Jesus Christ is all in all.

"This day brings with it a privilege of no ordinary kind. It is that of witnessing the good profession of the church in this village, and of testifying to the world that I am on the Lord's side. Once more I am called to sit at the table of the Lord Jesus and celebrate his dying love—may I do it in remembrance of him, penitently, humbly, with faith, with love, with

peace, with joy! I would remember him as the man who is Jehovah's fellow, (Zech. 13 : 7,) set up from everlasting—I would remember him as the promised seed, who should bruise the serpent's head—as the looked for Shiloh—as the Messiah foretold by the prophets. I would remember him as already come—the babe of Bethlehem—the man of sorrows—the despised Nazarene—the friend of publicans and sinners. I would remember him as voluntarily humbling himself, and although rich, for our sakes becoming poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. I would remember him in the garden in his agony—before an earthly tribunal, though Judge of all the earth—on the cross, thirsting, bleeding, groaning, dying, although he is the Lord of life and glory. I would remember him in the grave, in his resurrection, and in his various manifestations to his disciples. In a word, I would remember him as delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.

"What an honor, to have a name and a place among his people here below. But what is a name and a place, if we are destitute of the badge of true discipleship? I mean the badge of *love—supreme* love to God, *universal* love to men.

"But I would remember the forbearance and mercy of him whose name is LOVE. I would never forget that fourteen years of my life were spent in folly and in sin, and yet I was not cut down as a cumberer of the Lord's vineyard; that by the Holy Spirit I was convinced of sin and converted. I would remember Jesus as my best friend, in the midst of temptations, trials, and afflictions—as him who has not only permitted me to taste of his grace, but has filled me with

his 'perfect love,' which 'casteth out fear,' save the filial fear of offending my Father. I would indeed remember him as my Lord, my portion, and my all.

"The Lord has often made himself known to me in the breaking of bread, particularly during the last year. My soul has, indeed, been richly fed at the communion table. The intercourse between my heart and heaven has been frequent and full. Jesus has been exceedingly precious. May I find the tabernacle of the Lord of hosts 'amiable' this day because of his presence; may the banner of Jesus over me be love; and may his food be sweet to my taste! Then shall I sit under the shadow of the Almighty; my spiritual strength will be renewed; and I shall be happy in the Lord my Savior.

"I reperused with interest a letter received from you in 1819. Among other things contained in it, I found the following:—'It is thought by some pious persons, that the course of study usually pursued in the present day, by candidates for the ministry, is calculated to abate that fervor in religion which is so desirable.' However this may have appeared to the observation of others, I have not discovered it to be the case in many instances. On the contrary, it is to be hoped that young men, in a course of preparation for the sacred office, grow in grace as they advance in knowledge. Surely, if they do not, they will have occasion to accuse themselves of base ingratitude and very culpable negligence. That some are thus wofully remiss cannot be doubted. In the words of your correspondent, as quoted, they become, in the course of their education, 'very different men, with a very

different kind of piety; and time must show whether it is better or worse.'

"But thanks, everlasting thanks to the great Head of the church, that he has not suffered *my* graces to languish and die. It is to *his* rich grace that I *owe* it all. He has done great and wonderful things for me since I commenced studying for the ministry. Shall I tell you? My tongue could not, much less can my pen express the loving kindness of the Lord to me, who am less than the least of all his mercies. 'Eternity is too short to utter all his praise.' But I may tell you some of the merciful dealings of the Lord to my soul.

"You will doubtless recollect how often I have complained to you of the littleness of my attainments in the divine life; how much of sin was still remaining within me, notwithstanding my profession that I had crucified the world, the flesh and the devil. I have had keener sorrows for indwelling sin than I ever experienced before conversion. O the distress which I have felt on account of pride, envy, love of the world, and other evil passions, which have risen up and disturbed my peace, and separated between God and my soul. But the Lord heard my cries and groans, and was witness to my tears and my desires for holiness. I pleaded and wrestled with him; and, praise to his name! after six long years I found what I had so long and so earnestly sought. It was on the 23d of April, 1822, when I was on a visit at Haddam, in Connecticut. Memorable day! The time and place will never, no, never be forgotten. I recur to it at this moment with thankful remembrance. For

then, through the great love and power of our Lord, my feet were set in a large place.

"I cannot give you the particulars better than by making an extract from my journal:

'For some days I have been desirous to visit some friends, who are distinguished for fervor of piety, and remarkable for the happiness which they enjoy in religion. It was my hope, that by associating with them, and through the help of their prayers, I might find the Lord more graciously near to my soul. After my arrival, I took up a hymn book, where I found a hymn descriptive of my situation. The perusal of this increased my desire that the Lord would visit me, and fill me with the Holy Ghost—my cry to him was, "*seal* my soul for ever thine." I lifted up my heart in prayer that the blessing might descend. I felt that I needed something which I did not possess. There was a void within, which must be filled, or I could not be happy. My earnest desire then was, as it had been ever since I professed religion six years before, that all love of the world might be destroyed—all selfishness extirpated—pride banished—unbelief removed—all idols dethroned—every thing hostile to *holiness*, and opposed to the divine will, crucified; that holiness to the Lord might be engraved on my heart, and evermore characterize my conversation. My mind was led to reflect on what would probably be my future situation. It recurred to me, I am to be hereafter a minister of the Gospel. But how shall I be able to preach in my present state of mind? I cannot—never; no, never shall I be able to do it with pleasure, without great overturnings in my soul. I felt that I needed *that*, for which I was then, and for

a long time had been, hungering and thirsting. I desired it, not for my benefit only, but for that of the church and the world. At this very juncture I was most delightfully conscious of giving up ALL to God. I was enabled in my heart to say, Here, Lord, take me, take my whole soul, and seal me thine—thine now, and thine for ever. "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." There then ensued such emotions as I never before experienced—all was calm and tranquil, silent, solemn—and a heaven of love pervaded my whole soul. I had a witness of God's love to me, and of mine to him. Shortly after, I was dissolved in tears of love and gratitude to our blessed Lord. The name of Jesus was precious to me. "'Twas music in my ear." He came as king, and took full possession of my heart; and I was enabled to say, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."—Let him, as King of kings and Lord of lords, reign in me, reign without a rival for ever.'

"But this is not all—since that blessed season I have enjoyed times of refreshment, in which I have gained *nearer* access to God. I have enjoyed his presence from day to day. Not one I believe has passed, in which I have not had the witness in myself that I am born from above. O the peace which I have had, and joy in the Holy Ghost! It has flowed as a river. I have been happy in my Lord; I have exulted in the God of my salvation. But I ascribe all to his grace. The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad, and for which I would praise his name. Not unto me, not unto me! I am nothing—Jesus is all. To his name be the glory! He is the author and finisher of faith. I know and am as fully assured of my acceptance with God as I

can be of my existence—that is, if 'love, joy, peace,' are evidences of reconciliation. I have a hope full of glorious immortality. The perfect love of God casteth out all fear of death, of the grave, of judgment, of hell. Filial fear—fear of offending my heavenly Father and my brethren, possesses me. Surely I am a miracle of grace—a sinner saved by grace, free grace, sovereign grace, almighty grace. I feel that I love the Lord, because he first loved me. And, even now, I am favored with the gracious presence of *Emmanuel*. How suitable and delightful is the *name—God with us!*—yes, and *formed within us* the hope of glory.

"I find the Scriptures increasingly delightful. I read no book with so much pleasure. It is indeed not a *dead letter*, but *spirit* and *life*. Divinity is stamped on its pages; and when carried home to the heart, its truths are life and power.

"In closet duties you doubtless find most pleasure. Here I too find the heavenly manna. My soul has had Gospel measure in my evening's retirement. 'Tis here the Christian comes at the *essence* of religion, while he holds intimate communion with heaven, and partakes of joys sublime and substantial, such as the world knoweth not, the unrenewed never taste. But they are real; they are pure; they are foretastes of good things to come, earnests of future endless bliss.

"The prospect before me is a pleasant one. I have no anxiety about the future. My only wish is to know what my heavenly Father will have me to do. I have, indeed, the ministry in view. I believe that the great Head of the church has called me to prepare for it. But whether he will count me worthy to be put into it, is not for me to decide. *I* would not determine. He

may see fit to remove me hence before I shall have finished my course of study. Pleasing thought, if it be his will! With some he has dealt thus, and so taken them from rendering service below, to render a perfect service above. But whether my life be protracted or shortened, my inquiry is, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' I am not my own keeper; neither would I be at my own disposal. 'Godliness with contentment is great gain.' I trust that I have won this prize. Pray that I may keep and finish my course with joy.

"Thus I have spoken of the Lord's dealings, and testified to his goodness. I have spoken to you with the familiarity and confidence of a friend. Do not think me an egotist.

"And now may I ask you, 'Is it well with thee?' If I mistake not, you were once not a little harassed with fears, and perplexed with doubts. Have you gained the ascendancy over your adversary? If not, be assured it is your privilege. 'For this purpose was Jesus manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.' And it is not his pleasure that we should always be babes, or even young men. He would have us arrive at the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus. Alas! how many seem to be ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. There are some who are always complaining of their deadness and want of spirituality. Do you know the reason? Certainly it is not because they have religion, but because they have *no more* religion. The effect of true piety is to quicken and enliven the soul, to make its possessor spiritual and heavenly-minded, 'which is life and peace.' All, all should be on the

alert; 'up and doing' for their Master's cause. Indeed, there is much land to be possessed; much in our own hearts; much in our families; much in our neighborhood; much in the world at large. Who will be Christians in deed and in truth? who will be decidedly for the Lord—eminently holy and devoted servants of the Most High? There is much to do; much for you and much for me to accomplish; and our time is short. O for more of Enoch's spirit, that I may walk with God continually; for more of the meekness and the ardor of our Savior. In a word, let us live for God, for heaven, for eternity. Then shall we 'rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks.' The world will sink into nothing before us—souls will be valued according to their worth—the divine glory will be our chief aim, and heaven our final home.

"What shall I say more? May you and I seek to be *uncommon* Christians; that is, *eminently holy*. Holiness becometh the house of the Lord. It is this which conforms us to his image, which fits us for communion with him here, and which only will fit us for heaven and for glory."

This letter is given at full length, because it contains the most clear and distinct account of the most remarkable revival of religion with which our departed brother was favored after his conversion. He was afterwards blessed with many similar seasons of refreshment; and the letters which follow this event are uniformly in a higher strain of joyful feeling. In a communication addressed to his parents, dated July 16, 1822, there is a display of filial and fraternal love, mingled with Christian affection and joy, evincing a

high and sustained mental excitement. The father, mother, and all the grown up children, had become hopefully pious. In reference to this subject he expresses himself thus:

"When I look at my father's house my heart is filled with praise for what God has wrought. I now rejoice in the assurance that the family altar is frequented every day, and that there is offered up the sacrifice of broken spirits and contrite hearts. How comforting! *This looks like having a little heaven to go to heaven in.* My dear parents, may you ever abide under the shadow of the Almighty, find the banner of Jesus over you to be love, and his food to be sweet to your taste! May your house be a Bethel to each of your souls," &c.

After addressing most earnest and affectionate exhortations to each of his sisters, he adds concerning himself, "Of all others I have most reason to praise the Lord, because he has kept me in perfect peace. Precious seasons, delightful hours I have enjoyed, and the remembrance of them is sweet. The Lord has manifested himself to me by his Spirit, and I *now* feel his presence; my heart is stayed on the Lord; Jesus is precious; and I feel an increased determination to give up all for Christ, for he is worthy."

In another letter he says, "Thanks to my heavenly Father, I can write to you in a new strain. My former communications have been full of complaint, yet I did not tell you of half the distress which I felt on account of coldness in my Master's service, lest I should

distress you with the narrative. But now I feel that I can never sufficiently praise the Lord for all that he has done for me. I will take the cup of salvation and call on his name. I would also call on my soul, and all that is within me, to bless him for the great deliverance which he has wrought. Surely he has delivered me from the snare of the fowler—he has set my feet in a large place, and made me to rejoice in his great salvation. Never have I enjoyed so much in religion as since the 23d of last April. That was, and ever will be a memorable day to me. The kingdom of God, which is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, was then, if ever, set up within me. Praise the Lord for it! He is *all*. I am nothing. The glory of my salvation, from first to last, shall be ascribed to the Triune Jehovah."

To another he expresses himself thus: "Since my arrival at Lawrenceville I addressed to you a letter testifying the goodness of God to my soul. I have now to say, to the praise of his grace, that he has continued his favors. At this time I enjoy an indescribable peace, it passes knowledge, and yet it is a *blessed reality*. And it is now my earnest desire that all Christians may strive for a deeper work of grace in their hearts.

"I am ready to testify to the world that the Lord has blessed my soul beyond my highest expectations. People may call this blessing by what name they please, *faith of assurance*, *holiness*, *perfect love*, *sanctification*—it makes no difference with me whether they give it a name, or no name, it continues a blessed reality, and, thanks to my heavenly Father, it

is my privilege to enjoy it—it is yours also, and the privilege of all, to enjoy the same, and to go beyond any thing that I have ever yet experienced."

A careful perusal of the letters written during the few months which followed the season so often adverted to, has convinced the compiler of this memoir that it was followed by a great and permanent increase of holiness and of religious enjoyment. Yet that there was in connection with this, an exposure to a serious error in the direction of his future life, is undeniable. His desire to be engaged in preaching immediately was so strong that he came near to the resolution that he would abandon his course of preparatory study, and, if possible, forthwith enter the pulpit; and if he had not possessed the degree of genuine scriptural piety which he actually had attained, there is no doubt but that the fervor of his feelings would have carried him off in a very devious course. But when judicious friends presented to him the truth, and he carefully reflected on it, the path of duty appeared plain before him; and the power of conscience, as soon as it was better informed, was sufficient to restrain the ardor of his wishes. And with a docility, and a frankness to acknowledge his mistake, which does honor to his memory, he returned to his studies; and pursued them, as health permitted, with exemplary steadiness and regularity. And always, after he had thoroughly examined this subject, he felt, as will fully appear in the sequel, the obligation to improve, as far as possible, all his faculties, that he might with more efficiency preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to his perishing fellow-men.

He had a powerful impression of the necessity of raising much higher than ordinary the standard of ministerial piety. He thought that Christians universally might make, and must make, attainments in religion far beyond those of ordinary professors; and he was convinced that this was not likely to take place until preachers of the Gospel should become in a most eminent degree holy men. But at the same time his own experience and observation convinced him that young men, while laboring to kindle up the fire of zeal, and cultivating an ardent love for the work of the ministry and for the souls of men, were liable to be drawn off from their preparatory studies, and hurried into the sacred office before they were suitably prepared for it. He also knew that there are many Christians of indiscreet zeal, who very frequently suggest to students that they are wasting their time and chilling their ardor in the prosecution of dry and barren studies while souls are perishing. And although he never in the slightest degree intimated an expectation that a memoir of him would be prepared, yet he frequently expressed the wish that candidates for the ministry might learn rather from the experience of others than their own, the unspeakable importance of uniting an *uncommon* degree of piety and zeal with very *thorough preparation* for their work. He was convinced that it was exceedingly important that ministers of the Gospel should have religion enough to make them always happy; because that would commend Christianity to others, would make them love the arduous labors of their office, and carry them pleasantly through all its trials.

From the 23d of April, 1822, to the last day of his

life, he retained immovably the conviction, that by the diligent and faithful use of the means appointed by Jesus Christ, there might be attainments in piety, and all its fruits, love, joy, peace, hope, assurance, of which professors of religion ordinarily have no adequate idea. On this subject the reader will find him expressing himself in very strong terms, in letters hereafter to be inserted. And why may it not be so? The economy of grace, so far from discouraging the use of means, does, when properly understood, afford the highest inducements to use them with all diligence. The relation between cause and effect is as fully established in spiritual as in physical affairs. It is just as true in the one case as in the other, that the hand of the diligent maketh rich. And if one may not expect success in the use of measures presented for our growth in holiness, there can be no motive to employ them, and no wisdom in their appointment. Now, who can set limits to a Christian's growth in grace, or to the increase of his spiritual joy? May not one, who every day sets himself, with all the activity of intense desire, to make advancement in the divine life, expect daily to get forward? If a Christian will never let unrepented sin rest on his conscience—no, not for an hour; if he never will omit any duty which for the time he can possibly perform; if he will not rest satisfied a moment without the light of his Father's countenance shining on him: why may not all joy abound in him, and he always abound in the work of the Lord? In perusing christian biography, and in observing the lives of Christians, it is manifest that there is a very wide difference between the piety and the religious enjoyment of different persons. And it is

very clear that there is also as wide a difference between their respective diligence and activity in using the means of religious improvement.

This subject is urged in this manner, because the unhappy dispute which has risen on the subject of *perfection*, has been so managed as to induce in many the belief that doubt, despondency, and occasional gloom, are important evidences of Christian character. It is undoubtedly true, too, that the spiritual pride of some who have pretended to be free from all sin, and to have attained the assurance of hope, has rendered more modest Christians unwilling to speak with confidence of their spiritual state. But it ought to be understood that these two subjects are totally distinct. There will always be enough about the Christian, while he is in the body, to keep him humble, and to make him shrink from the claim of perfection. Yet it is certainly the doctrine of the Scriptures that believers ought to rise to the stature of full grown men in Christ Jesus; that they may attain to such a state as to be able to say, "We know on whom we have believed;" that it is their privilege to rejoice evermore; yea, even with a "joy unspeakable and full of glory." But if all this is not believed—if it is taken for granted that we must go sorrowful and in doubt through this world; then no efforts will be made, no means will be employed to rise to that happy and joyous state, of which the Bible speaks in frequent and strong terms. But nothing is more certain than the truth, that no blessing is obtained in religion, any more than in the affairs of this world, without effort. The economy of grace *is* such, that, by following the plain directions of the Bible, Christians will grow up into Christ their head

in all things. Let students of theology then, and Christians generally, believe that they may become very eminently holy and happy, and that it is their duty to be so.

The determination of Mr. Taylor to return to that course of study which he had first marked out, did not in the least abate the fervor of his zeal, nor lessen his efforts to make that continual progress in piety which he felt that every one ought to make who has the sacred office in view. The following extracts from his letters will show that his religious enjoyments were continued, and indeed rendered more permanent and exalted. But it ought to be understood that he did not allow his piety to expend itself in mere feeling. His religion was not that of a retired contemplative mystic; he was perfectly alive to all the charities of life; and he omitted no opportunity of doing good, which was either presented or could be made by him. In a word, the experience which he had acquired served the double purpose of making him conscientious in his endeavors to store his mind with useful and necessary knowledge, and to imbue his heart more and more entirely with the spirit of the Gospel. At the same time he was exceedingly desirous that his Christian friends should partake of such religious enjoyments as he himself was favored with. He thus writes to one who had, at an early period in life, made a public profession of faith in Jesus Christ:

"*L*——, *October* 31, 1822.

"——— 'A hope of eternal life is indeed a treasure more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold.' When I saw you last, you expressed doubts and fears

respecting yourself. You also wished to obtain a brighter evidence, a clearer witness of your acceptance with God. The desire is laudable, and it may be gratified: for full assurance *is attainable*. And who is happy without it?

"To attain what you desire, two things are necessary.

"1. You must believe that it is attainable.

"2. You must seek it with your *whole heart*.

"1. You must believe that it is attainable. That it is so, see for proof, Heb. 6 : 11. We there find a desire expressed that the Hebrews might possess it to the end. Paul enjoyed it, 2 Tim. 4 : 6-8. The eighth verse plainly shows that the writer possessed full assurance. 'There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day.' See also Rom. 8 : 38, 39. 'For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Many others, besides the apostle, to the lasting joy of their souls, have found this truth a blessed reality.

"2. Therefore you *must look* unto Jesus, the author and finisher of faith. Heb. 12 : 2. Mere belief that assurance is attainable, will not bring down the blessing to our possession. The prodigal son believed that there was bread enough and to spare in his father's house, while he was feeding on husks. But what would this conviction have availed had he not come to the resolution, 'I will arise and go unto my father?' and what his belief and resolution, had he not put

the resolve in execution? Exertion is necessary. Can we attain any object of desire without using means adapted to the end in view?

"Suffer, then, the word of exhortation. Give all diligence to secure that, which I trust the Holy Spirit has caused you to desire. Let your cry be continually to the Lord, that your soul may be filled with *perfect peace.* Be encouraged—for the promise is, 'Ask, and you shall receive.' You have 'an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.' He has said, 'If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.' John. 14 : 14, &c. Ask, O ask, that your joy may be full."

The following, to the same friend, is so full of the fervor of piety, that the reader will peruse it with deep interest.

"*L*——, *November* 9, 1822.

"The retrospect to you, as to me, is no doubt mingled with emotions of regret and joy. For, once we were aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers to the covenants of promise. Nearly fifteen years of my life were spent at a distance from God, in pursuit of a *phantom, a visionary object*, denominated by its votaries, *pleasure.* With what eagerness I followed that on which I have lodg since stamped vanity and vexation of spirit, the companions of my youth could testify. But, alas! two of them have gone, never to return—their bodies to the place appointed for all the living, their immortal spirits to the bar of their righteous Judge. One departed with bright evidence of a work of grace *inwrought* by the Holy Spirit—yes, even in the triumphs of faith, saying, just

before she left the world, 'I am going soon, my Savior is near.' The other manifested no token of a change of heart. Should these persons now give testimony respecting the hilarity of our youthful days, how deep would be their tone of reprobation! But soon the *day of account* will come, and all must answer for the deeds done in the body.

"Besides the person first mentioned, only two others of my youthful companions, as I believe, have denied themselves, taken up the cross, and followed the Savior.

'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
'And enter while there's room;
'While thousands make a wretched choice,
'And rather starve than come.'

"When I had reached the age of fifteen years and five months, I publicly professed the religion of Christ, and joined myself to his people. This confession was witnessed on the 15th of Sept. 1816. The vows then made to be the Lord's, have often since been repeated in the closet and in the sanctuary. Eventful era in my life! Never by me to be forgotten! Its annual return always brings grateful recollections.

"On last Sabbath I was privileged to obey the dying command of the Lord Jesus, 'Do this in remembrance of me.' It was a most precious season. The intercourse between my soul and heaven was open and free. I was brought into the banqueting house of the Beloved; and his banner over me was *love*. Truly I had communion with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, through the Holy Spirit. My brethren and sisters, both in the church militant and the church triumphant, were objects of my affection—yes, all

who were purchased by the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. I also with all my heart desired the conversion of impenitent sinners. Indeed the Lord was present to bless me with *gospel-measure*, pressed down, shaken together, and running over. Communion seasons grow better and better. And so it ought to be. By and by I hope to drink new wine in the paradise above.

'When shall I wake and find me there?
'O glorious hour! O blest abode!
'I shall be near, and like my God,
'And flesh and sin no more control
'The sacred pleasures of the soul.'

"I said that the 15th of September, 1816, was, and ever will be an eventful era to me. But there is another day to which I shall ever recur with as much, if not more interest. It was the 23d of last April. On that day the Lord wrought a deeper work of grace in my soul than at any former period. Yes, blessed be his holy name for ever! he condescended to bestow a favor, for which I had been longing for years—the *witness* of which I have enjoyed daily ever since. I cannot tell you what I have enjoyed from his fullness; but let it suffice to say that my peace has flowed like a river; and I can testify that I have experienced more of the presence of the Lord than during my whole previous existence. The earnest of the purchased possession has been given to me, and I have rejoiced in the hope of the glory of God, and of the rest which remaineth for his people.

"I wish you to understand that I advert to this sub-

ject, and dwell on it, because I wish to show forth the divine goodness as manifested to so unworthy a sinner as I am; and to testify the loving-kindness of the Lord.

"It may encourage my friend, who, I trust, has tasted that the Lord is gracious. Let me again urge you to seek until you obtain that bright evidence of your acceptance which you desire. Never give over the effort. The adversary is ever near to cheat you out of the promised blessing. But the word of truth assures us, that if we resist him, he will flee from us; and that if we draw nigh to God, he will draw nigh to us. 'Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' 'If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, *how much more* shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.' Such are the promises which encourage us. If then you seek and find not, search narrowly into your heart, and see if there is any thing cherished there inconsistent with your desires to obtain this blessing; any thing opposed to holiness, such as love of the world, pride, selfishness, &c. God does not come and dwell in the heart where he finds rivals. Before you venture to approach the holy presence of the Lord and offer sacrifice to him, examine yourself carefully, and put far away every thing that can hinder the blessing. If you feel how important it is that believers should be sanctified wholly, in soul, body and spirit, you will excuse the plainness of my speech. Allow me to propose a question, which has occurred to my mind since I wrote the preceding paragraph. Why may not you be *an uncommon Christian?* Do you see any thing to prevent

it? Is not the Lord on your side? Have you not the God of Jacob for your refuge? Have you not an Advocate with the Father, who is also a sympathising friend, having been in all points tempted as his disciples, yet without sin? O then strive for it. Keep 'the world, the flesh, and the devil' continually under your feet, and heaven continually in view; that you may have heaven within you. Is it not for this that you have been brought into the church at a very early period in life? Is it not your duty to be an *uncommon*, that is, a very humble, self-denying, cross-bearing, (in a word,) BIBLE CHRISTIAN? And it is no less your privilege than your duty.

"Pray for me, that I may have more faith, humility, patience, yea, every thing to make me *Christ-like*.

"With best regards, &c. J. B. T."

To the same.

"*November* 23, 1822.

"The soul may be in heaviness through manifold temptations, 1 Peter, 1 : 6. Then, and in all times of difficulty, there is an opportunity for trusting in the Lord, and seeking him until he come and accomplish a complete deliverance. To be tempted is not a sin—but to *yield* to temptation. To *endure* it is a blessing, James, 1 : 12. But if temptation takes effect, it will bring forth death, ver. 15. Thanks to heaven's high King, 'the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations,' 2 Peter, 2 : 9. Then let us commit our cause into the hands of 'the Author and Finisher of our faith,' who 'worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure.' And after all our exertions for

deepening the work of grace in our souls, may we lie passive in his hands. Although our whole life should be one continued scene of doubt and fear, heaven will make amends for *all*. But ask and look for *overcoming grace* HERE—NOW. There is enough and to spare. Let me request that your prayers be offered up on my behalf—that the Lord would make me a faithful servant in his vineyard, should he call me there to labor; and that *during my work of preparation I may be useful.*"

The following letter to his parents will show that he had been brought to view the subject of preparation for the ministry in a proper point of light:

"*December* 1, 1822.

"My beloved Father and Mother,

"I have been reading to-day and last evening, Mr. Parsons' Journal during his visit to Palestine. I found it delightful to follow him as he recorded his visits to various places in and about the holy city Jerusalem. He visited the holy sepulchre, Mount Calvary, Mount Olivet, the Pool of Siloam, Mount Zion, Bethany, Jericho, the Dead Sea, where Sodom and Gomorrah once stood, and Bethlehem. On his way from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, from an eminence, he had, at the same moment, a distinct view of three of the most important places in the world—Bethlehem, where Jesus Christ was born; Calvary, where he was crucified; and Mount Olivet, from whence he ascended on high. The associations connected with such a situation are at once truly sublime and pleasingly melancholy. But Mr. Parsons is dead. He rested from his labors as a

missionary on the 9th of last February, at Alexandria, in Egypt. He had left father and mother, and putting his life in his hand, had embarked in the missionary cause. The tidings of his death must have been truly afflictive to his parents. Yet how honored are they in having a child to live and die for the Lord!

"While reading this journal, the question occurred, who knows but that *that* region is marked out as *my* laboring place. But I give myself no trouble about this thing. The Lord knows, and he will let me know, when the time comes for my going forth into the vineyard.

"I am indeed a wonder to myself, when I think what I once was, and contrast my former with my present situation and prospects. 'Not unto me—not unto me,' but to my gracious God be all the glory. To him I owe life, health and comfort.

"I am as highly favored as I have been. The Lord has taken care of me. At times, when my foot has well nigh slipped, he has been near to uphold me, so that I am under infinite obligations to love and serve him, and ever to speak *well* of his name.

"I am more contented with my situation and prospects, and more settled in mind, than I was at one period. I see more clearly than ever that I have a great work before me, and one that needs *great preparation*. Since I commenced study, you know that I have been much tried on account of the length of my course. I was anxious to *get out*. But I am now thankful to God that he did not let me go; for had I gone, what should I have done? At one time I felt it to be my duty to go forth as a preacher immediately —at another, to curtail my allotted course—I now

look forward to a complete course, as I did at first. I expect to go to college next *fall*, and remain three years; thence to the theological seminary, and study three years longer. I have learned some lessons from experience, which, probably, I could have learned in no other way. These lessons, I have good hope, will benefit me through life. My studies are agreeable—my health is good. The Lord makes my dwelling a Bethel to my soul—I have enjoyed in secret most refreshing seasons. But I want more faith, more humility, more love, more meekness, more of the spirit of my Master: in a word, I want to be more like Christ, in all my thoughts, words, and actions.

"By and by, I *may* become a preacher of the Gospel—but I *may not*. Life hangs on a brittle thread. All are alike exposed to the shafts of death. Only a short time since, a student at the theological seminary in Princeton, who had finished his collegiate studies, and just entered on his theological course, sickened and died. A young man, also in New Brunswick, studying for the ministry, died but a little while ago. And Dr. Mason's son at Carlisle, a candidate for the ministry, died about the same time. These three young men prosecuted their studies in the same class in college, and all died in one month. How mysterious! But it is the Lord, and he doeth what seemeth him good.

"These events show us that piety, talents, and prospects of usefulness in the world, are no barriers against death. May those that are looking forward to the ministry consider well that they are mortal! If the Lord designs me for the great work of preaching the Gospel, he will spare my life. But should he take me hence during my preparatory studies, it will be, I trust, to

render to him a perfect service in heaven, instead of an imperfect one here on earth. Let none therefore mourn my death, should the Lord take me to himself.

"There is nothing worth living for in this world but to glorify God. And rather than not do this in my subsequent life, I should prefer to go away to that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. There, my dear parents, I expect to meet you—there I expec- to meet my dear brothers and sisters—O! what thanks belong to our blessed Redeemer, that he has called us with a holy calling. May we, who have given ourselves to Christ, be faithful unto death, and enter into the haven of eternal rest. And not we only, but the dear little ones of the family. May God, for Christ's sake, hear our prayers for them—may they all be brought into the fold of Christ—not one left out—that ours may be a holy, happy, devoted family.

"Dec. 27. You will observe that this letter was begun some time ago. By the time it reaches you, probably you will have entered on a new year. May it prove happy to you in its commencement, in its continuance, and in its end.

"As ever, I would subscribe myself,

"Your affectionate son,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

This interesting young man was much accustomed to observe particular seasons and periods of time. On the *first day of the year*, 1823, he wrote a letter to his family, which no doubt will long be preserved by them as a precious memorial of his piety and affection. He first takes a view of the dispensations of Providence and grace towards the family during the year.

And it appears that during that period the father of the family and three of the children had experienced that change of heart, without which, according to the testimony of Christ, none can enter the kingdom of heaven. In producing these important changes, the instrumentality of the son was greatly blessed. His filial reverence and delicacy, combined with christian fidelity, have already been noticed. The same spirit is manifested in this letter, but on this occasion it is mingled with much holy joy. He speaks of 1822 as a year of jubilee to the whole family, and describes in rapture the domestic happiness enjoyed, when so many had become true Christians, and were mingling with the charities of natural relationship, the hopes and joys of religion.

"Having addressed you all individually, I now come to testify to the goodness and loving-kindness of the Lord which have followed me.

"Surely of all others I have most reason to speak well of *his* name, which is above every name; for in the midst of deserved wrath he hath remembered undeserved mercy.

"The year 1822 has, of a truth, been a year of jubilee to my soul. During that period God has done more for me than I ever expected in this world. On the 23d of April he accomplished a work which I had longed for during six years. I feel the blessed effects of that visitation until this day. And until my dying day I shall have reason to recall that hour with thankful remembrance. No year before the one just past has afforded such solid peace in believing. I have had near access to the throne of grace. Jesus has been pre-

cious. My endeavors to promote the cause of Christ, however short I may have come, were put forth with increased pleasure. Preaching has come to my heart with greater power. Communion seasons have been delightful—a little heaven on earth—foretastes of the joys to come. Since that 23d of April I have enjoyed a sweet and lasting evidence of my acceptance with God, so that I have looked on the grave with composure, and on death as a messenger to open that door, through which I should have an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ—and on heaven as my eternal home. I have had delightful seasons in praying for the family, collectively and individually—for Zion and her prosperity, especially for the Jews—for friends, and especially for one who does not profess to love the Lord—and for enemies. Think me not boastful when I say that I do love my enemies, and earnestly pray for their salvation. The Lord has commanded us to do this; and he has helped me to obey the command. To him be all the praise! 'O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy. O God, my heart is fixed. I will sing and give thanks.'

"The retrospect of the year shows that we have been most highly favored. The windows of heaven have been opened, and have dropped—nay, rather have poured down blessings upon me. We have drunk of the wells of salvation, and have tasted that the Lord is gracious. Surely his eyes have been over us for good from the beginning to the close of the year. He has conducted us safely through dangers seen and

unseen: he has been 'on our right hand and on our left, so that we have not been moved.' Bless the Lord, O our souls, and all that is within us bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O our souls, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all our iniquities, who healeth all our diseases, who redeemeth our lives from destruction, and crowneth us with loving-kindness and tender mercies. May he at length give us the crown of glory, the heavenly diadem, purchased with the labors, the tears, the blood, the death of the Son of God.

"For all our short-comings during the past year may we be suitably humbled; and learn wisdom from the consequences of our remissness. For all the good obtained for ourselves, or done to others, may we ascribe glory to the Lord. For all the evil, may we take shame to ourselves.

"Finally, what shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits? A new year has begun its course. It moves with as much rapidity as marked the flight of the old. It will soon be gone! but we may not live to see its close. How actively, then, should we be engaged—each one in his place fulfilling his duty! May every revolving day forcibly remind us that our last day is coming! and may we double our diligence in preparing to meet our Judge, that we may render our accounts with joy, and not with grief.

"Having been enabled to raise our 'Ebenezer,' saying, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us,' let us inscribe upon our hearts, 'Jehovah-Jireh,' the Lord will provide. Abundant is the provision in heaven's storehouse for all the needy. Let us seek and expect great blessings from on high.

"May we this year do more than ever for our own growth in grace and for the welfare of Zion; and as we travel on our way heavenward, may we bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ; interceding, each for all, that we may walk as pilgrims and strangers who expect soon to become fellow-citizens of the saints in glory."

[Thus far had this interesting compilation proceeded under the hand of the lamented John Holt Rice, when it pleased the Lord to say to him, in the favorite phrase of this heavenly-minded young man, "Come up higher." And now upon another, incompetent indeed, but willing friend, has the task devolved to finish what had been so happily begun.]

The piety, the zeal, the humility, the heavenly-mindedness, the ardent desire to be useful in the vineyard of his Lord, which characterized the late James B. Taylor, have been already exhibited with such a force of evidence, that every reader must see, what every acquaintance felt, that he had become, as he proposed to himself, and often pressed upon others to become, an *uncommon Christian.*

His faith seemed never to waver—his christian affections never to grow languid—his communion with God, through the mediation of the Son, and by the aid of the Holy Ghost, was seldom interrupted; and when a cloud intervened, and the divine communications were suspended, he rested not till the cause was ascertained, and the light of his heavenly Father's countenance again let down upon his soul. Nor did he ever lose sight of the great object after which

his heart panted, and in preparation for which he was diligently engaged. Never, perhaps, did any one more intensely desire to preach the Gospel than did James B. Taylor.

Of the truth of these statements ample proof will be found in the following extracts from his correspondence during this year, and in the fragments of a diary found among his papers, commencing with the first of May, 1823.

To a venerable minister of the Gospel, for whom he cherished the warmest affection, he wrote as follows:

"*Lawrenceville, Jan.* 27, 1823.

"Reverend and beloved Sir,

"When I say that I have not had the privilege of receiving a communication from my worthy and esteemed father in the Gospel, as I anticipated, he will not consider me as complaining of remissness; far be it from me; for my letters are not, neither am I worthy of this notice. Yet the good counsel, the friendly admonitions of one so experienced, might have been *incalculably* useful to one so inexperienced as myself, who, if the Lord of the vineyard permit, will follow on in a course probably not unlike your own. Last evening, as I was reading the word of God, the following passage came in course: 'And the Lord said unto Moses, get thee up into this mount Abarim, and see the land which I have given to the children of Israel. And when thou hast seen it, thou also shalt be gathered to thy people, as Aaron thy brother was gathered.' In meditation, my mind dwelt upon the situation of Moses

and his blessed prospect. O! how much better to enter the heavenly Canaan than to enjoy an earthly one! I endeavored to place myself upon the mount and take a view of the goodly land. As I mused the fire burned, until I could say, Welcome death, that sets the captive soul at liberty! I think I had some of that longing to depart and be with Christ of which the apostle speaks, and could have finished my course with joy; yet, from my very soul I could say, 'Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done.' I saw I had as yet suffered but little for Christ, and was enabled to say, Lord, I will follow thee through toil, through persecution, to prison, and to death. Wait, wait patiently, O my soul, till thy change come."

In the same letter Mr. Taylor wrote to the young members of the family as follows:

"The year that has just closed has been a memorable one to you; upon it you can inscribe *Jubilee*, for thus it has proved to your souls. What mercy has the Lord shown you! Thanks to his rich, free, sovereign, almighty grace, that he has rescued you from going down to the pit. How has it been with you since you found the Savior precious to your souls? Has he been increasingly so? Have you found your closet devotions growing more delightful? the Bible more sweet? and the duties of religion more pleasant? What fellowship have you then enjoyed with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ! What a blessed religion! While it enjoins constancy in its duties, which to the pious is a *privilege*, it affords peace—peace with God—peace with the world—peace of conscience. The love of God, kindled up in the

soul by the Holy Ghost, is the principle from which emanates love to Christians—love to sinners—love to all God's creatures. But, having been born of God, we must remember that we are not to remain *babes* in Christ. A necessity is laid upon us to leave the first principles and go on to perfection. Therefore may we *press* forward, and give all diligence to make our calling and election *sure*. To this end we must never be afraid to know the worst of ourselves. Let us ever pray, 'Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.' May you be *uncommon* Christians; that is, eminently pious and holy, and, like Mary, ever at the feet and around the cross of Jesus, the precious Lamb of God. There is much to be done. The world is to be converted to God; and why may there not be *great* and lasting good done through *your* instrumentality? Then go on. The world may frown—Satan may rage—but go on; live for God. Greater is he that is for you, than all that can be against you and the christian cause. May I die in the field of battle. May the Lord make me a true son of Levi, *holy;* and, like David and Sampson, fearless in his service."

To this letter he received an affectionate reply, containing much salutary counsel, and particularly commending his decision to persevere in his studies preparatory to the ministry. As the epistle of his aged friend closes with the words, "The elder in Christ Jesus salutes you," Mr. Taylor, on the 17th February, responded as follows:

"James, *emphatically the less*, a servant of God and

of the Lord Jesus Christ, to the elder, the well beloved, whom I most sincerely love in the truth; mercy unto you and yours, and peace and love be multiplied from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the dear Son of the Father, and our precious Redeemer.

"Your letter, fraught with most tender expressions of affection for one who truly feels himself less than the least of all saints, and so richly instructive, came to hand on the 10th instant; for which I have thanked, and do still thank the Lord, and my reverend father.

"Be assured, it gives me pleasure to devote a few passing moments to a correspondent I so highly prize as an *experienced* Christian, as a cordial friend, and as a master in Israel.

"I proceed to notice in order some of the particulars in your letter. For the affectionate regard which has led to the recital of my name in your domestic and social circle, I am to be grateful to Him who causes his children to find favor in the sight of men. Oftentimes does it happen that even Christians hesitate to welcome the ransomed of the Lord with the cordiality which they should manifest, and particularly if they should happen to bear a different *name*.

"You readily join with me in saying, these things ought not so to be. And the loss which some have sustained through prejudice, ignorance and bigotry, is incalculable. 'Forget not to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.' Truly the badge of *brotherly love* should characterize all who bear the christian name.

"The eulogy you wrote upon my letter, the adversary would gladly have used to excite a spirit of self-exaltation, which would only have procured my down-

fall; but I had on the christian armor; and the praise belongs to the Captain of my salvation, who helped me so to wield the sword of the Spirit as to turn the victory on the side of humility. Yes, instead of a means of producing self-complacency, it was the occasion of self-abasement, and of going out of myself and trusting in the Lord as my *wisdom*, my *light*, my strength. Thus I experienced the blessedness of *enduring* temptation; and while the enemy was defeated, I was made to triumph. It is sufficient that the servant be as his Lord. We need not expect freedom from temptation till the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved. Then may we receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

"When you portrayed the feelings of a pious youth, you described to an *iota* my state when I entered upon my present course, and while prosecuting it till last fall. What a miserable week I spent after my arrival at Lawrenceville the first time! My Latin Grammar —but you have had, doubtless, somewhat of the same experience. I had come from an active life—I was enclosed within the walls of the academy with children—a long academical, collegiate, and theological course was before me—I was growing *old*, &c. This combination of disagreeables, together with my desire to be *out*, conspired to render me disconsolate; yet I was thankful for the prospect. I would dwell longer upon this particular, but suffice it to say, I am now contented to remain the appointed time—and I doubt not I shall ever have reason to admire the train of providences which have been to me as 'a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night.' My foot had well nigh slipped, but the Lord has held me up, and established my goings.

"Your suggestions are well worthy of my *frequent* consideration. The *object* I have endeavored to keep in view, viz. the glory of God as it is connected with the salvation of sinners. To this end I think I have coveted earnestly the *best* gifts, which I conceive to be the spirit of prayer, the spirit of exhortation, and the spirit of prophecy, that is, the gifts of preaching. I regard the Bible, the word of God, as the weapon with which the minister is to do execution in the field of the enemy. Therefore it should be not only in his study and his pocket, but it should dwell *richly* in his memory and in his heart. Alas! is it not lamentable that a young divine should come out and attempt to instruct the church with but *little furniture from the Bible?* Classical and scientific knowledge are invaluable auxiliaries, but to be destitute of Bible truth, a minister must be greatly confounded when he comes in contact even with those who are esteemed *illiterate*, but who have made the word of God their study and their guide. I lament that I am so much behindhand in sacred literature. I long to be mighty in the Scriptures, to have them deeply impressed upon my heart—and that believing, I may therefore speak—and so bring from the treasury of the Gospel things new and old. Paul says to his son Timothy, 'preach *the word.*' It is the word which must and will do execution; for it is the power of God, and the wisdom of God, to the salvation of the soul.

"Then I should, as you suggest, have a system of *thinking* upon theology. Doubtless you have witnessed many cases where candidates for the holy ministry have neglected this important point. Probably they thought it a matter to be attended to in course. This

has been too much the case with myself; I have read more than I have thought: I have meditated plans, but when I look back and see how little proficiency I have made, I am ashamed; yet I do not think I have been idle. My time has been occupied. Is there not a defect in my system? Do you ask what it is? Upon my first arrival here, I saw the absolute necessity of having for my motto, 'a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.' As to importance, I considered the objects demanding my attention in the following order: hours of devotion, time for acting, hours of study. For sleep I appropriate about seven hours; at present, and for the winter past, I have devoted eight hours to my academical studies, which are sufficient for the recitations of the class; will you please propose to me the best distribution of the remaining nine hours? For a system of theological thought, I have had in view, besides reading the Scriptures, our catechism with the proofs. Please express your mind fully on this point, for I consider it of great importance; and to facilitate my course, I desire to come at every thing in the shortest and most practicable way. Many, for want of judicious friends to advise, take a circuitous route, and peradventure, when they commence their theological course regularly, will have many things to *unlearn*.

"More and more do I feel the necessity of a fit and adequate preparation for the holy office—much, much, *very much* yet remains to be done—many a *vacuum* needs to be filled. I would not daub with untempered mortar, but be thoroughly furnished—a workman that needs not be ashamed, rightly dividing the whole word and work of truth—a polished shaft in the quiver of the Almighty. But what am I? A worm, a crea-

ture of a day. May I not exclaim, who is sufficient for these things? But I do not despond. The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice; let our souls be glad thereof. I may, or I may not, live to enter the vineyard; about this I am not solicitous. My days are numbered; my destiny is fixed; I would not alter it. Infinite wisdom is the directory I choose. I said I am not solicitous. I would ever live, leaving the morrow to take thought for itself. The Lord of the vineyard knows the very laborers he designs for it. If I be one, here am I, Lord, send me; if not—Amen. Any thing or nothing, that God may be glorified and sinners saved. Bless the Lord, O our souls.

"I rejoice that you enjoy such nearness of access to the throne of grace. Is it not the privilege of the Christian to rejoice evermore, and to pray without ceasing, and in all things to give thanks? Surely; for it is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning him. And the more childlike simplicity and godly sincerity, the more free will be the intercourse between heaven and our souls.

"My feelings of interest have been drawn out in an unusual degree towards the people in S——. I feel as if it was the will of the Lord that I should make them a visit. Why is this? Let the Lord send by whom he will send—my prayer is, that he would grant them a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and that multitudes may be gathered into the fold of Christ. Help me to commit my cause to God, in whom I would 'commence, continue, and end every work.' Make request, if by any means, I may have a prosperous journey, by the will of God, to come unto you; for I long to see you, that some spiritual blessing may be impart-

ed to us, to the end that we may be more and more established, that is, that we may be comforted together by the mutual faith both of you and me.

"Since I wrote you last, I have enjoyed precious seasons in the closet; have had the privilege of sitting at the communion table, and of a truth have fed on Christ by faith. It was a refreshing, blessed time! When shall we eat bread and drink new wine in the upper kingdom! I could say more, but will not with ink and pen write unto thee; but I trust I shall shortly see thee face to face. Peace be to thee. Farewell. The younger in Christ Jesus salutes the elder.

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

To other members of the family he wrote in the same interesting letter:—"This is our working season, and what we would do for God, must indeed be done quickly. For our encouragement we have his assurance, *My grace is sufficient for thee.* Then, however arduous our duties, however responsible our station, if we be faithful, God will be a present help in every time of need. My heart's desire and prayer to God is, that you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. In reading the Scriptures on the subject of prayer, I was ready to reproach myself for so much remissness in this sacred duty. Alas! how many hours have been lost in sleep, which should have been devoted to closet duties. How much has my soul lost by this sinful gratification of the flesh! Jesus arose long before day and sent his holy aspirations to his native *heaven!* How often did he retire to solitary places to raise his voice in supplication! His life was a life of prayer. He delighted in

holding communion with his Father. See him in the garden and on the cross! If *he* prayed so constantly, how much more do we need to be engaged in this duty! But Jesus still pleads, and must prevail. Let us then commit our cause to him, as our advocate and intercessor."

It is delightful to observe how this dear disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ made him the *alpha* and *omega*, the beginning and the ending of all that he did. Through all his voluminous correspondence a sweet savor of Christ is to be found in every page—almost in every line. His love to relatives and friends, and to all his fellow-creatures, appears to have been sanctified, and elevated, and softened, and warmed by holy love to the blessed Redeemer. Christ was indeed his all. And it is to his constant and affectionate looking to Christ—his entire surrender of himself to Christ—his exclusive dependence upon Christ with child-like simplicity—we are to ascribe the great peace which constantly pervaded his bosom, and the holy joys which filled his heart, and the assurance of eternal life which cheered him under all the trials to which in the providence of God he was subjected.

At every step of the delightful work of collecting and compiling his letters, new evidences of the fact, that faith, and holy love, and elevated piety, and extraordinary devotedness mingled themselves with all Mr. Taylor's exercises, are constantly coming to light.

Perhaps a stronger exhibition may not be furnished than is to be found in the following letter to his greatly beloved parents:



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"*Lawrenceville, April* 6, 1823.

"Beloved Parents.

"Beloved! yes, in the *best* bonds, the bonds of our Lord Jesus Christ. Often have I held sweet communion with you in meditation and prayer. This evening I have enjoyed such a season. And while engaged in looking up for heaven's blessings to descend upon my dear father and mother, and upon the happy family with which it is my privilege to be connected, my own soul was watered. How delightful the spirit of intercession, when the soul is warmed with a flame of love towards those for whom we plead. In this delightful exercise there is action and re-action, as I have experienced *this* night. The Lord gave me a spirit of prayer for you all, and my heart melted within me while I prayed. Love to God and love to man pervaded my soul. Doubtless you have been blessed with many such heavenly gales in praying for others. May you ever have enlarged hearts when addressing the throne of grace in behalf of your ever-affectionate James. And in answer to your prayers, may streams from the heavenly fountain descend to water the kingdom of God which is set up in my soul. I have not, my dear parents, a more convincing evidence of my natural life than I have of the spiritual life within me, if PEACE, LOVE, and JOY in the Holy Ghost, are *evidences* of one's acceptance with God; for these are within me and abound. O what abundant cause I have to speak of the Lord's goodness to me. But my tongue cannot speak, much less can my pen describe the marvelous loving-kindness of the Lord. O, he is good, and 'his mercy endureth for ever.' O that men would praise him for his wonderful works to the children of

men. Since I left New-York I have had a fullness of joy and love indescribable. The windows of heaven have been opened, and have poured down fatness. The oil and wine of consolation have been freely imparted, and I have gone on from day to day praising the Lord. Jesus alone is the source of my happiness. His presence makes my paradise. Take Jesus from the Bible and the sinner's hope is gone. Take Jesus from the child of God below, and this world would be a desert. Take him away in the hour of death, and all is darkness and despair. Take him from heaven, and heaven would be annihilated. Let Jesus, then, be our all. May we walk as he walked, live near to him, and ever follow him withersoever he leadeth. As the good shepherd, he will lead us into the green pastures, and make us to lie down beside the still waters. How rich his provisions! How refreshing to our souls! Foretaste of heaven and endless felicity! Lord, evermore give us this food. I feel that I am a pilgrim, away from my home and from my Love, whom I can only see by the eye of faith. But by and by—O welcome hour!—my soul, and your souls too, will escape from these tenements of clay, and wing their flight to heaven and glory. And there we shall see him as he is. Who would not be there?

'My Savior smiles, and bids me come.'

"Behold, my parents, what God hath wrought for your son! Once, he was an unrenewed sinner—a child of the devil—an heir of hell, and pressing on in the way to the bottomless pit. What a mercy that I am not calling for a drop of water to cool my tongue in that unextinguishable fire! What grace, that I have

been born again—that I am a child of God and an heir of life, traveling to the city of God—the new Jerusalem! What shall we render to the Lord for his love to me, his love to you, his love to our household! *What shall we* render? Our hearts—our whole undivided affections!

"My beloved father! the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, the promise of the Father, you have had to dwell with you, and I doubt not he will remain in you. May you and my dear mother be built up in faith and holiness—grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; and so ripen for heaven, and finally be gathered as shocks of corn in their season. May I meet you there, where I expect we shall meet and praise God for ever.

"My brothers F. and S. arrived last night. I received by them your token of affection. We shall share it together, with a thankful remembrance of that hand which has so often fed and nourished us in our childhood. What pleasure would it give me to enjoy a repast at your table! What pleasure to enjoy a spiritual feast around your family altar, and together in the closet!

"How are my grandmothers? I hope the candle of the Lord shines around them and in their souls, to light them safe to the world of life and glory.

"How are our dear relatives? O that they were all on the Lord's side. May he convince the unconvinced, and convert the unconverted ones, and make those that love him, like trees planted by the water-courses. My love to them all.

"My health is good—my soul is happy—heaven

smiles—Jesus is precious—God is my portion, and heaven my home—farewell.

"Your affectionate son,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

The following extracts from two letters to a lady in the city of New-York, then confined by a lingering and painful disease, which within a few weeks released her from this world of sin and sorrow, will show how kindly affectionate was Mr. Taylor towards the afflicted, and how well qualified to administer consolation to the saints in their trials.

"My dear Mrs. R.

"Shall I say that since I bade you farewell, expecting never to meet you again in this vale of tears, my thoughts have often run back to your habitation? Yes, my sister, and they have as often dwelt upon your name and your situation with no ordinary emotions. Happy, thrice happy your lot; for all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or *death*, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

"When last in New-York, I enjoyed the privilege of sitting beside your bed and holding sweet converse with you. Now, though far removed, I can and do still hold spiritual communion with you, and what I now write I pray God to turn to your spiritual comfort, and to the good of those connected with you.

"I said the intercourse I had with you was sweet. Indeed, whenever I left the chamber of affliction my soul exulted in God. The Lord has blessed me while interceding for you since. I have gained nearness of access to him while complying with your request,

'Pray for me.' And doubtless you have rested under the shadow of the Almighty with increasing delight, and found his banner over you to be love—that love which casteth out fear—fear of man, of death, of the grave, of judgment, and of hell. Have not your prospects brightened? Have you not seen by faith the land of everlasting righteousness? Have you not? But I stop—perhaps my sister has already passed away to her rest with the shout of victory, and received the crown of life!

"But my sister may be yet alive. It may still remain for her to suffer as well as do the will of God a little longer on earth. Do you not reply, Amen, 'The will of the Lord be done?' If so, *be assured* the best is yet to come. God has great things in store for those who think of him, delight in him, and acquiesce in his will. Then count it all joy, that it is given you in behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but to suffer for his sake. 'He is not an high priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, having been tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.' Are you tempted? Are you tried? Doubtless you are still exercised with agonizing pain. Look to the Lord—behold the Lamb of God who purchased your present hope, your comfort, love, joy, peace, pardon, and future prospects. See Jesus in the manger—in his life of labor and suffering. See him agonizing in the garden and dying on the cross, and say,

'Rest—rest, my happy peaceful soul,
'Rest in thy blessed Savior's arms,
'Till all the billows o'er thee roll,
'Till life shall end with all its storms.'

"A few more days and your happy release shall come. Your soul is now above; your affection is on God as your satisfying portion; yet you pant for full enjoyment—your language is, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' Then fear not. Cast thy all upon the Lord; he is not far off—he will not tarry. He waits to be your rod and staff—and O how strong his arm—he is mighty to save, even in the dying hour. How sweet to lean upon our beloved! his voice is sweet and his countenance is comely. When your work is done, Jesus will come. Do you ask, What have I to do? What *can* I do? Have you not to tell what God hath done for your soul? To warn—to exhort some sinner to come to Christ. May you be faithful to God, to yourself, and to those around your sick and dying bed. The Lord has chosen you in the furnace of affliction. This may not be joyous for the present, but grievous; but be of good cheer, it will produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness. It has done this already. God has sanctified this visitation to you, and to the salvation of your dear companion. Shall it stop here? May it lead to the conviction and conversion of your whole household, and of all who shall witness the grace of God as already displayed.

"A word to your sisters. When will you, my dear fellow-travelers to the grave—to the bar of God—to eternity, prepare for these awful scenes? Are you yet in your sins? What—and exposed to the shafts of death which fly so thick around you? Why will ye die—die the death eternal? Need you? There yet is room—room in the love of God, room in the heart of the suffering, dying Savior. Come, then, and have your sins washed away—come and be made the happy

recipients of grace and love divine—now—now. Stay no longer at a distance. We are hastening to the tomb, and soon our destiny will be *unalterably* fixed. I would rejoice to meet you at the right hand of the Judge. Will you not prepare to meet God in peace? All things are ready on his part; are you ready to give yourselves unalterably away to Christ? Then come—come without delay, with all your sins, with all your burdens come to the Friend of sinners, and he will make you whole. His call to you is, 'Turn ye, turn ye.' 'He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned.'

"Mr. R., you need, and I trust you find, the supporting hand of our heavenly Father. You have reason to sing of mercy while you talk of the judgments of God. Be passive in his hands. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? And he is your friend, cleave to him —'the afflictions of the righteous are many, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.' Hope for the best; prepare for the worst; the heaviest trials are from the hand of a Father. The cup that he administers, shall we not drink it? Soon shall our crosses give place to a crown; shall we be counted worthy to wear it at the feet of Jesus?

"I have enjoyed this day sweet hopes of heaven. The Lord is good to me, and my cup often runs over. May your prospects brighten continually. O let us strive to be uncommon—that is, eminently pious, devoted Christians. As we go out and come in, at all times, under all circumstances, let us make it manifest that we are for God. *It will cost us something*—but the more we sacrifice and expend for him, the more will our consolation abound."

"*Lawrenceville, May* 9, 1823.

"My dear Mrs. R.

"Little did I think when I addressed you last, that you would have survived until this time. Do you inquire, why is it so? Secret things belong to God, but things revealed, to us; and what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.

"The Lord works in a mysterious way to execute his purposes of mercy towards the children of men. In bringing some to the acknowledging of the truth, he chooses them in the furnace of affliction. Thus has it been with you and your beloved companion. As *an example of patience* to others, he oftentimes continues the rod of affliction upon the afflicted one, yet it is with the promise, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' Be, then, of *good courage;* Jesus has gone before you; he has suffered cruel tortures—he died an ignominious death; he entered the grave—but he arose triumphantly—and now is our elder Brother, at the right hand of the Majesty on high. Would you not follow him? Yes, you reply; follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. Shrink not then from pain; fear not the swellings of Jordan—the silence of the grave; 'for the sting of death is sin,' and when this is extracted through justification, and sanctification from sin, death *cannot* hurt you, and I believe will not frighten you. No; it is not the child of God—it is not the heir of heaven that will start back from entering his eternal home; but the child of the devil and the heir of hell that must be alarmed and in despair. O, the joy and bliss of dying a Christian. The portals of Paradise are then not only seen, but thrown wide open, that an heir of glory may enter in. Who would not die the death of

the Christian? And we know that the life of the Christian alone is attended with peace and joy.

"While you are absent from your Father's house—while you remain a pilgrim here below—may you have much of heaven in your soul. I have longed to see your face once more; but farewell; I hope to meet you at the right hand of God—I hope to hail your happy spirit in the heavenly Canaan, and there join with you in singing the song of everlasting deliverance.

"Since I wrote you, the Lord has been very gracious to me—I have enjoyed precious seasons. How good it is to draw near to the mercy seat! Then it is that our souls cry out, 'Lord, evermore give us this bread.' I am unworthy—I am nothing—Jesus is all—he is the beloved of our souls. May he ever be the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.

"Next Lord's day I expect to enjoy the privilege of witnessing to the world that I have chosen him for my all. It will be a communion season with us. Soon we shall eat bread in the upper kingdom. Prayer will be turned into praise, faith into vision, and ordinances into the enjoyment of his presence face to face, whom we now remember.

"Mr. R., lean upon the Lord: he says, 'I will not forsake thee.' The language of your dear companion is, 'Weep not for me, the separation may be soon, but cannot be long. We are all travelers to another world, and must soon be there.

"With much affection, yours,

JAMES B. TAYLOR."

Reference has been already made to the fragments of a diary found among Mr. Taylor's papers. It is in

what a Christian writes of himself, his exercises, trials, and the means employed to keep alive the flame of holy love in his heart—especially when it is designed exclusively for his own inspection, and written under the eye of God, and with a deep sense of his presence, that we find a true and faithful exhibition of the inner man. Such was the diary of Mr. Taylor, and indeed there is no evidence that he ever wished or thought of the publication of either his journal or of the correspondence, so full of the effusions of a most affectionate and pious heart, from which the materials for this memoir are chiefly derived.

It is a matter of regret that twelve of the earliest numbers of Mr. Taylor's Diary cannot be found. There are five remaining, beginning with No. 13, which bears date the 1st of May, 1823. The first notice is of pain, and of its being sanctified:

"This morning I was visited with a sciatic, which rendered it difficult for me to move. But the Lord ordered it for good, for it had a tendency to lead me to himself, and I enjoyed a foretaste of heaven. I mused, and the fire burned; my soul was caught up from earth, and the portals of paradise and the blessed residence of the saints were opened to the eye of faith.

'When shall I wake and find me there?'

"Wrote this day to Miss W. May the Lord follow my communications with his peculiar blessing. I found when in New-York that my letters had not been in vain, but had comforted some and stirred up others."

There is evidence that this very letter was also much blessed to souls. We make the following extracts:

"Do you ask how I enjoyed myself while in New-York? With some of the dear children of God I had sweet communion. But, alas! with how many of those who profess religion, and cry, Lord, Lord, yet do not the things which he commands, did I meet! Was their conversation in heaven? No! Were their hearts there? No! for they dwelt upon things of earth. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh: their theme was not the goodness of God—not the love of God in their own hearts, and as manifested to others; but fine houses, handsome furniture, fashionable dresses, beautiful forms, riches, pleasures, and such like; and as a matter of little moment, they talk of this minister as an eloquent orator; that as a fine writer; and a third as indifferent. True, the business of the world ought to be attended to in its season, but for a professor of the name of Jesus, or any other person, to dwell upon these things continually and with delight, indicates such a one to be under blindness of mind, hardness of heart, and contempt for the word of God.

"Of conversation the apostle saith, 'As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; because it is written, Be ye holy, for I am holy.' And we have the assurance that without *holiness* no man, no woman, let his or her name be what it may—their possessions, nay, their professions, what they may, 'shall see the Lord.' What a requirement! how great! but nothing is impossible with God, and with him there is *plenteous* redemption.

"But to return: they are not without a hardened

heart. Their convictions are lulled to sleep, if not entirely expelled, by the sentiment, 'We must be somewhat conformed to the world.' Others say, 'We must mix with the multitude.' For the former no excuse can be allowed—the Bible allows none—the world will not—their profession will not. 'Thus saith the Lord,' should silence every excuse and quell every rising emotion of worldliness. And what does the Lord say? 'Be not conformed to this world.' What is this but an axe laid at the root of every worldly thought, desire, and action which are not subservient to our growth in grace and the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the earth? As to the latter, it is obvious that we must, in some degree, mix with the multitude; but does this make it necessary that we must be partakers of their sins? No, nor of their follies, which are sins. Christ's prayer for his disciples is, 'Keep them from the evil;' but those that I describe hold the word of God in contempt, for they disobey its commands, which are holy, just, and good. They manifest that they love the world, and the things of it, inordinately. The word of God says, Come out from among them, and be ye separate; and touch not the unclean thing. Out of their own mouths they are condemned. O! these things ought not to be so—may our garments be kept clean and unspotted from the world. With those who mind earthly things the child of God can have little enjoyment. May the Lord arouse by his Spirit and his word, all lukewarm and worldly-minded Christians—if indeed there be such a compound as *a worldly-minded Christian.*

"You will not think me an egotist, for I comply with your request, when I write of the Lord's deal-

ings with myself. The day on which I bade you farewell, was commemorative of the most eventful era of my existence. You readily recur to the 23d April, one year ago. From the circumstances attending me that day, traveling, &c. I enjoyed but little opportunity for retirement. How gratefully did I hail my habitation; for the Lord had protected and brought me safe to my resting-place. I made the field, screened with woods, my closet, where I could address my Father in secret. How many, driven from home for the name of Jesus, have sought shelter in the woods, with the vaulted heavens for their covering, and there, as well as in dens and caves of the earth, poured out their souls before the Lord, who hears when his children cry.

"Shall I transcribe what I recorded of the Lord's goodness to me the day after my arrival?

"'April 24.—Had a most precious season at the throne of grace. How often has the Lord blessed me in that very spot! It appears sacred. My soul was melted this evening. My spirit cried, Abba, Father. Jesus, though unseen by mortal eye, was precious, as seen by the eye of faith. The oil and wine of consolation were poured into my soul—had a spirit of intercession for my dear friends.'

"'Sabbath following.—What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits? My cup has this day run over. My consolation has abounded. The good Shepherd has led me into green pastures, and I have fed upon the rich foretastes of heaven. I have found my powers too feeble to praise and bless the God of my salvation as I would, and could only say, Glory to God! Glory to my dear Savior! Halleluiah to the Lamb for ever! O how sweet I have found it to call

upon God in secret! It is not to be described, as you know, if you have felt the refining flame of God's love; but it is 'full of glory.' Perfect love filled, and now fills my soul. I have wept tears of joy and gratitude, and tears of praise, at the feet of Jesus. I have called God my Father, with the spirit of adoption. Truly the Comforter has come, and I long to depart and be with Christ. How small, how vain the world appears! Alas! that any should seek their happiness here! O could they feel what I experience, the world would wane and dwindle into nothing. But why was I made to hear his voice and enter in? Why was it—Lord, why was it I? My heart melted again and again, and floods of tears flowed gently down. How delightful such an exercise? What an antepast of heaven, when the soul holds converse with God! While engaged in singing in the family, the Lord drew near, and my heart began to burn with love. I then retired to my sacred retreat, and poured out my soul before him. Ah, how foolish is such language as this to the poor worldling, the gay, the thoughtless! But the child of grace, the renovated soul alone knows the joys of pardoned sin. 'I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.' I had an affecting view of my utter unworthiness; and truly I am a wonder to myself—'a miracle of grace.' By the grace of God I am what I am; a sinner saved by grace; a sinner changed by the Spirit; a sinner accepted of God, through Christ, and tending towards heaven, and longing to be there! Were it the will of God, this night would I go; yet I am willing to stay, and suffer, and do the will of God. I have given, and now give myself away to him; I am

not my own; I have been bought with a price. Jesus, be thou my *all;* be thou King supreme. Reign without a rival. Sway thy sceptre universally. Rule for ever, King of kings, and Lord of lords. Amen.'

"The above is an account of my exercises for two days. This day has the Lord given me a memento of my mortality. This morning I was seized with a pain, which renders it difficult for me to move. 'We bloom to-day, to-morrow die.' But the Lord meant it for good, and I have reason to thank him for his token of love. 'What son hath he whom he chasteneth not?' I have taken a view of the grave—of the bar of God, and heaven—and my desire was to launch away—yet I submit and wait. I see nothing here to live for, but to spend and be spent for God; and no longer than I may be useful would I remain here below. O when shall we hear the sound, 'Come up higher.'

"This being the first of May, I presume you have been in the midst of bustle and confusion, yet doubtless you have been in perfect peace. This is the excellency of religion—that while the spirits of darkness rage, and wicked men blaspheme—while the world seek the pleasures of sense, yet never find any thing to slake their thirst—while the vain love themselves and follow the vanities of the earth—while *they* are disappointed in life, wretched in death, and lost for ever, the meek and humble followers of the Lamb find peace and quietude of soul below—peace or triumph in death, and God and heaven for ever.

"Take your pleasures then, ye worldlings—enjoy the gayeties of life, ye vain spendthrifts of time—trifle with your souls—dance on the brink of ruin—sell your all for nought, and forfeit heaven at last. But let me

live the life and die the death of the righteous; for the righteous, the righteous alone have hope in death. Farewell.

"Yours in the best of bonds,

"J. B. TAYLOR.

'P. S. I wished to say something to Miss M—— upon this all-important subject. I hope she views it as all-important. But however she may admit its importance, it will avail her nothing unless she feel its power in *her own soul*. This must be experienced, or she must be lost for ever.

"To the young ladies too I would say, hear the words of Jesus Christ; 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' J. B. T."

We return again to the interesting diary from which we began to make some extracts.

"May 3, 1823.—Had a delightful communion season at my stated evening devotion; and found much pleasure in reading the Word, and in calling upon the name of the Lord.

"Sabbath, May 4.—Another Christian Sabbath has dawned upon this world, which, but for religion, would be a hell, and its inhabitants incarnate devils.

"The Sabbath shed forth its cheering light, but the Lord of the Sabbath hid his face from me. Why is this? He knows the reason; and so do I. My guide has been forsaken, I have broken my covenant with him, and the consequence is, my soul is in darkness and distress. Surely 'the way of transgressors is hard,' and peculiarly so to the child of God, who has not only tasted that he is gracious, but has been filled

with his perfect love. Morning duties were attended to as usual, but the glory had departed. The form was there, but where was the power? My soul had by transgression left its rest, and leanness, the inevitable consequence of a departure from God, was inscribed upon it. I sought the Lord, but found him not to the satisfying of my soul. I repaired to the house of God, but my love was absent. Returning home, I felt dissatisfied with my situation, and refused to be comforted, but by the Holy Ghost. O how keen the anguish, 'My God to love, and not my God *alone*.' How keen the reproach of ingratitude, in forsaking my best friend. Thanks to the Lord that I felt my need and saw the remedy, and that I had the disposition to return to him from whom I had revolted. I wished to wander no further. My soul thirsted for God. I could praise him for what he *had* done for me—I felt that he was *just* in withdrawing from me, and that were I in hell I could but praise him. I looked to him for direction as I opened his blessed word, and he answered my prayer. I opened, I read, 'So fight I, not as one that beateth the air; but I keep under my body and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away.' The Word was seasonable; I had not kept my body under; it enabled me to have right views of myself. I hastened to the throne of grace, and found it good. The Lord dispensed his favor, and shed abroad his love in my heart. Thanks to his name for pardon and sanctification! O, why was I not left to hardness of heart? Not unto me, but unto the Lord belongeth praise; for he bringeth salvation. Again I looked up to the Lord, and again opened and read his blessed word: 'Be strong and of good cou-

rage; I will be with thee: I will not fail thee nor forsake thee: only be thou strong and very courageous.' May my care and fear evermore be this, not to do any ONE thing displeasing to my God; and he will take care of *all* the rest.

"May 12.—Had a delightful season at the throne of grace, both in prayer and in reading the Scriptures. The Word is spirit and life—Lord, open my mind more and more to understand the Scriptures—make me mighty in the Scriptures.

"May 29.—Wrote to Sarah, my colored friend."

From this letter we make the following extract, as a specimen of the affectionate spirit of Mr. Taylor, manifested towards the children of God, of whatever color or condition.

"How is Aunt Sarah? Perhaps her mortal frame is sinking under the weight of old age, and ready to fall a prey to death—doubtless you look to the day of your death as better than the day of your birth. You will hail the hour of your departure as a release from your burdens and sorrows, when your happy spirit shall wing its way to the paradise of God. Does not your soul exult in the prospect? The New Jerusalem is just before you—that city that hath foundations. It is the home of the saints. There dwells our Savior; there you will see him as he is; and there meet the redeemed of the Lord out of every nation, and kingdom, and tongue, and people. Do you expect to meet *me* there? I know you do—and I hope to find some humble place at the feet of my blessed Redeemer. I have already the earnest of the heavenly rest—pray

that I may enjoy yet more and more, and so grow up into Christ our living head. While you shall be praising God in glory, I may be sounding the Gospel trumpet. Pray that it may be to the awakening of many a poor sinner, and the means of gathering multitudes of precious souls into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

"The prospect of living to serve the Lord in his vineyard is pleasant, if it be his will. To die, I know would be gain; but I am not anxious. The Lord, whose I am, knows that I am his, by creation, by the purchase of the blood of Jesus, by the sanctification of his Spirit. To the Lord Jesus, as to a faithful Creator, would I commit my *all;* come sickness or health, life or death, all, all will be well; not my will, but the will of the Lord be done."

In the following letter to a much valued friend, bearing date Lawrenceville, June 7, 1823, will be found sentiments and an expression of affections well worthy the serious consideration of all who are in the ministry, or who are seeking this most responsible office.

"The past wears an aspect to me truly astonishing. My long course of iniquity before conversion—fourteen years spent in folly and in sin—my early impressions when compared with the multitude who throng the downward road—my being led to the Lamb of God 'that taketh away the sin of the world,' and made a happy partaker of grace and love divine—my being called of the Lord of the harvest to preach the Gospel, or rather to prepare for it—how wonderful! I know not, indeed, that he will put me into the ministry, but if not, I have the prospect of being taken from

rendering an imperfect service below, to a perfect service in the upper sanctuary.

"I look upon my residence in New-York as highly beneficial. There I gained a fund of information, to be gained only in such a situation. Little did I think that I was then acquiring a knowledge of men and manners to fit me better for the sacred office.

"Do you ask how I am affected towards my former employment? Never since I left it have I felt any desire to return. My aversion to every thing of this kind has increased, and my mind would sicken at the thought of ever returning to the business of this world. I rejoice in the indisposition to attend to any thing that is not intimately connected with my calling.

"It is to be feared that some (alas! for them) commence study for the holy ministry from sinister motives. Some seek worldly emolument—some popular applause—others, and we hope these are the majority, seek souls for their hire. Says a correspondent, writing of a candidate for the ministry, 'He has by his education become a different man, and has a different kind of piety, and time must develope whether it is for the better or the worse.' How sad, how melancholy, that any of the sons of Levi should grow cold in the service of the church of Christ. How afflicting to the lover of Zion to witness engagedness in any Christian decline; but particularly to see a candidate for the ministry lose his ardent zeal for the good of souls. But 'let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' Of this I have been mindful, and I would ever keep it in mind; nor would I be puffed up, or vain-glorious, that the good Shepherd hath led *me* into his green pastures, and fed me, and made me to

lie down by the still waters; for who maketh me to differ from the impenitent, the thoughtless, the hardened, and incorrigible? And what have I, that I have not received from him, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not? 'Tis all of grace, and to God only wise be all the glory.

"I apprehended danger upon entering on my academical course, from the many snares attendant upon such a life. I dreaded the thought of becoming a formalist. The plan which I then considered best for a student with prospects like mine—nay, whatever may be his prospects, (and I am confirmed in my opinion,) is, 1. *Strictly and most punctually* to perform his closet duties. 2. He should exercise regularly for the benefit of his body. This will aid him in the first, and better prepare him for entering upon prosecuting the 3d.—viz. diligent application to his studies. But the Lord has been better, *a thousand times better* than all my fears. Instead of declining, my march has been onward in the divine life. Were I to attempt a narration, it would be impossible for me to tell you even the half. Suffice it to say, I have had, during the last thirteen months, the witnessing of God's Spirit with mine that I am born from above, and traveling to heaven. The fruit of the Spirit has been, from day to day, love, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

"The prospect to me is pleasant. I glory in the thought of one day becoming an ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ to dying men. Paul was an ambassador in bonds. What a privilege *to die* for the Lord Jesus! I said I glory, but not in my *own strength*, for my sufficiency is of God: yet while I glory in the prospect, I am not anxious. I do consider myself not my

own; I have been bought with a price; I am the Lord's, to be dealt with agreeably to his will: My times and seasons, health and faculties, talents and influence, life and death, all are in his hands. He hath done all things well. And my language is, 'reign in me, over me; reign universally, King of kings, and Lord of all.'

"Years must revolve before my fathers in the church will send me forth. But they are ministering as stewards in the house of God. When sent forth, may I hear the voice of the great Head of the church saying to me, 'Go.' Then *onward* will be my watchword; *onward*, to warn the sinner to flee from the wrath to come; *onward*, to lead the anxious inquirer to the sinner's friend; *onward*, to feed the lambs and sheep of Christ's flock; to visit the sick and afflicted; to smooth the declining path of the aged; to guide the young; to refresh the weary; to illumine, if possible, by conversation and prayer, the vale of death: *onward*, to live to and for God; to finish my course with joy: *onward*, to the grave; to the bar of God; to glory."

The reader cannot have failed to notice the high-toned and devoted piety of Mr. Taylor, as manifested in all his correspondence, and may well inquire by what means he made such attainments in spirituality. To this question the answer is perfectly obvious: religion with him was no secondary interest, but the one thing needful—the absorbing subject of his thoughts and affections; and with great constancy did he practice its duties, and especially those which bring the souls of God's people more immediately into his presence, such as secret prayer, meditation, and reading the Scriptures. These seemed to be the very elements

of his being, and to afford the fuel that kept alive the fire of holy love in his heart. Not only in the foregoing letter, but in all his correspondence, and everywhere in his diary, it is evident that he made communion with God his first object, nor could he be satisfied without its actual enjoyment; so that whenever, through inattention to the state of his heart, the prevalence of temptation, or the derangement of the animal economy, he found not 'him whom his soul loved,' he rested not till the joy of God's salvation was restored, and he could again say, 'My beloved is mine, and I am his.' "

What in this respect Mr. Taylor practiced himself, he affectionately recommended to his friends, as may be seen in many parts of his most pious and affectionate letters. To his beloved friend, the Rev. C. H. he wrote, June 22, 1823:

"*A stated time, a particular place, and punctuality*, I find necessary to keep up the life and power of religion in the soul. To attend to the duties of the closet, an ancient disciple said to his company as an excuse for leaving them, 'I have a friend now in waiting to speak with me.' Intrusion upon the hours set apart for God cannot fail to make serious inroads upon the health of the spiritual man. Let us, my friend, be punctual with God."

It is appropriate to remark in this connection, that Mr. Taylor sought and enjoyed this high state of pious affection and constant communion with God, not as a duty, but a delightful privilege; not merely for his own sake, but for the benefit of others, and as a most

important part of his preparation for the ministry of the Gospel; nor did he ever lose sight of the great work in which he so ardently desired to be employed. In a letter to a much esteemed brother, bearing date 29th June, 1823, on his being appointed to the office of deacon in the church, he wrote:

"I trust you accepted this office, not merely as called by the church, but by the great Head of the church. It is the consciousness of moving in the sphere to which *God calls*, that makes his servant patient and persevering, and affords the delightful testimony to himself, that he pleases God. This is an office in which Jesus himself ministered. How careful was he that the wants of the poor should be supplied. He sent none empty away, although he himself was oftentimes hungry, and thirsty, and weary, and heavy laden; weary in traversing the country on foot, and heavy laden in bearing a burden not his own. O my brother, what a privilege to follow in the footsteps of Emmanuel, God with us. Do you not feel that you have much to do? We are looked upon as those who must enforce precept by holy example. The church and the world have their eyes upon us. God requires us to be faithful. Our happiness depends upon it. Perhaps the comfort, the salvation of others depend upon it. May it then be our study to be mighty in the Scriptures—full of faith and the Holy Ghost. That we may be properly qualified for our stations, how much prayer and watchfulness on our part—how much grace on God's part—is necessary! Lord help, for vain is the help of man.

"To what I am destined I cannot tell, nor am I

anxious. I am blest with contentment while the conviction abides with me that it is my duty to prepare, if possible, for *any* station in the church, and then to accept of that to which Providence shall call me. My views are changed *wholly* from what they were for a short time. I am very deeply impressed with the necessity of a thorough *full* course of preparation. The Lord has done great and good things for me, whereof I am glad."

Diary. "July 4, 1823.—The Lord is as strangely good as I am in practice strangely perverse; yet I sometimes think I am the happiest creature on earth. But why am I thus? Never do I feel myself more insignificant and mean than when I am blessed with an overpowering sense of the divine presence; and yet with strong confidence do I approach my heavenly Father. I do not, cannot doubt my being a son of faithful Abraham, and therefore a child of promise. Not unto me be praise, but to him who hath procured it for me, and blessed me with this adoption.

"5.—Had a precious season before the throne of grace this morning. O the hidden mystery—'tis hidden from the world. Surely the sweetest moments enjoyed by the children of God are when the world is entirely shut out. Could the world know this; could they have one glimpse of the light that beams upon the souls of the saints; could they enjoy the hope which the flame of divine love kindles in the heart that trusts in Christ, they *would* be constrained to call him 'the pearl of great price.' O the heaven of love! This evening, too, I am astonished at the goodness of the Lord; I am a wonder to myself when

I look at former years; my cup runneth over—my heart is too full for utterance; but the Lord knoweth its meaning. Went after meeting to meditate among the tombs. It was starlight, but yet the darkness was sufficient to screen me from the view of passing strangers. In this land of silence all was solemn as death. And there, on the marble slab that covers the remains of a young man who died at the age of eighteen, I sat down and meditated upon my own dissolution. I looked at my feet, my hands, my body; and must these soon be mouldering in the dust? I recoiled not at the prospect; I praised the Lord for his love to me, and for the calm serenity of soul I possessed. My mind was now led to our dear family. While whole families have been desolated, ours remain entire. What a mercy that they have been spared, and that nine of them are hopefully pious! Here my soul cried to God in behalf of all. I knew not but some of them might be dead, and the tidings on the way. Would I have *them* mourn at *my* departure? Would *they* keep *me* from home? And should I wish them to stay were it the will of the Master to come and call for them? No, I replied, although it would be a great trial to bid them farewell—to see them no more on the earth.

"I looked at what was before me—the work in which I long to be engaged, and prayed for wisdom to direct and grace to help. And now I retire. Come, sweet repose; come life, come death, come what will, the will of the Lord be done.

"6. Sabbath evening.—What shall I render to the Lord for his goodness this day? Words fail: 'tis unspeakable and full of glory.' O the sweet communications of grace and love! He has followed me with

his loving-kindness. I felt deeply the import of these precious truths: 'In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the Gospel of your salvation; in whom also, after that ye believed, ye were SEALED with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance.' I doubt not I have experienced *all* this; I *feel* that I have been '*sealed.*' The sweet '*earnest*' pervades my inmost soul, and all is heaven there. How precious is Jesus! It is he that charms and comforts my heart. I hear men talk of the works of creation, of lofty mountains and pleasant vales, of verdant plains, of foaming cataracts and gentle rills, the sturdy oak and the forests green, the fragrant flowers and the standing corn; I hear them talk of fine houses, handsome furniture, grand equipage and royal splendor; and a thousand other things which they seem to admire almost to adoration. But these are not my God. The heavens indeed declare the glory of God; the firmament showeth his handiwork; all nature is stamped with Deity. But what are these? One glimpse of thee, my dearest Lord, one glimpse of thee, as seen in the Gospel, outshines them all; and when thou art near, my soul rises above all sublunary things. Thou art my satisfying portion. To-day have I been on Pisgah's top, and seen the promised land. Not long, and I shall rise higher. O blessed prospect! Now I go again to meditate among the tombs—I love such a retreat—to look into my heart—into the grave—into eternity. How solemn is this place! Death with his iron grasp has dragged down his hundreds to this field of graves. The young, the old, the middle-aged, lie promiscuous here; the rich, the poor, the white, the black, all mingle and know no distinction. How many

lessons—important lessons are to be learned here. Be wise, O my soul; the day of death comes on apace—soon *this* body must be conveyed to the tomb—art thou ready? Thanks to him who is the Judge of the quick and the dead, with the utmost composure I can look death in the face. I expect no pang; the sting of death is sin; this the Lord has plucked away. I feel nothing contrary to love. My body may be racked with pain—but what of that? my Savior suffered. But my soul, I have no doubt, will be tranquil and unruffled. I can truly say, I am glad that I was born to die. Once, part of my grave-clothes were prepared for me. The Lord spared me. Alas! had I been taken away then, it had been *in my sins*. O the goodness, the long-suffering patience of the Lord! Praise his name for ever.

"Saturday evening, July 11.—About to record the goodness of the Lord to an unworthy sinner—where shall I begin? where end? It is too wonderful for me; I cannot attain unto it. The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord. But *my soul* knoweth that he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever. It is indescribable. I took my usual walk, and at length reached the *oft-frequented tree*, where I sat down and read, and my heart went up to the Lord; and his word was 'spirit and life,' 'quick and powerful,' and sweet to my taste. Surely I never had such captivating views of the Lord Jesus. He was there in his power and love—but language fails me to tell all his manifested glories.

'While faith presents the Savior's death,
'And whispers 'this is thine;'
'Sweetly my rising hours advance,
And peacefully decline.

'While such my views, the radiant sun
'Sheds a more sprightly ray;
'Each object smiles; all nature charms—
'I sing my cares away.'

"After attending prayer-meeting I betook myself again to the land of silence. How many mementos of mortality! They lie thick around. 'I am the resurrection and the life' was brought to my mind as I entered the grave-yard, and leaned over the grave of one who had died in the faith, and contemplated the sleeping dust, as it is now, and as it will be when the trump of God shall sound. I thought of what I shall soon be myself. As I meditated, the Lord drew near, and my heart burned with love. There I renewedly gave my all to him, and as I returned to my 'Bethel,' felt myself perfectly happy. Little did I once think I should ever be so highly favored. But for this I sought, and pleaded, and groaned for years. Bless the Lord; he is not slack concerning his promises—he came suddenly to this temple—he baptized me with the Holy Ghost—to his name be all the glory.

"12. Sabbath.—Spoke to the colored people this P. M. 'Ethiopia shall soon stretch forth her hands unto God.' How they are degraded and frowned upon by white people! My very soul pities their condition, both in this country and in Africa. Heard that a murder was committed a short distance from L——. A man ran a pitchfork through the head of another. Alas! the effects, the *awful effects* of sin! When shall iniquity hide its hideous form? But why am not I the murderer? Distinguishing grace! Lord, keep my feet that they slide not. And may I never grieve the Holy Spirit, by which I have no doubt I have been sealed to

the day of redemption. Blessed hope! Sweet expectation! Transporting prospect! Heavenly assurance! Bless the Lord, O my soul!

"July 15.—It is Jesus constitutes my heaven below. What a delightful manifestation of the Savior I have just had. An angel's tongue might tell, but mine utterly fails. This is the day of the week on which I received an unction from the Holy Ghost, in a manner and measure of which before I had no conception. What a blessed reality is religion: O how *divine!* The Lord communicates with the soul as *clearly*, as *convincingly*, and as *feelingly*, as man with man, face to face.

"19.—Since I wrote last I have not had those lively feelings of nearness to God until last evening, when great grace rested upon me. I think I never had such humiliating views of myself, and such a sense of the condescension of God. My soul got low at the feet of Jesus, and I bathed them with my tears. How sweet! and how welcome to my soul! It was indeed refreshing, and I could only praise and adore my God, and admire the mysterious, wonderful relation I sustain to him as my Father—my Savior—my Sanctifier. What a debt of gratitude I owe for all the goodness of the Lord! He has taken me up and set me among princes; from being a child of the devil, to be an heir of heaven.

"In contemplating my latter end, the question arose, what inscription would you have on your tomb-stone? And in thought I answered:

"'Here lies ———. A sinner, born again; a sinner, washed, and justified, and sanctified. A sinner, once an heir of hell, a child of the devil, by wicked works; but *by grace*, a child of God and an heir of heaven;

a miracle of grace, deserving all the miseries of the second death; and yet an expectant of endless glory and felicity. Farewell earth; welcome heaven. I am nothing; Jesus is ALL.'

"July 23.—In reviewing the goodness of the Lord to me during the past month, I think I have experienced clearer and more powerful manifestations of his love and sanctifying grace than in any former month of my life. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards the unworthiest of his creatures? Through fasting, my body is weak, though I feel strong in the inner man. May the months to come find me more spiritual and heavenly-minded. I long for increased conformity to the Lord Jesus. O for daily transformation into his likeness, till I shall see him as he is. I know not what a day may bring forth; but more and more am I impressed with the absolute necessity of a *well-laid foundation* for future usefulness; and yet I have a most earnest desire to be in the field, whence is the cry, 'Come over and help us.' Still the providence of God seems *clearly* and *forcibly* to utter his voice, 'Stay,' and I willingly submit; and enter the sophomore instead of the junior class, and to spend another year in hard study of the Latin and Greek, that I may be *well grounded.* How different my views from those entertained a year ago. With *disgust* I perused to-day some of my records made about that time, and was strongly tempted to destroy them. But I still preserve them as mementos of my folly; yet lessons of wisdom have been learned from those very circumstances; lessons invaluable, though bought at a very dear rate. I hope they will be turned to good account. 'All things work together for good,

to them that love God.' This I believe, and am persuaded those things were for my good; for through them I have seen and known more of myself—more of man—more of God. I have since possessed a *contented* mind, which has been a continued feast. My feet had well nigh slipped, but the Lord held me up. To his worthy name be all the praise.

"Abraham went out, not knowing whither he went. I know nothing of my future destiny. I see, should my life be extended, six years of preparation before me. I feel much interest both in the Palestine and Burman missions. But, speak, Lord, thy servant heareth. If there be a spot on earth where thou wilt render me a co-worker with thyself, I consult not my own will. Nay, if thou hast nothing for me to do, I would stand still and see the salvation of God. I am not my own—I am the bought property of the great Head of the church. Go or stay—live or die. Amen.

"August 10.—Last evening's hour of devotion was spent on the bed, to gain relief for the suffering body. It was a seasonable and 'light affliction.' It showed me my frailty—my insufficiency—my dependence on the Lord for every mercy. How important is health for usefulness. Hence the necessity of great watchfulness and care to guard against disease, particularly in the minister, and *candidate* for the holy office. Alas! how many young men throw away their after-life, during their preparatory course. May I be guided wisely, having—1st. devotion, 2d. exercise, 3d. study, as my principal daily objects, with an eye single to the glory of God.

"Aug. 21.—This evening I had a blessed season, in waiting upon the Lord. My spiritual strength was

renewed. I had a refreshing view of Jesus. O how much better than the pleasures pursued by the world! There is a ball in the neighborhood this evening. Once I loved such scenes: but then I was a child of sin. The Lord be praised for turning my mind from folly at so early a period. Was it that I might do something in his cause before I die? I trust he is training me for usefulness. *I* know not;—but *He* will make it plain. Lord, make me holy. Help me to exercise myself unto godliness, and to strive in all things to approve myself unto thee."

In all Mr. Taylor's papers, whether journal, notes, or letters, we find the same spirit of piety and Christian benevolence; the same ardent desire that others should enjoy the sweet communications of divine grace with which his own soul was enriched. And while he labored and prayed for his own growth in grace, he was ever ready to use all the means within his reach to awaken the careless, to bring sinners to repentance, and to urge on the Christian in his race Among the numerous letters from which our selections and extracts are taken, there is not one which does not breathe the spirit of love to Christ and to the saints.

To Miss H——, he wrote from Lawrenceville, August, 1823.

"Since I had the opportunity of inquiring, as I was wont to do, into your spiritual condition, you, doubtless, have had many a conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil. But what are these? They are, indeed, enemies of our souls; but he who is 'made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and

redemption,' will give us the victory. Whatever our conflicts or trials, afflictions or disappointments, in this vale of tears, let us receive them as included in the legacy of our Lord; 'In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.'

"On how many places have we inscribed, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us!' Then let us believe that 'the Lord will provide.' I am a witness that the Lord will provide—'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.'—'We are of more value than many sparrows.' Will not the Lord take care of his children? The cattle upon a thousand hills are his—the earth too, with all its fullness. He hath stores of blessings to supply not only our temporal but our spiritual necessities, and will he not do it? Yes, there is in our Father's house bread enough and to spare. Even here on earth, we may feed on angels' food; and how delicious! I trust you have been richly fed at the table of our Lord from day to day. The time was when we were strangers—entire strangers to this sweet repast, because we knew not the grace of God; but to me, though unworthy of the crumbs that fall from my Master's table, the Lord has granted Gospel-measure—pressed down, shaken together, and running over; great grace has been upon me. The windows of heaven have been opened, and showers have come down and more than filled my soul. The Lord has indeed done great things for me, whereof I am glad. I have no language to describe the heaven of love towards God and man which I have enjoyed during the last fifteen months. Of this I do not boast, for the Lord hath, in condescension and love

infinite, bestowed it upon a worm, the unworthiest of creation; and to him be all the glory.

"Does the Holy Spirit bear witness with your spirit that you are a child of God? This is the privilege of every soul that has been born of the Spirit. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, &c. Where these abound, there the witness of the Spirit is enjoyed. Then it is that the soul, with child-like simplicity, and with filial confidence and affection, approaches God and cries—Father—Abba—Father; then it is that death loses its terrors—the grave its gloom—the bar of God its dreadful aspect—and hell its horrors—rather, the horrors of hell are deepened, but the fear of them is gone. The soul, with this experience, is conscious of reconciliation with God its Father—Jesus smiles—the Comforter is present—and heaven is desired as the home of the saint.

"To enjoy all this should be our constant aim; for Jesus, dying, purchased it for us, and *living*, he is ready to bestow it all upon us. The Lord make room in our hearts for the *full* reception of himself, with all his train of graces, and finally give us an abundant entrance into his kingdom to enjoy him for ever.

"Farewell—yours in Christian bonds,

"Jas. B. Taylor."

To return to those evidences of Christian character afforded so abundantly in Mr. T.'s Journal, we transcribe the record of his exercises, bearing date September 10, in which he appears, as might have been believed without this direct evidence, to have had a conscience remarkably tender, and much alive to every thing that bore even the appearance of evil.

"How various are the assaults of Satan! Last night I had a dream, in which a temptation was presented to my mind, and I was overcome. This morning I felt shorn of my spiritual strength, which I attributed to that circumstance. Perhaps this was a chastisement for an unguarded expression which I uttered to a gentleman who came in during my hour of devotion—and seeing me engaged with a book, proposed to retire, saying he would not interrupt me; to whom I replied, 'No interruption.' This was intended only as a civility; but my conscience smote me; for he was interrupting the sweet exercise in which I was engaged. I looked to the Lord for pardon, and afterwards enjoyed a blessed season of communion.

"Sept. 14.—I found, on coming home this evening, a note from Mrs. M. S., telling me of her deliverance from distress, and her joy in the Lord. She says, 'My friend, I hope to hail you in heaven, as the instrument in God's hand of bringing me to the feet of Jesus.'

"15.—This day brings to mind the time when I publicly declared myself the Lord's servant—seven years have passed since I professed religion—O how much! What great and glorious things the Lord has done for me since that time—and still I experience his goodness.

"16.—Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake. I have had a small share of that blessedness to-day; and I rejoice in it, because it arose from doing my duty in conversing with sinners with plainness, which is never acceptable to a proud heart—and from giving testimony of the love of God in my soul, to lukewarm professors, and urging the necessi-

ty of a deep work of grace in the heart, and of the continual witness of the Spirit.

"Did David say, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell what he hath done for my soul?' and may not Christians now tell of the goodness of the Lord to them? Did Paul say, 'We know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?' and may not the heart that enjoys the same assurance, express it in the same language, even though professors of religion brand the assertion as an evidence of self-righteousness?

"Lord, never let the fear of man ensnare me; and may I ever be a bold witness for Jesus, and for the attainment of that perfect love which casteth out fear.

"Sept. 19.—Another death in the neighborhood! How frequent and how swift the shafts of the destroyer amongst us! Whose time comes next? Lord, is it I? After attending a funeral, at which I stood up between the living and the dead, and spoke to the people, from 'the time is short,' I took my accustomed walk, with a heart full of gratitude to the Lord for my sweet and cheerful hopes. I thought this might be my last walk along that oft-frequented path, as my time at Lawrenceville is coming to a close. What a delightful retreat this has been to me! But this evening I agonized in spirit as I had never done before, in prayer for this people. While thus engaged I unexpectedly met ——, and with streaming eyes addressed him. He wept—the Lord bless his soul with conversion! As I left him I wrestled in prayer for him, and for our neighbors. My soul was pressed down with the weight of anxiety. I felt for their eternal interests. When arrived at

the *memorable tree*, I fell before the Lord, to vent my sorrows there. O the longing I had for this people! All I asked was, for Christ's sake, that salvation might come to them. While thus wrestling and weeping before my heavenly Father, an aged man drew near. I espied him, but did not rise from my knees, and as he came near I spoke to him, and testified of the love of Jesus. I found he had no religion. I spoke to him plainly and with a full heart. He soon began to weep, and wished me to pray with him and for him. I did with earnestness and with tears, and then exhorted him to repent and to come to Christ *now*. He left me with apparent concern. Lord, save his soul, and let it not be in vain that he came hither. He said he thought the Lord had sent him. I returned home rejoicing in the Lord, and happy in his love.

"Sabbath, Sept. 21.—How pleasantly this morning dawns upon me, a sinner saved by grace.

"I betook myself to the mercy-seat, and held sweet communion with heaven. Had a spirit of prayer for the people of L——, but more particularly for my dear friend L. P. Rivers of waters ran down my eyes, while I forgot myself and interceded for him. Is this all for nought? Is this agonizing spirit given in vain? I expect—I wait for the answer, while I hope for his conversion. How long, O Lord, how long? Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.

"This has been a high day to my soul. The Lord was with me in his temple, and filled me with his love. It is my last attendance upon divine worship, statedly, in this village, and I think it has been the best. Dr. N. preached on the text, 'Ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned to the shepherd

and bishop of your souls.' The word was spirit and life; and I received the truth in the love of it, while it melted my heart into love to Jesus, who had, as the good Shepherd, searched me out, and reclaimed me from my wanderings. How often has he led me into green pastures, and made me lie down beside the still waters!

"I went this morning to visit a sick person—and now it is a matter of astonishment that I am recording the loving-kindness of the Lord and celebrating his praises on the earth—surely nothing but the providence of God has preserved me." (Having been, on this visit, twice thrown by a wild ungovernable horse.)

"I experienced but little inconvenience from my falls, though I had a very narrow escape. There seems to have been but a step between me and death: but I thank God for these occurrences, for they have been already sanctified to my spiritual good. The good Shepherd made it the occasion of rich and bounteous provision since my return. I was not frightened, but my soul was full of praise at the time, and I have since had a precious season, interceding before the Lord for myself and my friend L. P. This friend has been much on my heart to-day. Can it be for nothing? Lord, save, or he will perish—and bless his household.

"Sept. 22.—I was examined in the morning, and in the evening delivered an oration on science, with the valedictory address. Thus ended my academical course, during which I have had a diversified experience. May the Lord, by his good providence, direct me in my future goings, and lead me on to final victory and heavenly glory."

Mr. Taylor now left Lawrenceville on a visit to his friends in New-York and Connecticut, previous to his entering college at Princeton.

During this visit, we find him the same engaged, actively benevolent, and devoted Christian; endeavoring to let his light shine, both among Christians and before the world; telling them what the Lord had done for him, and what he required of them. Both "*publicly, and from house to house,*" he was employed in commending his Master, in laboring to induce Christians to strive for higher attainments in holy love and devotedness to his cause, and in warning and exhorting sinners to repent without delay, and submit themselves to Jesus Christ, as their Lord and Savior.

Mr. Taylor seemed, even then, to have very clear views of a subject, which to many Christians, and Christian ministers, appears to be still enveloped in darkness, viz. the duty of sinners immediately to repent and give their hearts to Christ. While no one could have had a stronger faith in the doctrines of grace, and of man's entire dependence upon God; nor have been more ready and delighted to ascribe every thing to God, both in providence and in grace; yet his mind took a strong grasp upon the binding force of obligation; for his heart felt it, and he pressed duty upon both saints and sinners with a success which proved that God was with him blessing his labors: which has been acknowledged by many in life, and will doubtless be gratefully owned by them in *heaven* for ever.

There is reason to believe that during this vacation Mr. Taylor was made the instrument of exciting a

more vigorous tone of piety in several churches, and of bringing a number of sinners to repentance.

At length the time arrived for his return to study; and, to use his own language,

"Having spent a week in the house of my Rev. father H——, and in the bosom of his endeared family, and in laboring in the Lord's vineyard, the wind came fair, and I embarked on board the S——, Capt. W——, anticipating a pleasant passage: I have no doubt of its having been a profitable one; for it was trying to the faith of God's children, and alarming to the wicked. Our company consisted of the captain, two hands, four passengers, two children, and myself. We had proceeded about twenty miles, when the wind increased and blew violently. In the midst of the gale our boom unshipped, and left us in a perilous condition—the prospect was that we should capsize, and be swallowed up in the waves. All above was terrific. The billows dashed, the sea roared, the winds howled, and the hail rattled. All below was solemn. We thought on awful subjects—death—a watery grave—the bar of God—heaven—hell. The captain I believe to be a godly man: one more on board beside myself had a hope which was an anchor to the soul: the rest were unreconciled to God. Alas! their prospect was despair. I thought, indeed, that I was nearer my heavenly home than my father's house. It seemed that there was but a stept betwixt me and death. But, in the midst of the alarm God was with me to allay all turbulence within. I looked to him for a promise, and he graciously gave me this, 'Fear not, I am with thee.' It was sweet to my taste, and made me strong, while I lay in my berth

revolving it in my mind and calmly waiting the issue, not knowing but the next surge would enter and fill the cabin and end my life.

"A young lady, one of those that experienced religion at S——, while I was there, was quite composed: but another—O, how different! O, her apparent penitence! her cries for mercy! her weeping eyes! in the prospect of death and damnation. To me she came for help; but not to myself—to Christ I directed her. Alas! the infatuation of mortals, to put off preparation for eternity till the hour of danger. But thanks to the Lord for deliverance. His arm was stretched out for our relief. We were soon moored, and rode out the gale in safety.

"I found my friends exceedingly kind, both at home and in New-York. The Lord reward my parents, and brothers, and sisters, for all their kindness to their son and brother. I doubt not, that in this life they will have a hundred fold; and at the resurrection of the just, be acknowledged as helpers of the helpless."

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## CHAPTER IV.

### *First year in College.*

On the 6th of November, 1823, in the 22d year of his age, Mr. Taylor was examined and admitted a member of the Sophomore class, in the college of Nassau Hall, where he remained three years, which to

some, and especially those preparing for the ministry, will probably appear to be the most important period of his life.

It can hardly have escaped the observation of those who are interested in the spiritual prosperity of the church, that there is in our literary institutions, arising from the character of the studies, and from almost necessary associations, what may be called the college spirit—the *esprit du corps*, which is very unfavorable to the attainment of a high-toned piety. Indeed, such is its contagion, that however pious and devoted our candidates for the ministry may be at their commencing a college life, the instances are very rare in which a disinfecting process is not necessary to prepare them for entering upon the duties of the sacred office. To this cause must be attributed much of that want of spirituality which has been the bane of the church through all her eventful history; and to find an effectual safeguard against the legion of evils arising from this source, has long been an object of intense desire with those who are wisely zealous for her true and holy interests.

On this important subject the life of Mr. Taylor sheds a cheering light, which shows that it is altogether practicable to pass through those trying scenes, not only without losing one's spirituality, but with large accessions to his stores of self-knowledge, and of holy devotedness to God and to the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom.

None, indeed, may hope to encounter the trials of such a life without many a hard conflict; but the example before us will show that these trials MAY be sus-

tained with advantage, and that in the issue victory will crown the arms of grace.

Perhaps more than most Christians of his age, Mr. Taylor had his eye directed to the leadings of Providence, and more uniformly saw the hand of God in every thing that occurred. With this habit of soul, it was natural for him to seek and rely upon the divine direction and support.

Having entered college, he writes in his journal, November 6:

"For what purpose have I come hither? Lord, make plain the path of duty, and give me grace to be faithful.

"8.—Have been somewhat depressed in spirits for two days past, owing to a combination of circumstances; but this morning I was enabled to cast my burden upon the Lord, and he sustained me. My soul enjoyed a refreshing season. Thus I find that these walls do not shut out my God. How blessed I am!

"9. Sabbath.—Found it good to wait on the Lord in secret. The heavens were opened, and a blessing poured out upon my soul. Religion CAN be enjoyed in college. Lord, amidst so much iniquity keep me spotless, and make me useful.

"16.—The past week has been one of mercy and goodness from the hand of the Lord. Beside a token of affectionate regard from my friend L. P., I received one from my brother K. These favors warmed my heart with praise to God and gratitude to them.

"I have enjoyed nearness of access to God in secret, and had a spirit of intercession for others as well as myself. With tenderness and anxiety I have thought

on friends, and on this college; and have been blessed with a spirit of prayer for them. O that the Lord would come in mighty power, and demolish the kingdom of Satan, and build up his cause. The Redeemer's kingdom prospers at the eastward, and souls are brought in by scores; Lord, send laborers into the harvest, and work by whom thou wilt work, only let souls come home to Jesus.

"Nov. 23.—Lord, what am I, or what my father's house, that thou shouldst visit me? The Lord is good, and his mercy endureth for ever. This day and this hour have I enjoyed the spirit of adoption sweetly drawing my inmost soul with cords of love. How condescending and how kind to me, an unworthy worm. He manifests himself as my Father in covenant. The precious Lamb of God shows himself to my faith as a full Savior, and reigns in my heart king supreme. The Holy Spirit comes down as showers that water the earth. Praise to my God for the holy unction with which I have this day been anointed. The beauties of my beloved Savior have captivated my heart, and yet my cry is, 'more—my Lord, more faith which works by love.'

"'When thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.' Already have I been rewarded. In the very act has my soul been abundantly blessed, and thus have I found it profitable to fast before the Lord this day. The blessing which he gave me nineteen months ago, he has enabled me to call to mind with thankful remembrance; may he

still make my habitation a dwelling of righteousness, of peace, joy, and holy triumph.

"I feel the want of a kindred spirit. Where is the spirituality of the church? Where are the men and women 'full of faith and of the Holy Ghost?' Lord, purify thy church. Had an interview with one dear child of God, whose soul appeared warm with love and decided for God: with him I anticipate much sweet intercourse.

"Nov. 30.—Let the warrior boast of his armor, and the victor of his conquest; let the scribe glory in his knowledge, and the sophist in his wisdom, and the worldling in his wealth and pleasures. But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by which I am crucified to the world, and the world unto me.

"This has been a harvest day to my soul. The Sun of righteousness arose, and I basked in his beams, whose fructifying influence brought forth the good fruit, *love*. Indeed it is heaven upon earth. God blesses me from day to day. During the past week my meat and drink have been sweet antepasts of heaven—longing to see Jesus, and reign with him above.

"Wrote to my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. D——. May my communication be a word in season to that dear family."

In this letter Mr. Taylor supposes them to ask him, "How do you like college life? Can you enjoy religion there?" And then answers: "I am happy to reply that I am pleased with residing in this institution, for several reasons; the chief of which is, because I believe it to be my duty to be *here*. The advantages

for the acquisition of knowledge are every way sufficient; such as proper books and qualified teachers, and a complete system of operations. This regularity of procedure suits me well, and I endeavor 'to have a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.' To enjoy religion, as you know, is to have a sense of pardoned sin, and the presence of God reconciled through Christ. This can only be felt where 'faith, that worketh by love,' is in exercise. Where this faith is in exercise no college walls, no sink of iniquity, can shut out the Lord. ''Tis his presence makes our paradise below;' and his presence I have felt from day to day. Glorious have been the manifestations of his love to my believing, rejoicing heart. In *this Bethel* I have experienced many such seasons, and am looking for many more. They are the sweet earnests of a blessed immortality. Lord, evermore give us this bread.

"But a word to Miss S——. Was my parting word, 'Be faithful?' I trust you are so, giving diligence to make your calling and election sure. And we should, in imitation of our beloved Master, do good to *all*. Why are we not more ingenious in discovering and disseminating means of '*doing good?*' This is a day, if I may call it so, of *invention*. Cannot *you* invent something for the good of the church? Think and pray over this suggestion until you are satisfied.

"A word to S——. 'Son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Feed my sheep.' How mighty this question! And the office of feeding the flock of Jesus Christ, how delightful! By your intended profession you will not be deprived of this privilege. May you prove to be a beloved physician. But can you say, 'Lord, thou knowest that I love thee?'

"To W——. 'Where art thou?' Rejoicing in hope, and giving glory to God? Let us not be willing to spend *one day* without becoming more like Christ; for it is conformity to *him* that will make us holy, and that alone.

"A word to Miss ——. What of that doubting and fearing? Are all lost in the sweet testimony that you please God? Cast all your burdens upon the Lord; and may you, like Mary, sit at the feet of Jesus—hang around his cross—make him your all—all your salvation and all your desire.

"To Miss ——. Our Savior said, I am the good shepherd. Do you hear his voice, and follow him daily? As a lamb of the flock, may the good shepherd carry you in his bosom. Let us lean upon him—commit our all into his hands, and thus lie at his disposal.

"To Miss ——. 'One shall be taken and another left.' Is it true, that father and mother, brothers and sisters, have been taken? and you—you left? left for what? Ask yourself this question for days to come—days to come! who can tell but, ere to-morrow's sun, you may have left the earth, and the soul gone—where?

"Finally, a word to all. Exercise yourselves unto godliness, in constant watchfulness and prayer, and frequent fasting. Let the Bible be your companion—give yourselves to reading and meditation. Use it as a test to try every thought, word, and action. Let us do good to all. In a word, *walk* humbly, penitently, and in faith; so that we die daily. Advance heavenward, and be blessed continually, and be happy for ever.

With increased affection for you all, I am, in the best of bonds, yours,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

"Dec. 7.—Another week has gone, and gone for ever. While passing, the inscriptions *goodness and mercy* have been legible on every day. My enjoyment has not been so great as during the two weeks preceding. And the reason is obvious—I wandered from the Lord; and bitterness of soul took the place of sweet love: but the Lord heard my prayer, and again visited me with his grace. His mercy endureth for ever. Last night also witnessed my yielding to the same temptation, which brought leanness and sadness unto my soul. With what depression did I arise this Sabbath morning! The Sabbath's Lord was absent—the Spirit, grieved, had left me, until I went into the chapel; I prayed, and read, and sung, but my *heart* was *gone*. Still I had faith and a fixed purpose to wait on the Lord. I was solemn. I felt that the glory had departed. While the chapter was reading, my heart began to melt into penitential grief; I felt myself deserving the *lowest* hell. I also felt that if I were sent to hell, I could but praise God for what he *had* done for me. At this juncture peace and consolation flowed into my soul, and I could praise the Lord. Blessed be his name for ever."

On the same date he thus writes to his friend Miss W——:

"He who hath said, 'If I go away, I will come again unto you,' visits my soul with his love, and makes me happy *here;* and does he not add, 'to re-

ceive you unto myself?' I have had a heaven upon earth, even in this college; and *you* do not think it strange, for you know that *where the Prince of peace reigns* there is peace.

"But what think you of those professors of religion who, when you tell them of all this, and assure them, *upon the authority of God's word*, that they may have the desire of their hearts, reply, that they wish they could enjoy more of God's presence, but they are subject to so many temptations, and have to encounter so many difficulties, they hardly know what they are? Is not their state dangerous? And does not all *their* hungering and thirsting after righteousness end in a mere *wish?* What saith the Psalmist? 'Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart.' Who that delights in a conformity to an ungodly world, its fashions, its vain show—who of all that follow the devices and desires of an unrenewed heart, can look for such favors from the Lord? They, and they *alone*, who make God their only portion, and delight themselves in the Lord as their *chief joy*, can live in peace—can hope to die in triumph, and reign with the Lamb for ever.

"Let us give to those dead in trespasses and sins, all their sinful enjoyments; let formal professors plead their excuses; but let them know at the same time, that they will have to settle them at the bar of their just Judge. Let others glory in what they will; but be it ours to glory only in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be praise for ever."

Diary, Dec. 23.—"Fasted this day, and had a thankful remembrance of that season of divine communi-

cation so often referred to, which I enjoyed twenty months ago. I believe the work of grace has been deepened since that joyful hour; the experience of to-day assures me that I have sunk low in my own esteem, and that it is by grace that I am in the way to glory. At evening devotion could not find words to express the fullness of my heart; but I could say, 'Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.' What precious hours I have spent thus far since I have been in college! The good Shepherd has fed me in his richest pastures, and here, my Lord, I give my little all to thee: still enlarge the vessel, and bless me abundantly."

Of this date we have another precious letter from Mr. Taylor to his aged clerical friend H—, of S—.

"*Nassau-Hall, Dec.* 23, 1823, *Saturday evening.*

"Reverend and beloved Sir,

"Another week is gone, and I rejoice, inasmuch as I have one week less to remain this side of heaven. Yes! I give praise to our God that I was born to die—to die? to live for ever. The thought is sweet. 'O the pain'—stay, for where is the *pain* to the dying saint? The *sting* of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But for the believer Christ hath magnified the law and made it honorable; and thus hath purchased pardon, reconciliation, and sanctification, which being possessed, sets the soul at liberty and makes it *free indeed.* To me it seems that for a child of God to die is but going from one room to another. His body, it is true, may be exercised with exquisite pain, but the spirit will *rest*, and calmly commit *all* into the hands

of God, and there lie at his disposal. And when the important crisis arrives, how sweetly does the soul lean upon the breast of its beloved and repose in his kind arms, while it breathes itself away from the clay tenement to become a fixed resident in glory. 'O the bliss of dying.' 'This moment for heaven I'd leave all below.'

"The reason why so many who live in the enjoyment of lively hope, fearfully apprehend the approach of death, I think is to be found in the notions they have formed of his appearance. But what is death? Is it to be supposed that he is a frightful form, hideous, and terrible? Is it not rather the gracious appearance of Emmanuel—God with us? What does he say? 'If I go away, I will come again unto you and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.' When *we* die, we do not expect to see death set forth as in hieroglyphical form—no—but as Stephen beheld, to the joy of his soul. We expect to see Jesus, who no doubt presents his kind hand, and first welcomes his ransomed ones to his own kingdom. What then should we do—what could we do without Jesus? Take him from our pilgrimage below, and our manna would fail; take him from the Jordan of death, its waves would overwhelm us, and our frightened souls would sink in endless despair; take him from heaven, and heaven would be annihilated for ever. Truly, he is *all*, and in all—'the desire of all nations.'

"This evening my mind has been led to look to Jesus, as the apostle says, 'Looking unto Jesus.' I was thus led, more particularly, because to-morrow is to be our communion season.

"'*Looking unto Jesus.*' Before the world was, he

dwelt with the Father. And, O what glory and delight he must have had from all eternity! We may look unto him as God, by whom the worlds were made. But had he need of worlds? What do they add to his infinite, underived, eternal glory? For whom, but for man, was this fair fabric formed, and lighted up, and adorned so richly? Upon God's equal we may gaze with wonder, and adore his condescension. O what pity touched his sympathizing soul! What the might of that love which brought him down! Well might the plains of Bethlehem resound with glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, and good will to men. And well may we join the heavenly host in praising God; for unto us a Savior was born, who is Christ the Lord.

'O for this love, let rocks and hills
'Their lasting silence break.'

"Let us look to Jesus during his state of humiliation, for from the manger to the cross he was preparing the way to bring many sons unto glory. O the contradictions he met from sinners! What temptations in the wilderness! What agony in the garden! But the wonders of *the cross!* It is here our hopes centre. For the hope which the cross inspired, the primitive Christians were ready to suffer; nay, did suffer and die. However opposed, they preached its doctrines, and said, God forbid that we should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Extending our view beyond the cross, we may profitably look upon him whom we have pierced, as arising from the dead. 'He rose again for our justification.' What joy his disciples felt when their eyes

once more beheld their Lord, whom the Jews had crucified and slain! But he was soon to leave them, and triumphantly ascend up where he was before.

"Thither our forerunner hath entered—our captain has led the way; and now we may look unto him at the right hand of the Majesty on high. By faith, too, we may look at the mansions he hath prepared. But what is faith's vision? It is indeed a blessed reality; 'it is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.' But we want *more*, and more we shall have. Not through a glass darkly shall we see him, but face to face—see him as he is. Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

"Do we want stronger faith? To Jesus must we look, who is the author and finisher of faith; and pray, as by example we are taught, 'Lord increase our faith.' Would we be what God would have us to be, what do we need but to be conformed to the image of his dear Son? And how shall this be effected but by looking continually unto Jesus? Are we ignorant? He is our Prophet. Are we sinners? He is present to plead our cause—a priest whom the Father heareth always, and whose blood cleanseth from all sin. Would we have all things brought into complete subjection to his law? As King, he is on the holy hill of Zion. Where is such an example of patience under suffering? and he knows how to succor them that are tempted. In doing the will of his heavenly Father, how assiduously and perseveringly did he accomplish his work! What *we* find to do, may we do it with our might. The more steadily we look to Jesus, the faster we shall run, the

higher will be our attainments, the happier we shall be, and the more we shall honor God.

"But when will our race be ended? My reverend father, do not you feel that your course is almost finished? Looking forward, you behold the crown of righteousness. Besides your own household, you hope to meet many a departed saint who once sat under your ministry, and was brought to God through your instrumentality. If any thing could cause us to sing 'Hosanna to the Son of David,' next to our own salvation, it must be that God hath honored us, in bringing souls to Christ. Glory to God in the highest, may be the united acclamation of pastor and people. Pray that I may never be satisfied with bread alone—that is, to labor for a living, but that I may have souls for my hire.

"Dear Mrs. H——, may I not say to you as Elizabeth said to Mary, 'Blessed art thou among women.' Surely the Lord hath heard your supplications, and your offspring have been born again; if so, what more could the Lord have done to his little vineyard than he hath done? May your nursery of piety still receive the early and latter rain—be continually visited by the heavenly Gardener—and, when transplanted, I doubt not he will range you all among his trees of righteousness, to flourish for ever in his courts.

"By this time you are perhaps ready to ask, 'How do you like college life? Can you enjoy religion there?' Not unto me, but to God be the praise; these walls cannot shut out the Lord; and where he is, there is heaven. I do not find the obstacles I anticipated. The Lord has proved better than all my fears, and has given me 'daily bread.' I have fed on angels' food—

my room has been made a Bethel, and I find it is growing better and better, instead of diminishing. My cup overflows—I am on my journey to heaven, with the desire to love God more, and serve him better. O let us keep near the cross, and be diligent to make our calling and election sure."

The following extracts from Mr. Taylor's diary, show that he ended as he began the year, with God—in a high state of spirituality, and with an unremitting attention to the duties of religion.

"December 25.—Last evening I walked to Lawrenceville, and once more hailed my dear brothers F. and S. and friends, who received me cordially.

"This morning I arose with much pain in my breast, but the light affliction was sanctified. After breakfast I took my old walk, and remembered the days of former times—I stopped and overlooked the surrounding scenery—but I was on my way to that *oft-frequented tree.* David said, 'I will remember thee from the hill *Mizar.*' What occasion have I to remember the Lord from that *tree!* Although the morning was cold, the Lord warmed my heart as I knelt and prayed on that spot, from which many a prayer had ascended to the throne of grace.

"It was truly a melting time—O what tenderness! what resignation! And I returned, after my heart had enjoyed the season, blessing and praising God.

"During the day my mind was solemn; and on my way home, as I mused, the fire burned. In the highway Jesus was exceedingly precious. It is God—the triune, the holy God, that captivates my heart--and

to be conformed to the image of his dear Son is my supreme desire. Lord, make me more holy!

"This has been a good Christmas-day to me. The birth of the Savior has occurred to my mind, in all its circumstances, with pleasing reflections. But now he reigns on high, the Judge of all. What a mysterious, yet consistent whole! And all to make his people blessed for ever.

"28th, Sabbath.—This is the last Lord's day of the year, and it may be numbered among the best; for surely the kingdom of heaven, which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, has been set up powerfully in my soul. Much of heaven has come down to earth. The powers of darkness have given way, while the King has been seated on his throne within me. I think I never had such a loving child-like spirit in pouring out my heart before God, my Father, as I had this evening. It was surely his adopting love, into which *I sunk*. How it overpowered me! my body shook with the delightful emotion. At noon, also, after walking, with a heart pouring out praise to my God—my God in covenant—I sat down and meditated upon his works—all of which uttered their voice in praise of their Creator: my heart was broken, and caused my tears to flow. The remembrance of my youthful follies impressively recurred, as I beheld groups of lads who had been wandering over the fields. The distinguishing grace of God, too, was manifest, for as I sat, I saw two of my fellow-students violating this sacred day by secular employment—preparing recitations probably for to-morrow. 'Hallow my Sabbaths,' is Heaven's high command.

"Dec. 31, 1823.—On Sabbath night I retired much

exercised with pain of body, but with a solid peace of mind. I did not rest well through the night, and arose in the morning much indisposed. I attended recitation in the forenoon; but at noon betook myself to bed, after the Lord had poured a blessing into my happy soul. The light affliction was sanctified, so that I could not pray, nor did I wish others to pray, for my recovery; and the symptoms were alarming. My will was entirely resolved in this: 'Thy will be done;'—while I felt that 'to be with Christ is best,' and the thought of dying was sweet.

"Looking at my record, made one year ago this evening, I find my testimony to the Lord's goodness the year just then ending, and an invocation for the continuance not only, but for an increase of his favor and love, during the succeeding year. My prayer has been heard. Great and glorious things have been done for my soul, in secret with my God; and of all men I am under the strongest bonds of gratitude, of love, and of praise to him in return.

"Why may I not expect greater things the coming year? 'The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more to the perfect day.'

"Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, whose I am, thine would I be. To thee, through the beloved, I renewedly and solemnly engage my love and obedience. O keep me—save me from all evil—and bless me abundantly, more than I can ask or think—all things are possible with thee."

Mr. Taylor's annual letter to his father and family, at Middle Haddam, which he called his *new-year's gift*, was written this year a little in advance of the

usual time, and bears date the 14th December. From this communication, full of affection, filial and fraternal, we present our readers with some extracts, strongly expressive of gratitude and piety towards the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

"Reviewing the past year, many things which awaken pleasing reflections rise to my recollection. No period of my life has been marked with clearer indications of the Lord's goodness to his unworthy servant. When surveying my room, I discover one article here, and another there, which reminds me of my dependence, and shows the liberality of dear relations and friends. How much they have ministered to my wants, I cannot say: only, for what I have, I am indebted to Him who is the first cause of the openings, liberal openings, of the hands of those interested in my prosperity. But more of these will be manifested at the resurrection of the just, when our Lord shall say, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' By the blessing of God, I have all things, and abound.

"As to religious enjoyment, no year has witnessed such displays of divine love. And I may humbly and joyfully say, I have grown in grace. My trials have been few, and have all worked for good; my temptations many, but in heaven's armor I have overcome. While my prospect for heaven gathers brightness, my determination to spend and be spent for God increases. I daily feel my nothingness; and that it is 'by the grace of God I am what I am,' a poor sinner saved by grace. I am one year nearer the end of my preparatory course. One year nearer? Who knows that the Lord

will count me faithful, putting me into the ministry? Concerning this, however, I am but little anxious. I know that my object, my highest wish, while on earth, is to be instrumental in bringing souls to Christ. If, then, I should be called home while preparing for the field, it would be only calling me from the toil to reap the reward. The good Shepherd accepts a willing mind; and often, instead of confining one's labors to earth, takes the soul to heaven, to render a perfect service in his presence. And who will say this is not to be preferred? I endeavor to take no thought for to-morrow: to-day my inquiry should be, What is my duty? Thus I am endeavoring to go on, in a regular round of duty. My studies are attended to with the hope that they may be sanctified to some good use. My hours sacred to devotion are welcome, and bring with them streams from the fountain of living waters, and thus keep me alive. O how refreshing! how animating! The presence of God makes us as trees planted by the rivers of waters, which yield good fruit—fruit to the glory of God.

"To look forward a year! It is a precious—an invaluable period of time. Thus, more than *we* do, the ransomed of the Lord, and the spirits of the lost view it. O that we may be wise, to make the most of the year that is before us! What new plans, then, for doing good can we devise? or how can we improve those already adopted? Why should we not strive, as individuals, to make our influence to be felt all over the earth? The Lord help us to labor faithfully. And this we should do, not merely from a sense of duty, as obligatory upon all, but as binding upon *each*, and that too *now*, as we know not but, ere the close of 1824, we

may be summoned hence. Has not heaven something for us to do; something to make known for the good of mankind through us? Let us pray over this interrogatory until we are satisfied.

"What is before us as a family, and as individuals, we know not; but to Him who hath brought us hitherto, all is plain. Concerning this we should not be anxious; for, 'shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?'

"As for myself, I feel that the seeds of mortality have taken deep root within me, and I am frequently reminded of my latter end. But does this alarm me? No: for every evidence of the approach of the messenger, death, I have cause to rejoice, rather than to be terrified. It is a sweet exercise to pass the valley, in imagination, and look beyond, upon the pearly gates. Faith enters within the city, and walks the golden streets.

'O glorious hour! O blest abode!
'I shall be near, and like my God!' "

As Mr. Taylor closed the last year, so did he commence the new one, with a grateful and devout acknowledgment of the goodness and grace of God.

On the 1*st of January*, 1824, we find in his diary, this short but expressive notice:

"The Lord has indeed given me a happy beginning of a new year. At evening devotion, had a blessing so rich and full that there seemed a want of room to receive it. Carry on, carry on thy glorious work, O my God, and make me more like Jesus."

It is delightful to observe how this devoted servant of Christ labored, not only to grow in grace himself, but to stimulate others in the same blessed course. In this, perhaps as much as in any one thing, he discovered his own likeness to Him who continually went about doing good. In his diary, and in all his correspondence, as well as in the recollections of his acquaintance and friends, he seemed never to lose sight of the spiritual improvement of those who professed to love the Lord Jesus Christ. In a letter, dated Nassau Hall, Jan. 13, 1824, addressed to Miss L——, he wrote as follows:

"It seems from your testimony that God has lately deepened the work of grace in your soul. How blessed to be blessed of God! What can equal that peace which Christ imparts in some favored moment to his disciples? What joy is like that which flows from an unction of the Holy One? It may be said of those who are justified and sanctified, 'Ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost.' And to them earth has lost its charms—those scenes of former gayety are mourned over, as time worse than lost—forms and fashions no more seem becoming. With what holy contempt do such look upon the passing vanities of the world. Disgusted with these things, the soul seeks its happiness in retirement, and finding it there alone with God, leaves the worldling to his pursuits and pleasures. Give me my Bible, a season for holy meditation, and an opportunity to call on my 'Father who seeth in secret,' and I envy not their joys.

"Having been so richly blessed of Heaven, I trust you will go on, renewing your strength from day to

day. We need 'daily bread.' And close and intimate communion with God the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, is the food best adapted to the soul that has tasted that the Lord is gracious. May you find your closet more and more a Bethel. It is there that the soul must be trained. There the sweetest hours are to be enjoyed. *Holy ones*, in every age, have lived near to God in secret. It is this that fits one to live a holy, self-denying, cross-bearing life before the world.

"Since my location in college, the Lord has been very gracious in manifesting his love to my soul. He has communed with me from off the mercy-seat, so that I have found that these walls cannot shut out the Comforter from my heart. Were it not for this refreshing from the presence of the Lord, what should I do? Methinks of all men I should be the most miserable; but with this my soul is happy, and often exults in God.

"Were I to suggest some rules for *holy living*, they should be the following:

"Let there be constant watchfulness, frequent fastings, and continual prayer.

"Let the Bible be a constant companion for reading and meditation; and as a test to try every thought, word, and action.

"Do good to all. In a word, walk humbly, penitently, and believingly; so shalt thou 'die daily,' advance heavenward hourly, be blessed always, and happy for ever."

Diary. "Jan. 16. At evening devotion the windows of heaven were opened, and showers of love refreshed my soul. My heart leaped for joy. What glorious

things doth my God bestow upon a worm! Grace! free grace!"

Of the same date we find an interesting and instructive letter to one of his brothers, strongly evincing his fraternal affection and fidelity, and exhibiting a lovely picture of that respect which the younger should ever feel for the elder.

"My brother, I love you 'in the bowels of Jesus Christ.' In him you are the elder, and I rejoice that I may converse with you as a partaker of the same grace. 'You know the love of God.' But according to your testimony, it is not with you as in days that are past. Since you addressed me, it may be you have come up out of the wilderness, and are now leaning upon the Beloved. If so, I will rejoice with you. If not, I will sympathize, and my prayer shall be, that not many days hence you may be baptized with the Holy Ghost. Of myself I will not glory. I feel far from this; but in Christ, through whom my peace is as a river, and my righteousness as the waves of the sea, I will glory. O the love of God, into which I have sunk, as into an ocean! Peace, love, joy, and exultation, like waves of the sea, have rolled over me. I am still looking to sink deeper, and am waiting to hear you tell me that you are happy in the visits of the love of God.

"I know indeed that you have a thousand things to oppose your advance in the way of holiness, that are not common with those in my situation. But still, 'Foes we have, and we must fight.' We both need great grace to withstand our enemies. But, consider-

ing our employments, I conclude without hesitation, that your temptations and crosses are more numerous than mine. From the multiplicity of your cares in business, your mind may often be disturbed. 'None of these things move me.' The day rolls round, and I am charged with but three things of importance—my soul, my body, and my studies; and I have a time and place for each. If time and opportunity offer, a fourth is, to do good to my friends near and remote.

"As near as I can judge, the world has lost all its charms for me. I go not into it for its pleasures. I seek not my happiness among the wicked. No; God is the source of my happiness; Jesus the channel, and the Holy Spirit is the agent. Shut out from the world—shut up in God—surrounded with darkness—filled with light, I live alone, and yet am visited from heaven. And if I do not grow in grace, I shall be visited with stripes. Pray for me, that the good hand of God may still be upon me. I feel that God is training me for something either in his vineyard here, or in glory above. I long for the best gifts, and to be found to be a workman thoroughly furnished.

"I suppose you do not gain that frequent and near access to God which you once enjoyed. Do you now give as much time to closet devotion as you then did? And when you retire, do you find your mind fixed on God, and your thoughts abstracted from worldly things, as formerly? Let not my brother think this the language of reproach. It is love. And be assured, I verily believe you would sacrifice *all*, rather than knowingly wound the cause of love. If I mistake not, you wish to live in, what I long to have you enjoy, *the fullness of God*. Then let no cross be considered too heavy to

be borne in following Christ; no loss too great to be sustained for Christ; and no path too holy in going after Christ.

"That you may possess all—nay, more than you wish now, or even think, there is not the least doubt in my mind; and not only possess it for a day, but for years—nay, for ever, with the increase. And but for this, what is the religion of our Lord? He led captivity captive, that we might go free. He invites us into a close union with himself. He waits for a renewed and full surrender, to crown us with joy—to feed us with plenty—to bless us abundantly, and to make us kings and priests for ever."

Diary.—"Jan. 18. How repeated the goodness of God! 'Ye are of more value than many sparrows.' 'Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.' Yesterday I received an amount sufficient to pay my session bill, besides a token from my dear friend L. P. 'Lacked ye any thing? And they said, Nothing.' My wants have been supplied, and I continue to this day a witness of the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping-God.

"Jan. 21. How shall I record the wonderful works of God to a sinner saved by grace? Glory to God in the highest. Language cannot describe the overflowing, melting love of God! But my Lord knoweth, and my heart felt it at evening devotion. Shut out from the world, I held sweet converse with heaven. But for these visitations of my God, what should I do?

"Jan. 23. May the twenty-third of each revolving month pass with grateful recollection. The loving-kindness of the Lord, O how great! Enjoyed a sweet

season during my noon-day walk. While I have fasted, I have been fed with heavenly manna.

"O! am I not blessed of God? I sometimes think myself the happiest mortal on earth. And soon, glory to God, I expect to join the church above. I have daily mementos of my mortality; and my soul gets on high more and more. May I live in heaven."

The correspondence of Mr. Taylor was so extensive, that it is necessary, in order to bring this memoir within a reasonable compass, to make selections; and yet there runs so rich a vein of piety through all his papers, that the inducement is very strong just to arrange and print the whole. We find neither letter, nor note, nor record, in his diary, that has not something of the same all-pervading spirit of devotion, love, zeal for God's glory, and desire for the salvation of sinners.

On the 29th of January he wrote to a Christian friend, whom he seems greatly to have valued, a long letter full of affection, from which we give the following extract, as affording evidence of his deep humility, the legitimate fruit of those blessed communications of grace which he enjoyed.

"My dear Friend,

"So far as I can judge of the highest enjoyment which heaven's rich munificence bestows upon my soul, it is when faith gets a view of God the Father, as reconciled, and smiling propitiously; a view of the Son of God, that charms and captivates my heart, as the beloved; and a view of the Holy Ghost, as 'the promise of the Father.' It is at such a season that the

windows of heaven are opened, and streams of love poured down, which find a welcome reception with a humble heart that feels itself the *unworthiest of the unworthy*. At no moment does the whole character of God appear more clear. In all his attributes he beams forth; and faith, and hope, and love, and joy, *mingle together*, and flow out under his benign influence. And in testimony that the soul does not arrogate to itself the honor due to God, it renders up its all, its *little* all, in return for favors so divine. What exercise then takes up the soul? It is one that verges still nearer heaven—prayer is turned into praise. How do the goodness, the love, and the mercy of God enlarge at every view! And his *holiness* and his *justice*, too, gather *loveliness*. The soul feels forgiven and washed, but cannot forgive itself. With the conviction of its ill desert, viz. the *lowest hell*, the soul wonders at its escape from the burning lake.

"The tone of piety is not so high among professors of religion in our colleges as it should be. Alas! why so much worldly-mindedness? Why so much formality? To tell you the plain truth, there is not enough of spirituality here; not so much as I expected to find. My studies crowd upon me, so that I have a little more to do in my literary pursuits than *I* would choose: but it will doubtless be for the best.

"The good Shepherd has caused me to feed in green pastures since I wrote last. He is mindful of one who stands in need of continual and increased aid.

"Not having a disposition to go out, I seldom leave my Bethel, save when duty calls. The more I see of the world, its forms and its fashions, the more do I see that all is vanity. How blind, how infatuated is sin-

ful man! What a gaudy show is this world! What thanks we owe to heaven for such a discovery! May our constant prayer ascend: 'Lord, turn off mine eyes from beholding vanity.'

"I trust you are all making rapid progress in the divine life. Amidst temptations and fiery darts, we need the whole armor of God. The armor of men, however curiously wrought, still leaves the warrior vulnerable; but with the whole armor of God we can stand—stand against the adversary and all his wiles. Who then would rest short of the '*whole?*' a part will not answer. The Lord put the *whole armor* upon us, and help us to keep it bright by constant use.

"Soon these conflicts will be over. Who would remain beyond the time appointed of the Father? And none ought to desire to depart, till Jesus comes agreeably to his promise: 'I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.' What will it be to be with Christ above? To be with him on earth makes our heaven below. This also we know, 'that when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.'"

A letter written about this time to some relations in Tolland, Connecticut, shows that Mr. Taylor was skilled in administering consolation to the afflicted, as well as in exciting the saints to that diligence through which the assurance of hope is attained:

"I suppose N. is still under the chastening rod of our heavenly Father. But methinks you say, Does this visitation deserve the name of 'rod?' I doubt not; ac-

coruing to your testimony, you have found a rich remuneration for all your privations. And we may set it down as a maxim established beyond question, that God will take nothing from his children without bestowing something better, either in kind or in amount.

"The good and afflicted Jeremiah said, 'It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth.' Lam. 3: 27. And we are not to suppose that it is not good also for those of riper years. It has been the testimony of the saints, in every age, that 'affliction works for good to them that love God.'

"But how is it good to bear the yoke, or to experience affliction? The context tells us, 'he sitteth alone.'

"The afflicted one is blessed with retirement, free from the bustle and din of the world; has an opportunity for reflection, self-examination, and self-dedication to God, which the season calls for, and calls loudly. Not that this cannot and ought not to be done at other times, and by all; but when the hand of God is upon us, we feel more than ever the importance of a complete surrender. Is not this good?

"'He putteth his mouth in the dust.' To bear the yoke tends to produce humility and submission. It shows one's frailty and entire dependence. Were we always in prosperity, we should not partake of *all* the legacy which Christ hath left to his disciples. By becoming acquainted with our weakness, we are induced with more humble reliance to depend on Him who is the strength of our heart and our portion for ever. And would we not share in all the ingredients of the cup which our heavenly Father hath prescribed for us? Certainly; for though not joyous for the present, but grievous, yet afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits

of righteousness. And let one have peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost, the world may rage, and the pains of death may get hold on him, but still he is in peace, and can triumph. Here is a secret in religion that the world cannot know, for it seeth not, nor comprehendeth it. But, glory to God, to us it is no mystery. And we expect to triumph in a dying hour.

"'He giveth his cheek to him that smiteth him.' Afflictions tend to produce patience. How much of this grace we need!

"'He is filled with reproach.' Sanctified afflictions draw forth acknowledgments of the justness of God; and the soul thus visited, condemns itself, and gives praise to God. They greatly quicken to duty. Earth fades more and more. The grave is viewed with composure. Prayer is more ardent. Heaven appears nearer and brighter, and the soul longs to fly away and dwell above.

"If such be the fruits of bearing the yoke, who would not bear it? But we must not solicit it. It is the prerogative of heaven to put it on, to sustain us under it, and to remove it from us.

"May you find more and more, that good fruit is produced by the pruning of the branch. The Husbandman water thee by his Spirit! and may he communicate much of his vivifying influence, that you may flourish as the palm-tree, and as the willow by the water-courses.

"I have not much to say of myself; but I can yet testify of the riches of the grace of God. I am yet a miracle of grace—yet a pilgrim; and glory that I am counted worthy to bear the cross. Heaven's rich munificence is manifested in the choicest of its stores be-

stowed upon the most unworthy. These college walls do not shut out my God; my room hath become, from the first, a glorious Bethel—yes, a little heaven. It is a sacred spot, where my soul hath often drunk of the river of the water of life. 'God is love.' This is my theme below: 'God is love.' Help me to praise him for what he has done for my soul. He hath done great things and marvelous, whereof I am glad, and would rejoice. I wish to live for none else besides my God, and feel an increased determination to spend and be spent for him.

"Twenty-one months have now gone by since He so powerfully blessed me;—rich seasons, and richer still have I enjoyed since, and *richer* still am I expecting below. But heaven! heaven! There is a heaven to come—a holy heaven—an eternal rest—a glorious habitation; and new glories are yet to be revealed.

"Well, we are on our journey; but, alas! some of our dear relatives are yet behind—still without a new heart—yet destitute of vital piety, however excellent and amiable in their moral deportment. But farewell, even to them; an eternal *heart-rending* farewell, even to those we love, if they will not regard the voice of God. We cannot give up our hope for their joys, nor join hands with the wicked. May they be saved—may they be saved, and with us gathered into the fold of Christ."

On the 31st January, Mr. Taylor wrote the following note to his friend Miss W——, of New-York:

"Of you I have not heard a word for more than a month, and peradventure I may be addressing the

dead. In every paper I receive, I generally look first for those solemn mementos of man's mortality. Ah, we don't see the half of the ravages that death is making in our world. Hundreds upon hundreds crowd the dark valley from day to day—millions upon millions, in quick succession, have gone into the eternal world. But my friend may yet be on this side Jordan, yet suffering and doing the will of her heavenly Father. Well—he knows what is best. It is he that commences, continues, and ends the mortal existence of his creatures: and would we be at the disposal of any other? No. In his will would we acquiesce, concerning life, health, and all our enjoyments. To rest here is to rest safely; and if we acknowledge the Lord in all our ways, he will direct our steps. Your cup for years has been one of suffering, but mingled with many a precious sweet. You can tell the world that you suffer, and they will believe you; again, you may tell them that the love of God helps you to forget, or to triumph over your pains, and they will only stare. But, however they may wonder, still it is true, so true that you may bless the Lord for the pains you endure.

"May you find more and more that the good Shepherd feeds you as one of his sheep. May he keep you in joyful anticipation of entering the fold above. 'Where I am, there shall ye be also.' 'Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' We know in whom we have believed, and that he hath set up in our hearts that kingdom which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. O may it be set up with more power.

"The good hand of our God is upon me. My room

is still made a Bethel. It is religion that shines more and more to the perfect day."

Of the same date is a letter to his parents, in which he shows (and this seems to have been the constant state of his heart) how dead he was to the world, and how he lived on the very confines of heaven.

"I am still a pilgrim, and the good hand of God is upon me. 'His loving-kindness, O how strong!' I glory that I am a *pilgrim*."

How truly he acknowledged God in all his ways, deserves to be noticed and imitated. Nothing seems to have occurred, in which he did not distinctly recognize the hand of his heavenly Father. In his diary he records,

"Among other mercies, I unexpectedly hailed my dear brother J——, who called upon me this evening on his way to New-York, from the south. My session bills are all settled. The Lord has made provision for me without one exertion of my own. Is not this providential? O he taketh care of the sparrows; and he has satisfed me with every good thing."

"Feb. 8.—Returned this morning from visiting Lawrenceville, and it was grateful once more, after an absence of only thirty hours, to return to my room again. Change of place is not favorable to growth in grace. Visiting and journeying, to me, unless immediately engaged in the service of God, are not so advantageous as sweet retirement. But I have been taught lessons whereby I hope to profit while the

world and its joys become tasteless to my soul; I hunger for the heavenly manna.

"My friend L. P. conveyed me from Lawrenceville to Princeton in his gig. Precious soul, I fear for him! However moral, amiable, and upright in his outward deportment, his heart, I fear, is yet unreconciled to God. Nay, I have no doubt of it; for if he loved God, would he not love to talk of the power of his love? If he loved Jesus, would he not tell of *his* love? But no; when the subject comes *home* he seems to be a stranger to grace. And shall I cease to pray for him? No—let my supplications be increased in his behalf. Shall I not see an answer to my strong cries and tears which have already been poured out for him? O that salvation might come to his house!

"At evening devotion had a delightful season. My Father smiled—Jesus drew near—the Comforter descended—and I could praise the Lord and give glory to my God—and at church too, rich food—that bread which cometh down from heaven, was communicated, and my soul *feasted*.'

'Love divine, all love excelling.'

"O the sweet peace of my happy soul; 'Tell me no more of earthly toys;' Christ is my theme, and Christ my song. None but Jesus and him crucified!

"Feb. 18.—This morning, just before I arose, had a view in my sleep, which has left a solemn impression on my mind: I seemed to be in a store, in company with a few persons, when suddenly a sound came as the voice of thunder, and light spread all around, and a rider upon a frightened horse passed the window—alarm seized all around me, and one in

particular. The scene was again repeated in quick succession; and, looking up, I saw an appearance like the sun descending majestically, but with mighty force, and dashed it upon the earth. Immediately after, there appeared, in various directions, large balls, as of melted iron, which were driven about with the velocity of lightning. I awoke, but unalarmed, as in the midst of the shock, looking unto the Lord.

"The reflection that arose was, how easily could almighty God dissolve this earth, and summon the world to judgment. And as easily can he dash his foes to pieces. O the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are 'therein, shall be burned up.'

"Feb. 20.—Although weary with my labor, before retiring I would record the rich display of the love of my covenant God. Went into the prayer-hall this evening with my mind troubled, principally from the necessity of so constant attention to my studies, and that I had no more time for reading the Scriptures, meditation, and prayer. My heavenly Father witnessed the movings and the sincerity of my heart, and graciously smiled upon me. My Jesus sympathized with me—my Comforter drew near; and O what a blessing was poured into my soul!

"Feb. 24.—Received two letters this morning from the east, bringing 'glad tidings of great joy.' Revivals of religion are multiplying, and souls are flocking to the cross. At evening devotion, had a 'gracious rain.' O what intimate communion with the Father! The

Beloved, is *my* beloved. And who is rich, and I am not rich? 'Praise the Lord, O my soul!'

"Had a refreshing letter from sister M. corroborating former intelligence of the revival, with the mention of its commencement in Old Haddam; also, that another *relative* testifies to the pardoning love of God. Now all, save one, of my mother's brothers and sisters profess religion, and I trust live near to God."

To a letter of Rev. Mr. H——, indicating his affectionate regard, and testifying to the blessing of God on Mr. Taylor's labors among his people during a late visit, he thus replied:

"*February* 27, 1824.

"Rev Father,

"For to me you have exercised an office not unlike that of Paul to Timothy, whom he styles his son: and, Timothy-like, I trust your admonition and wise instructions will greatly tend to lead me in the way of duty. Indeed, I bless the kind Providence that at first directed me to your happy mansion.

"When I recount the goodness of God to me during the past, and survey his loving-kindness, now surrounding me, and look beyond time, I have enough to sink my soul into the depths of gratitude and love. Glory to our God for ever; and let every one say, amen; for his mercy endureth for ever.

"Sometimes the question arises, 'What doest thou here?' But as often I have found that I could not remove, for I could not see that it was the will of the Lord. But what exercises my mind the most, respecting my course, is the *right* distribution of time, *i. e.* how much to devote to each duty or study. Will you oblige me with your thoughts on this subject? Had

a student, had *I* better attend to my college studies in preference to a longer attention to my Bible? Would I not be *safe* in omitting, during my course, any and all kinds of reading and study, except the Bible, and what is required in college? Would I not thereby be the better prepared for usefulness? And would not one, by an intimate knowledge of the Scriptures, with love to God, be better prepared for heaven, if taken away in the midst of his preparation for the pulpit? I find that the Bible is more and more precious; and my regret is, that I have so little time to read and study it! I regret too my ignorance of a nameless variety of subjects, which, rising to my view, stamp *vacuum* upon my mind—but I want your reply.

"O what a mercy that one need not be a Newton or a Locke to get to heaven. And where does piety display itself with more brilliancy than in the humble poor? O for more of that wisdom that cometh from above! Lord, what I know not teach thou me.

"Were it not for the arm of the Lord, where could a poor creature rest? Where a minister? Where a candidate for the ministry? The Lord hide us in his pavillion—shelter us under his wing, till all the storms of life be overpast. O how serene! My soul this moment anticipates the sweet repose: yes, I feel that the kingdom of God is set up in my heart, and that the King is on his throne. Help me to praise the Lord! Are you not all captivated with our beloved? He is the chiefest among ten thousand.

"To preach Jesus Christ and him crucified! For *this* would I live, and in this alone would I die. I have no higher object; I can have no higher. Do you respond, Lord, endow him with heavenly gifts—anoint

him with the *holy oil*—make him an Israelite indeed; arm him with the Spirit's power, and own him as one of thy favored servants! but, ere the anticipated hour, my prospect may be changed, and I obey the summons, 'Come up higher.' Happy thought! There I expect to meet you—your companion—your children—how then will we tell? O the fire burns in my soul, and causes the ready tear to flow—will tell. But with these thoughts I will bid you, as I was wont, good night, and bear us all before the throne of grace, sweetly anticipating the time when I shall once more greet you with my right hand and affectionate heart. Adieu, JAMES B. TAYLOR.

"Again I resume my pen to thank you for your last communication. I hope this will find you all feasting on love divine. My soul was blessed while writing the above. I have, as usual, given you my thoughts as they flowed, for I have not time *to think*. May they be a blessing to your domestic circle, and excite your more earnest prayers in my behalf. I often think of the scene on board the sloop.

'How happy are they
'Who their Savior obey.'

"The Lord was with us. I remember too the case of Mrs. J——, and as I call it to mind now, my thoughts go forward to the bar of God. I ask, Where shall I see that friend stand at the judgment-day? Shall I be a witness against her? May she repent, and make Jesus her friend. With what pleasure did I read your testimony of the steadfastness of those two lambs of the flock! The Lord hold them still in his arms. May they *cling* to the only refuge of sinners.

But how alarming, my dear friend, is the situation of your dear congregation. Although not retrogressive, why do we not see those who profess religion with rapid pace march up the heavenly hill? Alas for the ungodly and impenitent in the midst of you! Is there not a cloud of wrath impending? Ah, soon many unconverted souls may hear their doom—DEPART.

"To Mrs. H. and Miss A. and S. give an affectionate remembrance. J. B. T."

"*Nassau-Hall, Feb.* 29, 1824.

"To the dear family I love,

"Whence comes it that I have had no letter from any of you thus far this session? It is true I am not worthy of your remembrance, yet your affectionate regard, I think, ought to have prompted the seeming inertness of my sisters during the frozen season. O, you know not of how much you may have deprived me, by not telling me of your affairs. But I have been happy; yes, and although you have been silent, my voice has ascended on high for you all. And while I have breath, I cannot cease to pray for, and while I have being, to love you.

"The Lord still remembers me within these walls. My health is as usual. The prospect of seeing you in April gives me pleasure: but I make no *definite* calculation. I know not what is for me and for my friends—I feel that I am not my own. Be not then disappointed; whatever change takes place, sudden or looked for, it will be for our good.

"With increased affection,

"J. B. TAYLOR."

In the continuation of his journal we trace that

spirituality and devotedness of heart by which he was so habitually characterized.

"March 7.—This has been a high day with my soul. The banner of Jesus over me has been love. He has breathed on me, and given me a refreshing from the Holy Ghost. O, I love his visits! How animating his presence! It is my heaven below. Lord, enlarge the vessel, and give me more. I am a temple of the Holy Ghost, with a sweet prospect of heaven.

"14th.—Yesterday went to seek a retreat in the woods—a place whither I might resort to hold converse with God. I found such a place, and if permitted to resort thither, at morning, noon, or eventide, may I find the good Shepherd, as I was wont to find him under the well-remembered tree at L.

"Before God, and in the presence of angels, in secret, and in the great congregation, have I been sweetly visited this Sabbath day.

'Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, I love.'

"Finished reading the Revelation to-day, which I have done in course, and with a commentary. Much light has been scattered in my path, and love has flowed into my soul, through the word. My heart has experienced the truth of God—I have felt its power—not as an uncertain sound, but as the voice of the Almighty. 'Thy law is my delight. How love I thy testimonies.'

"18th.—'The way of transgressors is hard,' not only with the unconverted, but with those who are born again. So have I found it. Yielding to temptation has brought leanness into my soul. The Lord, as my covenant Father, exercised the *discipline* of the

covenant, and so visited my sins with stripes. 'Alas for me!' cried my dejected spirit—bowed down as a bulrush I went, seeking rest but finding none, from morning till night. At evening devotion my heart broke with contrition and hatred of sin.—Repented and made a *full surrender* to God, and felt the blessedness of sins forgiven, and the restoration of life divine.

"20th.—Felt an *indwelling* God to-night.

"28th.—Yesterday morning arose with a heavy load. 'If we sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who is the propitiation for our sins.' Upon this word my faith fastened. Also upon this, 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' But the whole day was spent without the sensible presence of God. I sought him whom my soul loveth, but found him not. At night too, upon my knees—reading my Bible—in meditation—visiting the sick and the people of God; but all in vain—the glory had departed, and darkness covered my soul. Thus it was after my return to my Bethel. Being about to retire, I knew not but I must lie down under the frown of God, which I most justly experienced; but I resolved upon one more effort, and went out of college with groans which could not be uttered. O the pressure that sunk me down! I refused to be comforted till my Beloved should visit me 'with the kisses of his mouth.' I made my way to a retired spot in agony of soul. There I seated myself, and attempted to sing,

'Mercy, O thou Son of David!'

"My mouth was stopped. I felt guilty before a holy

God: prostrate before him, with uplifted eyes, methought,

'Cold mountains and the midnight air
'Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer.'

"It touched my heart, and faith's view of Jesus broke the chain: the burden glided off, and I returned giving glory to God.

'The desert thy temptations knew,
'Thy conflict, and thy victory too.'

"I laid me down and slept sweetly, as in the embraces of my Beloved, and arose this morning with a thankful remembrance of God's mercy.

"I praise the Lord for his discipline of the covenant, as promised in the 89th Psalm, 30th verse; and that as the good Shepherd, he has restored a wandering sheep.

"Lord's day, April 4.—Yesterday morning had a rich blessing from above. My mind has been turned towards the King of Zion for direction relative to my anticipated vacation. Heretofore I have made too many calculations of my own, which in many instances have been frustrated. Upon the Lord have I been able to lean while pleading with him for guidance in the way I should go, and that he would attend me as I go out and come in. I have no plan, nor perhaps do I need one; for the assurance seemed to come to me, 'What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.' But a larger blessing was communicated to me during this evening's devotion. I called to mind, with a grateful recollection, the refreshings the Lord had vouchsafed to me in my little Bethel here, some of which I have recorded for future review, should I have occasion. The coming vacation again rested on my

mind, with a desire to know the will of the Lord, and again I was unburdened with, 'What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter:' so I trust the Lord will make all plain before me, and lead me in a way in which he will be glorified and my soul greatly benefited. The thought that I might possibly never return, led me to contemplate my heavenly home. I knew not but the Master would call for me soon. I 'groaned, being burdened; not that I would be unclothed, but clothed upon with my house which is from heaven.' For a moment Jesus seemed to hide his face. But this made way for a brighter vision of the Father through the Son; and such a season of communion with my heavenly Father, with so much of the spirit of adoption, I think I never before experienced. With what melting of soul did I say, Abba, Father! and the manifestation of the Son was with joy. I praise the Lord, the power of God was upon me. Afterwards I had an agonizing spirit of prayer for my friend L. P. such as I had not felt for some time; I knew not indeed but I had lost it for ever. I am more encouraged for him. My only request is, that he may be converted. Lord, send salvation to his soul.

"This visitation was indeed a crowning blessing; and I shall doubtless remember this 4th of April as an uncommon season before the Lord.

"Enjoyed a delightful season with a colored brother this night. Happy soul! I have found him a kindred spirit. We are all one in Christ Jesus. Although he cannot read, he can tell of wonders that God hath wrought for him.

"April 8.—Left Princeton for New-York. For a day or two previous my mind was in darkness, and I

went mourning my heaviness. I inquired of the Lord if I should go *thus* on my way to my father's house? and laid my cause before the throne. The time soon arrived for the dismissal of my class, at which time the standing of each student was made known. Having found my standing to be No. 1, I repaired to my room, and once more looked to the Lord for *his distinguishing love*, with the strong feeling that *earthly* distinction cannot satisfy my heart's desire. Here, while I remembered the goodness of God during the past winter, in blessing me in soul and body, growth in grace, and success in my studies, the Sun of righteousness seemed to break through the cloud; but I was interrupted by the approach of a friend. Recollecting the standing which had been given me by the faculty, I said to myself, What are *honors?* What is *earthly applause?* Ah, these are not my God. I saw their emptiness, and not only desired, but longed for his presence in whom my soul takes delight. The Lord bowed the heavens, and while I wrote vanity upon all things beside *his love*, he let drop sweetness into my soul, and I was blessed with a blessing that 'maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow.' 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.'

"Having repaired to my room for prayer, for the last time before my departure, I met my God, who put upon me anew the *armor* in which I stood fast. Thence I went to take leave of brother L. where the Lord again manifested himself to me in *power*. Before, and at the throne of grace with him, I was happy and exulted in Jehovah, who is my strength and my salvation. The season was a good one to brother L. too. May the Lord abundantly bless him.

"After parting with him, with many tears, I set out for New-Brunswick, whither, with the exception of two miles, I journeyed on foot. By this means I was able to save one dollar and twenty-five cents to aid a poor widow. How sweet is self-denial when practiced for growth in grace, or to relieve the distressed! The Lord gave me a liberal heart; I trust it has been enlarged of late.

"Spent a night with my very dear friend Mr. D. and family, into whose mansion I was received with great cordiality. The Lord bless that household, and make it a household of faith and holiness.

"Arrived in New-York on the 10th, and designed to leave for Middle Haddam in the afternoon, but was detained by adverse winds to receive a propitious gale from beyond the skies. At brother J——'s, with my father and his seven sons, together with the beloved companions of brothers K. and J., the good Shepherd met us. We found it good to converse and pray together. Yes, we had a *blessing indeed.* My soul, in recounting the favors of the past session, melted before the Lord in gratitude and praise. I testified to them all concerning the loving-kindness of our God. They too were melted, and it was a precious season.

'Tell me no more of earthly joys.'

"Arrived at Middle Haddam on the 14th, and was once more received into the bosom of our dear household. Thanks to the Lord for his goodness. While on my voyage I had but little opportunity for retirement. Before, and upon my arrival, I had a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and the Lord filled

me. I retired and held sweet communion with heaven. Soon the family was together, and we enjoyed a season of prayer. God was with us and blessed us abundantly. The Beloved spread his banner over us, and our souls were filled with love. Happy meeting! How much happier when we meet above!

"23d —This evening had a most fervent spirit of devotion at family worship. The Lord richly blessed us with his love. *God is love.* With what tenderness and simplicity the child of God calls upon him, when the spirit of prayer is poured out. I have found every season of family worship precious, but this was exceedingly precious. Wrote cousin M. A.—The Lord speed her on her journey to the skies."

This letter, with some slight omissions, here follows:

"*Middle Haddam, April* 23, 1824.

"Be assured it would give me heart-felt satisfaction to tender you my right hand, and again enjoy that christian communion in which we have so often delighted.

"My dear cousin, what shall I say? With you, I presume, it has been joy and rejoicing all the day long. How delightfully, then, has time passed away! How sweet have you found it to retire from the world and hold intercourse with heaven! And have you not had nearness of access in pleading for me? O how it would afflict the soul of my cousin, should I tell her that coldness and deadness have prevailed over me since I saw her! Would you not exclaim, 'O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears,

that I might weep day and night for him!' But give praise to Him that sitteth upon the throne, I have spent the happiest winter of my life; yes, my soul has been in health and prospered. And methinks you will say, 'Bless the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever.'

"Happy, happy seasons have I experienced since last I gave you the parting hand. For the most part I have had the kingdom of heaven sensibly set up in my soul. Sometimes peace hath ruled my heart, sometimes the overpowering love of God. The King has been and is now on the throne. I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life that I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.

"You will recollect the seasons we enjoyed when last together—seasons of prayer and praise. But, to me, none is more memorable than that enjoyed nearly two years ago at Mr. B.'s. Happy time! glorious era! for the Lord then and there accomplished for a poor sinner the good pleasure of his will. What a blessing it was! not like the morning cloud and the early dew, but permanent as his love.

"To enumerate the renewals of his presence I have had since, would be impossible. Suffice it to say, his banner over me has been love. Into the love of God, as an ocean, have I sunk. Gospel measure has been bestowed, and I have been richly fed from the Master's table.

"Does not my testimony encourage you to continue your supplication? I long to have the windows of heaven opened, and abundant blessings poured down

from on high. Let us then send up our prayers that brighter, and still brighter manifestations may be made to us, that as the shining light we may shine more and more to the perfect day.

"Those among us who stand fast, seem to progress in their way. But, alas, how many there are who say, Lord, Lord, but do not his commandments! These things ought not so to be. Let us take warning and hold fast whereunto we have attained, that no one take *our* crown.

"Seeing that the time is at hand, should we not be faithful? Our season for laying up treasure in heaven will soon be over; our opportunities to warn the impenitent all be past, and prayer be turned into praise, hope into fruition, and time will be no longer. Blessed is that servant, who, at the coming of the Lord, shall be found faithful. He will receive all such unto himself, that where he is, there they may be also. Does not your soul long for the blessed abode? 'To be with Christ is best.' I expect to see you in heaven there. The Lord has given me an earnest of the inheritance—a foretaste of glory. On earth we draw near to God. In heaven we shall see Jesus as he is. Angels and saints will be our companions. Then shall we sing 'loud hallelujahs to the Lamb for ever and ever.'"

The reader will observe that James B. Taylor was now passing his college vacation among his friends; but instead of wasting his precious time in seeking pleasure or in listless inactivity, as is the case with too many young men in such circumstances, the season appears, from his letters and journal, to have been

one of constant and faithful labor. By day and night, 'publicly, and from house to house,' and at various places—in Middle Haddam, Colchester, Bozrah, &c. did he exercise himself in exhorting, and praying, and conversing, and singing the songs of Zion; endeavoring, by all the means he could employ, to diffuse his own spirit among professors of religion; directing inquiring souls to the Lamb of God; rejoicing with young converts, and warning the careless and impenitent of their danger. And there is reason to believe that very many souls will bless God to all eternity for this college vacation of Mr. Taylor, which gave the time and opportunity for his labors among them. Even on his way back to Princeton, being driven by stress of weather to make a harbor at Sachem's Head, he went ashore and continued his faithful labors.

"Here, says he, I found work to do—visited from *house to house,* and in the evening held a meeting. Thank the Lord for another opportunity of sowing the good seed. May it be nurtured by the Holy Spirit."

"May 14.—Arrived at New-York, and spoke in a meeting at night with apparent effect. After I had retired, for some time sleep fled from me, while the condition of this city pressed upon my mind. Thought I, what stays the thunderbolts of Jehovah's wrath from this people? O that salvation might visit them! I endeavored to be faithful in bearing testimony to the truth; and I found that where the word of a King is, there is power.

"20.—Last evening reached Princeton, and rejoice that the Lord has led me in paths that I little

thought of, when I had the assurance, 'What thou knowest not *now*, thou shalt know *hereafter*.' He is well led whom the Lord leadeth. Henceforward let me lean upon his arm and be guided by his Spirit.

"21.—At evening devotion sought him whom my soul loveth, and found him the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. After reading the *word*, walked out to my *retreat*, away from the world, to hold intercourse with heaven. The intercourse was open and free—the communion sweet—while I sunk into nothing before the Lord, and melted into love and tenderness at the view of his abundant goodness. Praise the Lord, O my soul. May I ever find this place a Bethel. Walked to see T., and found him *alive*. With him held communion. He seems, and I felt him to be, a *man of God;* and though a colored man, beloved of God, and by me. 'Every one that loveth him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him.' 1 John, 5 : 1. I expect to talk to the colored people at his house on Sunday evening next. May good be done.

"Two weeks ago this night I was blessed of God with a *powerful* visitation of grace and love in the closet, at Mr. C.'s, in Colchester; after which we had an interesting meeting for old professors, young converts, and anxious souls. They are now doubtless assembled, and enjoying God's blessing. I love them in our dear Lord. And do they not pray for my prosperity? Lord, hear prayer in my behalf. *Salvation! The Lord will provide!*

"How good is the Lord! How shall I praise him! Eternity is not too long to utter all his praise. My wants are supplied, and I have a surplus. For soul and body provision is made. And now to God, whose I

am, I would commit my way—acknowledge him in all my paths, and pray that he would direct my steps.

"31.—Had at evening devotion an overflow of God's love, after an absence of the Comforter, grieved away by my rebellion. But upon my humble submission, with deep repentance, my Savior returned to my soul. Alas! why should I ever leave him? But bless the Lord for the discipline of his covenant, and for the manifestations of his favor and love. Wrote to my friend E."

"*Nassau-Hall, May* 31, 1824.

"Very dear E——,

"Having passed the day in my ordinary pursuits, and been abundantly refreshed at evening devotion, I feel constrained to bless the Lord and take courage; yes, I rejoice that another day has been numbered—another of the days of my pilgrimage below; for the sweet prospect of heaven has gathered brightness, while my soul has melted with the love of God, let down in streams from the overflowing fountain. O my dear E., who is rich, and the Christian not rich? Who is happy, and the Christian not happy? Let the world have the pleasures of the world; but our souls cry out for God, for the living God, in whose presence *below* is joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"I can tell you how my mind was led this evening, and it may prove a blessing to you. I read the 2d chapter of Isaiah. The promise of prosperity to Zion, the mountain of the Lord's house, cheered my heart; I could believe that all nations shall flow unto it, and I anticipate the glorious day, though not on earth, to witness it, yet in heaven to rejoice with the church

triumphant. My soul cried out, *Let the Lord alone be exalted!* But the last verse, which speaks of 'man whose breath is in his nostrils,' came with a richer blessing. Thought I, soon my pilgrimage will end. Perchance these hands will *soon*, with all this frame, lie motionless in the grave. The thought was sweet, for my spirit laid fast hold on 'the resurrection and the life.' In his name I could look up to God, and cry Abba, Father. My Father smiled—Jesus looked upon me—the Spirit comforted me—my heart exulted: O bless his name for ever! Such a view of Jesus and his cross—his sufferings and death—his resurrection and ascension—and his reigning power, I have seldom experienced:

'The hill of Zion yields
'A thousand sacred sweets.'

"My friend, let us beware: we are surrounded by the world. Having been brought unto liberty, let us not be entangled with the yoke of bondage. Let us give all our time to the Lord, by being *diligent in business and fervent in spirit;* and may what we have to do *be well done.*

"From the world we do not expect *our* joys. They flow from another source—a pure fountain. Let the world share but little of our mind—but little! nay, we must not love the world at all. 'Love not the world.' I believe you do not love the world—you delight in things heavenly. May you watch, and keep your garments unspotted from the world; and hold fast whereunto thou hast attained, and show out of a godly conversation that your citizenship and treasure are above. Then, whether your days be few or many, all will be

well: God will be glorified, and your soul happy for ever."

A letter, dated Nassau-Hall, June 3, 1824, to Mr. and Mrs. L. and family, mentions some of the revivals of religion, in which our young friend took much delight, and labored with great success.

* * * * "Little did I think that an absence from college of six weeks would take place, without the pleasure of associating, for a short time at least, with those friends I so much esteem at M——: but so it has been. The six weeks have gone by, and you have fared, in this respect, as other circles of friends elsewhere. If you should ask me why, I have to answer that Providence detained me.

"When I left Princeton, and knew not whither the Lord would lead me, to him I committed every thing, with the assurance that what I knew not then I should know afterwards. And be assured I was led in a way I had little thought of—a way which has been at the same time both pleasant and profitable. Imagine me going from house to house, and in public, warning the impenitent to flee from the wrath to come: sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, bearing testimony to the truth—seeing Christians alive in the cause of God, converts exulting, and sinners weeping.

"I was located some time in Colchester, where, within six months, upwards of *four hundred* were hopefully born again. Were I with you, I could tell you of happy times in which the Lord blessed my soul abundantly—I could tell you of seasons when the people of God appeared to be refreshed from his presence.

The Lord is still doing wonders in Connecticut: not only by scores, but by hundreds, are sinners flocking to Christ. In Wellington they number upwards of *one hundred;* East Haddam, *two hundred and fifty;* Old Haddam, *seventy*. North Lyme and Gilead were witnessing the commencement of a gracious work; and yesterday I heard of another place—Meriden, twenty miles from Old Haddam, where the work had begun. In Hartford county, about a year since, there were about *three hundred* souls gathered in. But why speak of places at a distance? How is it at home, and in your own hearts? Are you not encouraged? We should indeed bless the Lord and take courage. 'O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!'

"Since my return, the good Shepherd has fed me in green pastures, and led me beside the still waters."

How the ever-active benevolence and zeal of Mr. Taylor were continually manifesting themselves, may be seen in every thing he wrote: but perhaps in nothing more strikingly than in the following letter:

"*Nassau-Hall, June* 6, 1824.

"Affectionate and endeared Parents,

"Your son is yet alive, and still the happy recipient of grace and love divine. You have doubtless had an account of our voyage to N. Y. which was rather long; but perhaps the Lord meant it for good. In due time I arrived at Princeton, and found new cause for gratitude and praise to our heavenly benefactor.

"Often have I recurred to the state of our family, and the families of Middle Haddam, since I left you,

And I have inquired with myself of their condition—how are they? You recollect the pleasing prospect among professors when I bade you farewell. I was much encouraged; and still entertain the pleasing hope that new fire has been enkindled; and that what we then enjoyed was only the harbinger of good things to that people. As the Sabbath morning returns, I think of my father's house, and imagine an assembly of the neighbors all uniting in songs of praise, and in earnest supplication for God's rich blessing. When Friday evening arrives, I thing of the appointed meeting for the people of God. And how cheering the thought that you have met with Jesus in your social assemblies, in your closets, and in the great congregation.

"I trust I have not been imagining a vain thing. May you go on then. Tell those who love our Lord, that I bid them *God speed.* And as the time to do much for God has come, they have need to put forth their united effort for the accomplishment of the *greatest good.* There is yet remaining *very much land to be possessed.* And will they not go up and possess *all the land?* Alas! how many among you know not God! How many prayerless families! How many in which no one soul professes hope! And can one professor of religion stand still and see souls perishing without an effort to save them? Can one lover of Jesus refrain night or day from praying and mourning in secret over such desolations? Shall one be found idle when so much is to be done? Shall one be sleeping at his post when the enemy stands thick around? Shall all heaven be engaged to rescue sinners from going down to the pit, and shall the disciples of him

who died and now reigns—shall the disciples of Jesus let sinners sink to hell? It must not be. I hope better things of my brethren. Their exertions, I trust, will not only continue, but increase; and increasing, they will gather strength. O, be not weary in well-doing, and be determined to die in the cause—die, doing the will of our Father in heaven! Amidst other thoughts, I have often reflected on the condition of my relations and friends. How delightful to remember that I have a father and mother, parents most dear, that love the Lord!

"While on my mother's side many have been brought to experience the same love, the thought has occurred, how few on my father's side! Not only to you, but to me also, this is a painful subject. During last winter my mind was much interested in their behalf, which drew forth many earnest supplications. Is it not truly affecting? I have tried to put myself in the place of my father, and to inquire, what if my brothers and sisters were without hope, and destitute of vital godliness? But, while *your* offspring have submitted to Christ, you have to mourn over the offspring of your departed father, our beloved grand-parent. And do not your eyes run down with tears? Does not your heart oftentimes break within you, when you remember that those brothers and sisters are out of Christ? But what can be done for them? From me they are all far away. From you, with one exception, they are all at a distance. But still *something* can be done. *One thing* we can do. Let me suggest that our *united* supplications ascend to God, in good earnest, for the salvation of their souls. Hitherto I have not prayed for them as I ought to have done: and I won-

der that it has been thus with me. Shall we then, all of us, our whole family, awake and *plead for them?* Who will say nay? Not one. Why may not salvation visit them and their houses? Shall we on each Monday, then, remember them *particularly?* and in our devotions continually? I need not wait your reply; the suggestion is enough to interest your feelings; and I hope a spirit of prayer will be poured out upon us, so that we shall wrestle and prevail. What *we* do, must be done quickly."

To his friend Mr. D. he wrote, on the 12th of June, a long letter, from which we copy the following passage, as meriting the practical regard of all, and especially those followers of Jesus Christ, to whose stewardship he has committed much of the wealth of this world.

"We look around and find that *very much* yet remains to be done for the conversion of sinners to God. And this should occupy us *continually*. How shall it be accomplished? At once we perceive that a *faithful* ministry is the great means of bringing sinners to Christ. Should this be an educated ministry? We know that an ignorant ministry is not sanctioned by the word of God. To be able to teach, one must be taught; and to such as are able to teach, this ministry must be committed. But how shall they be taught? Do not our theological seminaries afford the best means for training men for this work? But how are those to be supported who would thus prepare to serve God in the Gospel of his dear Son? Here then is the point: if it be right to educate men for the holy office;

if many are 'called of God, as was Aaron,' to prepare for this office, and are unable to defray the expenses attendant upon such a course, what must be done? It is true, 'the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;' *but of all which is his own, he places much in the hands of men, to afford them an opportunity of showing their benevolence to the world.* It requires about $150 to support a young man at one of our seminaries. $2,500, at six per cent. would produce this amount.

"The time is coming when we shall be no more. But if, through our instrumentality, an object of this kind be accomplished before we go hence, when we are beyond the reach of doing good below, a scholarship will be the means of qualifying men for the vineyard of the Lord; and, while we sleep in the dust, heralds of the cross * * shall go through the land—sound the Gospel trump—give the alarm to thousands, and be the means, doubtless, of winning multitudes to Christ. O what a field here for exertion on our part! And if ever to commence, shall we not begin *now?* In this way, one may more effectually preach the Gospel than he could were he to live a *thousand years. And let him know, that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.* How many to be converted! How few to turn them from the error of their ways! Shall we stand idle? While the Master waiteth let us up and serve him."

To Miss W——.

"*Princeton, June* 20, 1824.

"Your friend is yet in the land of the living, to praise the Lord. Indeed, who should praise the Lord, and I not praise him? Who should love him, and I not love him? I who was once among the rebellious, as a sheep going astray, but who have been turned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.

"Since I bade you farewell and left your happy mansion, the good Shepherd has watched over me, and fed me richly. From time to time my soul has been refreshed by the Holy Ghost; and I have felt, and felt powerfully, an *indwelling* God. This day at evening I had an unction from the *Holy One.* The communion with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, was sweet. And how sweet the savor that remains. The peace of God rules in my heart. Like a river it flows through the soul *from* God *to* God again. A mystery this to the ungodly, but known well to you and to all who love God; yes, to *all* who *love* God. People may talk about loving God, having his Spirit, and yet not feeling it. But to me there seems an inconsistency here; for methinks that those who love God, will have his Spirit as a *refiner's fire* and as a *purifier of silver* moving upon their souls. And where the Spirit moves, it *fires*—kindles up the graces of the Spirit—inflames the affections, and produces the *tried gold* of holy love, peace, and joy. As the soul sinks into the love of God, it sinks into humility, which is accompanied with unceasing prayer and thanksgiving. This is what I have experienced—God's *precious*

*gift*, and bestowed in gracious answer to my prayers. Not unto me, but to God be all the glory for ever. What a consolation that there are those who can testify the same things, having enjoyed the same or greater manifestations of the love of God to their once *sin-bound* souls, but who are now brought into the liberty of the children of God. O that there were an *host*.

"But, my dear friend, professors of religion, for the most part, love the world too much. Having so much of the love of the world in their hearts, they have not room for the love of God. Rather than be adorned with 'a meek and quiet spirit,' they prefer the ornaments conformable with fashion. Rather than walk humbly and near the Savior, they choose to walk in a *vain show* with a *proud heart*. Rather than be in their *closets mourning over their awful departure from God*, and the desolations of Zion, they content themselves with a cold, heartless recital of their deadness, which becomes so stale a story that I am often discouraged, and in their behalf fear that their condition will never be bettered. Is it not so? I am considerably in the world—you much more. I witness much upon which I write, *vanity*, while I listen to the vain and worldly conversation of professors of religion. I say, when I hear the expressions of their admiration of the fashions and splendors of the world, how can I refrain from exclaiming, '*How dwelleth the love of God in them!*' They talk of the things that give them pleasure, but say *nothing* of the work of grace in their souls. What think you of such? Have they a *name* to live? And are they alive? Themselves being judges, they must say, No. What saith the

Scriptures? 'Wo to them that are at ease in Zion.' 'Love not the world, nor the things of the world.' To the soul that is elevated to God, there are nobler pursuits than these phantoms; higher contemplations than earth's productions. Does not your heart find it so?

"But of the young ladies. Have they continued, and do they still continue, unreconciled to God? Miss W. what will the end of these things be? I doubt not they share your affectionate expostulations and prayers. It is true they are in the morning of life, and, conscious of this, it may be often suggested that when years shall have rolled away they will make their peace with God. I doubt not that many now in hell had the same suggestion, and yielding to it, in some *unexpected* hour their lives were taken away. Let us contemplate one of your young ladies deferring this important work for years; say till she come to the verge of life. Then she is taken ill. She had enjoyed the pleasures of the world; but now, sick, and with the prospect of soon exchanging time for eternity, how pallid that once blooming countenance! how emaciated that once healthy, beauteous form! And now we hear uttered in thrilling agony, 'I have bartered away a life of piety for a life of unsatisfying pleasures! Instead of the smiles of God as my heavenly Father, I have to bear his frowns. My sin! Ah, my sin is my own folly! Of sin I was often warned, often prayed for, often wept over; but my heart hardened under reproof. Ah, where am I now? Friends weep around, but they cannot help me. Soon this fast decaying frame will sink into the grave. But my soul! *My soul!* My soul is damned for ever.' Is it safe, then, to delay this great concern till then? Is it safe

to delay it *a day*? Will they not resolve to secure their salvation this moment? It is, yes, *it is important.* To open the way of life to man, heaven's darling Son left the glory which he had with the Father; he suffered, groaned, bled, and died for sinners. O that their hearts would melt—would break with humble penitence, and by faith lay hold on this Savior and be saved."

Within the month following we find many interesting records in Mr. Taylor's journal, of his communion with God, and his labors and prayers for the conversion of sinners, and his visits and efforts to comfort the afflicted, to prepare the dying for death, and the living to live to the glory of God.

"June 27.—The morning succeeding found me shorn of my strength; but at evening devotion I sunk at the feet of Jesus, and, Mary-like, bathed them with tears of humble contrition. My soul again exulted in God. This prepared me for the worship of the sanctuary. I carried the King of Zion enthroned in my heart to the temple where he held his court. My soul melted there again. Heard Mr. Summerfield—the secret of whose popularity, I think, lies much in his *holiness of heart.* He has had a deep experience in divine things, and doubtless knows, *from day to day*, what it is to have his lips touched with *hallowed fire.*

"Sabbath, July 11.—Have found this to be of a truth the Lord's day, for the Sabbath's Lord has been near. For a few days past I have had less enjoyment than usual. The cause is obvious: I grieved the Holy Spirit the night after the last powerful blessing, which

was five days ago. What a mercy that my backsliding has been healed! Bless the Lord for the healing balm—for the good Physician.

"As I knelt in my usual place, the thought arose, this may be the last time I shall ever pray. My soul was hungering for the bread of life, and faith seemed almost ready to lay hold on a blessing. My heart soon melted into penitence, and tears ran down my eyes. Had abasing views of myself, and exalted views of God, as he is in himself, and in his relation to fallen man in general, and to his children particularly. My Father smiled, my soul was refreshed, and I could once more rejoice. O the liberty of the children of God! Had a peculiar and before unknown view ot myself as a candidate for the holy ministry. Rather than not have the approbation of Jesus, and the presence of Jesus—rather than not be taught *of him*, let my other qualifications be what they may, I would cease to pursue this object. Wherever I go, let him go with me; for through Christ strengthening me, I can do and bear all things."

To Rev. C. H——.

"*Nassau-Hall, July* 20, 1824.

"James, a servant of Jesus Christ, to his beloved brother Charles, now teaching publicly, and from house to house, testifying to every man repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. May great grace, mercy, and peace from 'God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, be multiplied unto you. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord

Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.'

"My dear brother, I address you from my 'Bethesda.' I say Bethesda, because this little room has so often been a *house of mercy* to me, once lame and halt, weary and heavy laden.

"Hither, shut out from the world, have I resorted; sought, found, and delighted in the Beloved. I might call it *Pisgah's top*, but it is more, because of the manifestations of the Son of God to the most unworthy. A heavenly land has opened to my view. Through *faith's vision* earth has receded, and the soul has risen and entered the holy city—communed with saints and angels—sat down at the feet of Jesus, and sung hallelujahs to the Lamb.

"My brother, I would not intrude upon you, but the love of Christ constraineth me. I love you because you love the Savior and his cause. I love you, and therefore write; and I hope that, for Christ's sake, this epistle may come to you with a blessing.

"I might tell you of the gracious visitations of God's love to me, from time to time; how happy in communion with my Savior—how resigned to his will—of the sweet prospects of heaven and glory that have opened to my soul. But you would hear of the prosperity of Zion in the land of our fathers.

"After reaching Middle Haddam last April, I entered upon what I thought would be a pleasant route, to visit those places where the Holy Spirit had recently showered down a gracious rain. But the Lord hindered me. I stopped at Colchester, where my time was to myself—and the last day will tell whether to others or not—spent profitably. You can imagine in what

way I was employed in the midst of the impenitent, the awakened, the anxious, young converts, and engaged Christians. But how is it with your people? Is the church awake? Are your elders alive to the best interests of Zion? Are professors wrestling in secret for the ingathering of souls? Is there a general mourning, with you, over the desolations of the church? If not, what shall the end of these things be? O, how it would animate your heart to see Christians alert—to hear sinners cry for mercy—to see them submitting to God—owning the Savior—and uniting themselves to the Lord's people. Be encouraged, for who can tell but a multitude of sinners may soon become, under your ministry, obedient to the faith. As it is your duty to labor for it, so it is your duty and privilege to look for it—to watch for it, more than they that watch for the morning.

"I have become entirely contented with my present course. The good Shepherd scatters rich food as I travel in the wilderness. My heart, too, is still, and more than ever set upon the work of the ministry. To this one object I would have every acquisition tend. In the accomplishment of this *one thing* I would live; when it is done I would die; for heaven is the home of God's children. I think I am willing to do the will of God. When he commands I would obey; when he calls I would *run*.

"Another watchman has fallen from the walls of Zion, to rise, we trust, to the city of our God. Mr Whelpley is dead. When shall it be said brother H. is dead—when shall it be said of me, 'He is gone?' What I say unto you, I say unto all, *watch!* An af-

fectionate remembrance to Mrs. H., and believe me, yours in the best bonds,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

Mr. Taylor, who labored to be an *uncommon* Christian, seems to have excelled in a prevailing desire that Christians, in all their relations, should do their duty, and have large experience of the work of grace in their own souls. To a friend, in prospect of her marriage, he wrote:

"It is probable you will be connected with Mr. ———. Does he grow in grace? My friend, whatever else you leave unlooked after, see *well* to this; see well to *this;* as you value *his* usefulness, as you value your own and his happiness. I do not command; I exhort; O be faithful—kindly faithful. If he be a man of God, he will ever thank you; he will love you the more for such faithfulness. Talk much and *pointedly* upon *experimental* godliness."

To one from whom he had received a friendly gift, he wrote:

"In heaven, I have not the least doubt you will rejoice for helping one on his way to the ministry. Help by your prayers, and thus speed me on my way."

On the subject of fasting, (a duty too little practiced in the church, and sometimes abused to their injury, by persons of much piety, but of a morbid temperament,) Mr. Taylor made, about this time, the following note in his journal:

"A day of *abstinence*. Heretofore I have practiced *fasting* on a particular day, for more than two years; and have found some of the seasons greatly beneficial. But fasting, connected with my usual studies, has greatly debilitated my body, and left me generally with a severe headache, which has led me to the conclusion that, under existing circumstances, it is not my duty to abstain *altogether*."

This conclusion, which was certainly wise, shows, among many other things, that Mr. Taylor's high religious feelings, in which perhaps he surpassed almost all persons of his day, were connected with a sound mind and a sober consideration of duty. No man was farther removed from gloomy austerity, or relied less upon either his feelings or duties. The evidence of this will be apparent to every attentive reader, as it will be found in the fact, that in his highest exercises of devotion, when his whole soul was filled with the love of God, and his countenance made luminous with the holy fire that burnt within, he at the same time entertained the most humbling views of himself, as a sinner saved by grace; and was ever ready to say, in the language of Paul, "by the grace of God, I am what I am."

How he acknowledged the hand of God in all his ways—referred all events to divine providence, and relied upon the grace of God, may be seen in the following extracts from his journal:

"Aug. 7, 1824.—Met with a disappointment in not visiting my friends at L———. It was attended with a blessing, and I concluded it would still be followed

with a train of blessings. The disappointment was unexpected, and from a source, too, that was calculated to excite strong feeling. But grace abounded.

"8th.—Abundant reason to bless God for my detention yesterday. Last evening had an opening for doing good, and eternity may show some fruit. Visited several sick persons, and at every place endeavored to speak faithfully and boldly for God, and afterwards at a meeting.

"9th.—This night, glory to *our* God, had a powerful visitation from above—it is past telling—and it was to prepare me to stand up for God. This I did, and spoke boldly; the word was attended with power, and the Spirit of *power and holiness* rested on me. Sinners trembled—backsliders too—and the engaged child of God exulted. Had I not been detained, where were all that has come upon me and been communicated through me since the 7th. Appointed another meeting at the request of the people.

"11th.—'Who will take the first honor?' 'Did he do well?' &c. In this season of examination *ran* through the crowd; but grace so gained the victory over me as to enable me to look down upon these meaner things, and say, *these* are not my God. No: the honor from above I seek, and to my studies let *me* go, as to a duty for Christ's sake, and for the *honor* of the Gospel.

"Felt a strong attachment to the word of God; and over that word, as the legacy of my Friend on high, I cherished my attachment, my soul sunk low at the feet of Jesus, and I drank from the fountain.

"Went out and visited the sick. I love my Master and my Master's work. I love to comfort his people—

I love to talk to sinners. Lord, help. Lord, teach thou me, and bless me more and more. I can look upon *this* day's blessings as arising from my detention last Saturday, and it will probably prove, in time to come, a link in the chain of providence not to be told. Let me look at providence in small as well as great things, and wonder and adore.

"25th.—The chain is gathering links—little did I think that so much depended upon my disappointment on the 7th. Last Monday evening attended the appointed meeting, and had a refreshing time. The people of God testified that it was heaven to be there. Did not feel so happy myself, but had liberty to speak a word in season to the people.

"How exalted the privilege to help forward the children of God heavenward—even Ethiopia's degraded children. O that they may be seen all of them stretching forth the hand unto God.

"Find employment in visiting the sick poor. Called to see a colored woman. She is happy in God, in the prospect of death. Had an opportunity to converse with a beggar; prayed with him, and presented him with a testament and the last sixpence I had in my pocket. The thought arose, give this away, and what will you do to-morrow? But stay:

'My wants to-day are *all* supplied,
'To-morrow, it may be said, he died.'

"O for more confidence in God—God is able to make all grace abound towards you; 'that you, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." 2 Cor. 9 : 8.

"27th.—A door opened for me to exert myself for a

poor child of God—put in two cents, the very last mite I supposed I had—the word of God came, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you'—went out and begged more, and with this and a needed garment went as the almoner of heaven, and delivered up the contribution. 'Naked, and ye clothed me.'

"28th.—Providence seems to open the door still wider for my prospective usefulness among the poor; and the question arose, shall I live in Princeton *five* years, and Princeton be none the better for *me*?

"A new plan opened to my mind, upon the prosecution of which I entered to-night. Open, Lord, my eyes—I am tired of waiting for others; there are laborers enough all around, but they don't come into the vineyard *to work*. Let me be up and doing constantly, faithfully, firmly.

"Opened a small trunk, and unexpectedly found ninepence. Is not this Gospel measure? If a merchant had $2000 at evening, and gave it away, and the next day should find him in possession of $9000, would he not consider it an increase running over? Mine is as much in proportion, and how often is abundance poured into my hand!"

To his christian sister Miss W. of New-York, in communion with whom he took much delight, he wrote on the 25th as follows:

"O Miss W. what a truth! 'God is love;' and I feel the indescribable weight of this truth resting upon my soul. To the world and to the formalist, I know, indeed, that these are unmeaning words; but my friend can rejoice that God has imparted the know-

ledge of this hidden mystery to me, and is building me up in faith and holiness. Holiness! O what charms in the very word! God is holy—angels are holy—saints in glory are holy—and 'without holiness no one shall see the Lord.' O to be more like our blessed Jesus—more like God!

"I still address you from my Bethesda—*a house of mercy* to the most unworthy. My study is about five feet square; and yet I can sing,

'This little room, for me design'd,
'Suits as well my easy mind
'As palaces of kings.'

"I hope God is training me for something; I trust it is either to labor for him on earth, or to take me to himself. To labor for him now is sweet, increasingly sweet; and O, he is with me! At home and abroad Jesus stands by me—the Spirit comforts me—my Father smiles—so,

'Tell me no more of earthly toys,
'Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
'The things I loved before.'

"Let the world have these. Let the professor of religion who indulges in them, wish me to join him: but God forbid! for, were I to indulge, even in what by some are called innocent pleasures, my spiritual joys would be gone. And for this I am *spoken* of, and that too by professors of the religion of Jesus. But what is it to be judged of man's judgment? My witness and record are on high. By censuring for this, they censure me for doing the work of the Lord. The spare

time I have from my college duties, I would rather spend with the sick—the indigent; and that too, to win souls. And my prospect for doing good is much greater in huts and smoky cabins, than in the drawing-rooms of rich and thoughtless worldlings. They are joined to their idols. O, pray that I may firmly and devotedly do the work of the Lord, caring neither for their contempt nor their applause; alike indifferent to popularity and persecution. And may *our* efforts be to turn men from *sin* to *holiness*.

"Glory to our heavenly Father, for *his rich* grace through our Lord Jesus Christ. 'By grace are ye saved, through faith.' This is the way, the only way, of salvation. And it is a sweet way—the way of holiness—the way to heaven."

To a female relative, for whom, as for all his relations, Mr. Taylor's heart seemed ever to overflow with affection, he wrote an interesting letter, well calculated to instruct and reprove those professors of religion who, like the creaking door upon its hinges, ever complain, and yet make no progress.

"*Nassau-Hall, Aug.* 28, 1824.

"Dear R——,

"My soul blesses our heavenly Parent for the affection I bear to you, both natural and christian. Instead of diminishing, it gathers strength; and I trust it is to be perfected in a fairer clime.

"Having the same round of duties from day to day, you will readily conclude that I can have little news to communicate; but there *is* a theme to which our hearts have been attuned. We love the Savior—we

love his cause! but whence is it that we have been turned to the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls? We love God because he first loved us. Here is the solution of what would otherwise be an unfathomable depth, and for ever remain a mystery.

"Having been extricated from the miry clay, and our feet set upon a rock, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation! Surely as he who hath called us is holy, so ought we to be holy.

"What are the signs of the times? Is *much* said *about* religion, for and against it? Where is the host that *feel*, that *talk*, that *live religion?* Alas, the constant harping of professors of religion upon their formality, coldness, stupidity, want of life! Why, in the name of my Master, are they not before God, on their knees, in their closets, mourning over their declension? They need not tell the world of their indifference. It is already too evident. And the world sees it with astonishment. The world knows it to their (I was going to say) damnation! It is true: for sinners plead as their excuse, the ungodliness of professors.

"May it be ours to walk worthy of our vocation. We owe, indeed, ten thousand talents to the Lord; and I feel that I have nothing to pay. And after all I shall have done and can do, I am an unprofitable servant; and can only say,

'I the chief of sinners am,
'But Jesus died for me.'

"Surrounded as you are by multiplied cares, I presume you steal away now and then from all, to hold converse with God in secret. If any where, it is with

God in secret, the soul must prosper; and there, if denied all things else, the child of God finds a Father, a Savior, a Comforter, a Friend, a Brother. May you find your retirements places and seasons of washing and renewing of the Holy Ghost.

"How are all at ——? I have taken an interest in that people; not because they are Episcopalians; no more than I would in Presbyterians, because they are such, but because some of them appeared to have the spirit of Christ. And I think I have been brought to *this*, to seek to have *Christians* more holy; and sinners, yet unconverted, brought to Christ. Away with the prejudice of names! away, for ever! The child of God is my brother, my sister. The sinner, my *fellow*-sinner. The former let me love and *serve*, as of the household of faith: the latter, let me labor to bring, where *we would be*, at the feet of Jesus. And here at his feet we must lie, if on his throne we would sit down.

"I might tell you that I have some pleasant retreats into the huts and smoky cabins of the poor of this region. And there too, in some instances, piety in its most radiant form is seen to shine forth. I should like to have you at some of my little meetings. The children of the highest seem happy, and I am happy in doing them good. Thus let me live; thus let *us* live, thus let us die.

"You have witnessed much of the bustle about Lafayette. He is a great man—worthy of esteem! But in reading the account of his landing and reception in your city, I thought of our Jesus, *the Son of God*, and inquired, if He should appear, who would go out to meet him and help him? Who helped him through

the land of Judea? But his triumph was great. Let us strive to be *good*."

To a beloved christian brother, who had recently visited a place where God was blessing the church with a glorious revival of religion, Mr. Taylor wrote a letter abounding with pointed interrogatories, such as every Christian should attentively consider, and especially when the tone of piety is low, and a state of backsliding appears in the church.

"Sept. 1.—Having been in the midst of so powerful a work of God's Spirit, you have doubtless returned with an increased solicitude for the Zion with which you are so happily connected. Do you not find that it is the delight of your pastor to preach the word with all plainness? How are you blessed in having an overseer so desirous of the welfare of souls! And be assured, you cannot pray for him too much. The apostle said, 'Brethren, pray for us.' Could you follow your pastor, you would see that in all his labors his heart cries out, 'Brethren, pray for *me*.'

"Inquiring concerning the pastor naturally leads to inquire after the flock. How is it, then, with the sheep? How is it with you, my brother? Instead of engagedness, you may have become cold. Have you eloped from those green pastures in which you were wont to feed? Have you left those refreshing streams of which it was your delight to drink? Ah! what comparison do the gaudy weeds of the world bear to the sweet pasture which the good Shepherd has provided? And who would choose the turbulent streams of sense, in preference to 'the still waters' of his

love? But I hope better things of you: that you still walk with God, and follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

"Many sheep compose the flock with which you feed. Are they all in health? and do their souls prosper? Do they feed contentedly and live healthfully? In a large flock, how often are some sick; how many wander and go astray! What dissatisfaction with themselves and all around them, arising from unfaithfulness on their part to God, to their own souls, and the souls of their brethren?

"Were I with you at one of your little meetings, methinks I would ask my brethren, and say to each, Is it well with thee? Is it well with thee? As my soul rejoices in the prosperity of Zion, how would my praise awake at an answer in the affirmative! How would I send forth my voice in words of exhortation to the brothers or sisters in a luke-warm state! And I would ask, what profit is there in robbing God? What advantage in loving the world? What peace in dishonoring the Prince of peace, by indulging in sin? For it is sin, soul-blinding sin—sin, soul-harassing sin, beloved sin, soul-damning sin, that has veiled the Sun of righteousness; that has sent fearful forebodings of wrath into the soul, and stamped *condemnation* where once was light—where once was peace, reconciliation, and heaven. Were my soul in such a condition, would you not say to me, 'Return, thou backslider, rove no longer; seek the Lord with thy whole heart?' And I would say further, Look, precious soul, if thou hast ever had grace in thy heart, how art thou fallen! Do you not fear a final removal of the candlestick from its place? O dishonor God,

your heavenly Father, no longer; wound your Savior no more; grieve not the Holy Spirit; come and confess; bow with penitence; mourn with bitterness; plead with faith; procure pardon, peace, and holiness; be determined to have no more to do with sinful conformity to the world, cost what it may; make no compromise with self; have no league with Satan; in a word, deny thyself, take up thy cross, and follow Christ; then you will show to the world that Christ Jesus, as you profess, is *all;* sinners will take warning at your example and precept; saints will commune with you; God will bless, and heaven finally receive your happy soul. Are convictions multiplied among you? Do sinners in Zion tremble?

"I have much reason to praise our heavenly Father that he hath kept me hitherto. He hath indeed made my little room a Bethesda to my soul. Grace, mercy, and peace have been multiplied unto me; and I now bless the Lord and take courage for time to come. Having been blessed of God, it is our privilege—it is our duty—to look for greater blessings. From day to day may we be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. The Lord send down his holy unction, and make us, more than ever, fit temples for himself to dwell in. Then we shall rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks.

"My affectionate salutations to the brethren. Farewell.

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

## CHAPTER V.

*Second Year in College.*

Mr. Taylor's fond affection for his parents and friends cannot for a moment be called in question; and yet, though he had not enjoyed their society for five or six months, and was on his way to spend the college vacation at home, when he arrived in New-York, "and found," to use his own words, "things interesting under the labors of brother L——, in the Rev. Mr. Patton's church, the pastor being absent and laborers needed, I, upon solicitation, joined brother L—— for a season. At the resurrection of the just it will be known how many have been gathered in. On one evening thirteen expressed hope. The Lord bless the lambs of the flock."

At the commencement of the college session we find the following entry in his journal:

"Last night the Lord gave me—I cannot express it—such an exercise as I never had before: a view of the demerit of sin that sunk me lower than the lowest. And yet my soul exulted in God.

"Thus have I begun. May I find my winter location better than ever before—my health and my all are at God's disposal.

"Nov. 14.—Upon a review of the past week, I find it fraught with loving kindness from the Lord. 'Last evening had a delightful season in remembering the lambs of the flock in Mr. P.'s church, with whom I

used to meet on Saturday evenings. I love them for the love they bear to Jesus, the Lamb of God.

"At evening devotion had a singular exercise. While singing, my soul thirsted for a blessing. The thought suddenly entered my mind: 'If you neglect your tea you may obtain the blessing which you seek.' I inquired whence is this? Is it from God, or from the devil? But I concluded that the Lord's blessing came not by a purchase of mine, and therefore that he could as well bless me then as afterwards; and I determined to throw myself at his feet and seek his favor, and thus defeat the adversary who was ready to cheat me out of the blessing. My Father smiled upon me—the work of grace was deepened—and my soul fed on manna from above."

To pious students Mr. Taylor has left an illustrious example which should for ever banish the idea that the sad decline in the life and fervor of piety so often manifested in their college course, is necessary, or that it is impossible in such circumstances to live a devoted life, and make progress in religion. To a pious family, to whom he frequently poured out all his heart, after giving a delightful narrative of what the Lord was doing for his soul from day to day, he wrote:

"Do not you rejoice that God has kept me hither to? With your rejoicing connect a doubling of your prayers that I may so live as to testify that the world is mistaken in the opinion, that God cannot be enjoyed in a course of study. If I do not grow in grace now, when shall I?"

It is both delightful and instructive to observe that, while he was striving continually to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ, and so to let his light shine, that others, seeing his good works, might glorify his heavenly Father, he seemed almost as much engaged that others should walk worthy of God unto all pleasing. To a beloved friend he wrote, Nov. 30, 1824,

"Has your soul been in health and prospered? I could wish to be near you and hear the reply.

"Did you ever question whether I have been truly converted? Perhaps you may have seen many things in me which might lead to such a conclusion; but if not to this, to another, viz. that I could not love God much, or that I showed to the world an ungodly walk and conversation. Well, I am ready to acknowledge my errors; will you point them out to me? I will take it as the highest mark of your affection for me and love to the cause of Christ, if you will tell me plainly all that you may have seen amiss in me. And would you not wish your friends to do the same to you? But rather than offend you, I would get down at your feet and say what I purpose to write.

"My dear friend, for whom I have prayed, and groaned, and wept; as before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, I must warn you. Do you say of what? Pause and think. Do you find nothing out of the way? What meaneth that lightness in your walk and conversation? Does it fit you for prayer in secret? Does it adorn the Christian? Does it tell the world that you love religion—that your thoughts are much on God and heaven? Does it show that the soul is walking with God—that you maintain close and intimate

communion with God? This may be the last time I may be permitted to write to you. My hand may be in the grave: and I may now be too late—my friend may have died. If alive, bear with my faithfulness; for it is in love, as I expect to meet you at the bar of Jesus Christ. What meaneth these things? O, I urge you, I pray you—in Christ's stead, I beseech you to judge. But what saith the Scriptures? 'Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.' Is it not iniquity to disobey God? And it is by keeping his commandments we know that we are born of God and love him. The Savior says, 'If ye love me keep my commandments.' 'As he that hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of *conversation.* See then that ye *walk* circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise. Wo unto you that *laugh* now, for ye shall weep. Let your *laughter* be turned into mourning. Let not *jesting* nor *foolish talking* be *once* named among you. Let all *bitterness*, and *wrath*, and *anger*, and *clamor*, and *evil speaking*, be put away from you with *all malice.*' Thus, my dear friend, you see the will of the Lord concerning us. May I, and may you be freed from every unhallowed thought, word, and action, and put on, as the elect of God, *bowels of mercies*, *kindness*, *humbleness of mind*, *meekness*, *long-suffering;* but, above all things, put on *charity*—that the peace of God may rule in our hearts.

"My friend, if you are not satisfied with your hope, rest not till God shall speak your sins forgiven, and you shall *know* that you are the Lord's. Come, let us set out afresh, examine ourselves, and rectify all that is wrong. To do this, we must find out the wrong,

bring it before God, confess it, mourn over it, plead, for Christ's sake, for pardon, and wait for salvation. Do you pray for me; I will pray for you; and let us strive to enter in at the strait gate."

The reader has observed how pleasantly and instructively the genuineness of Mr. Taylor's christian character, and the elevation and enlargement of his christian love have been exhibited in the fact, that his soul paused not at all at those barriers which sectarianism has raised between the different denominations of Christ's disciples. Christ was the object of his affections; and wherever he saw the spirit and image of his blessed Master, thither his heart flowed out. In the saints, the excellent of the earth, was his delight; accordingly, we find much of his correspondence, in which glowed the purest flame of Christian love, was with those who bore names different from his own. The following letter is of this description, and shows at the same time the regard he had to the word of God, as his infallible guide and instructor:

"*Nassau Hall, Dec.* 5, 1824.

"Brethren beloved,

"Does not the same affection actuate us toward one another, that filled the soul of the apostle towards his brethren at Rome, when he said, 'I would have you wise towards that which is good, and simple concerning evil?' How like this is our Savior's precept, 'Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.'

"While reading the other day the former passage in connection with the context, I thought of my brethren. 'Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which

cause divisions and offences, contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and avoid them. For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly; and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple. For your obedience is come abroad unto all men. I am glad, therefore, on your behalf; but yet I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil. And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.' With the apostle I add the prayer, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.'

"But whence this wisdom? What saith the word? 'The holy Scriptures are able to make you *wise* unto salvation, through faith which is in the Lord Jesus Christ.' Again, 'The testimony of the Lord is sure, making *wise* the simple. How shall it be attained? 'The letter killeth, but the Spirit maketh alive.' How many read, and still are blind! 'But if any man'—any Presbyterian man, or any Church man, or any Methodist man, or Baptist man, or any other man, 'lack *wisdom*, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.' Here then is the source, the word of God, accompanied by the Spirit of God illuminating the mind and working powerfully in the soul. And the effect will be, wisdom that is profitable to direct, and the *harmlessness* of the dove.

"Let us appeal to the experience of those who can testify. But for the *truth*, the word of God, what knowledge of salvation could we have? But for the medium of access to God, the way of the sinner's return plainly marked out, who before us, or with us, but would, like the benighted in heathen lands, feel after God in vain? But

for the command, 'Repent,' who would ever think of it? And unless convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, *by the Spirit of God*, who would be broken-hearted? But for the Lamb of God, held out for the taking away of sin, who would ever believe to the justifying and sanctifying of their souls? Here we see something of the value of the word and Spirit of God, so much slighted by the world. 'Whoso is *wise*, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.'

"In the sense of the Scripture, then, it seems that *that* person is void of understanding, who knows not its commands and the blessing consequent upon obedience, which blessing is the loving-kindness of the Lord.

"Do *we* read, 'Repent—believe. Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again. Walk before me, and be ye perfect. Deny ungodliness and worldly lusts; and live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.' If we may expunge one of these, may we not expunge them all? But by so doing we take our names from the book of life. How much better to yield obedience. How much better! O how sweet! The soul that has been at the feet of Jesus, wishes to be often there; for he knows the peace of God that passeth knowledge. He that hath this experience, hath what chaseth away all his fears, save the holy filial fear of offending a holy, loving, *indwelling* Father—the loyal fear that wishes to be *submissive* at the feet of King Jesus, who rules on the throne of his kingdom, set up in the soul—the sacred fear that trembles at the thought of disturbing the hal-

lowed breathings of that Spirit, whose temple is the body of the saint. How harmless such guests would make the soul! This fear is the fruit of love—and love is the fulfilling of the law. Well, this is all we want, that is, in *kind*. We want, and shall for ever want; and we may for ever have more, in *measure*, of God's love. O may we sink—sink, and sink, and *sink* into this ocean; for this (a paradox to the world,) is the way to rise; and it will carry us higher than the stars, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto *a full and eternal* salvation. We will talk of the rest when we shall walk the golden streets. Ah! shall we see each other there? If you do not get so high above me that I cannot reach you. By the grace of God I hope to shine forth even there—a sinner saved by grace.

"A christian salutation to sister W. and the brethren R. and R., whom with yourselves I beseech, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me, in your prayers to God for me.

"Farewell. In the best bonds, your brother, in our Lord Jesus Christ,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

The following was addressed to a colored woman, since gone to her rest, at the advanced age of 116 years—whom Mr. Taylor seems to have regarded as one of the excellent of the earth, in whom he delighted.

*Princeton, Dec. 24, 1824.*

"Aunt Sarah, perhaps, is expecting to hear from her friend Mr. Taylor. Could I be with you for an hour, we would converse upon things that pertain to the kingdom; but you have a Friend on high, who deigns to visit your little room—nay, who takes up his abode in your heart—He has brought his Father with him; and the Holy Ghost, whom he promised to send, overshadows and fills you. By and by, you will exchange your cottage for a palace; you will lay aside your garments below, 'to walk in white above.' Instead of prayer, you will be all praise. Instead of seeing Jesus by faith, you will see him as he is, face to face. Do you not exult in the prospect of dying—dying in the arms of Jesus, and of going to your Father, God? There, too, you will meet those who died in faith, and some with whom you have sung, and prayed, and wept below. And this is the sweetness of it—the place, the scene, will never close. Those that enter in shall go no more out.

"You will be glad to hear that the Lord blesses me with his presence—my soul is in health and prospers—still help me in your prayers for me, that I may indeed be a man of God—one *in whom* God will delight to dwell—and one whom God will deign to honor in bringing sinners to Christ.

"Should the Lord continue you, I trust you will have a happy new year; but if he should take you hence, it will be *thrice* happy. Farewell,

"J. B. TAYLOR."

Of the same date, but a little in anticipation of the

time, we find Mr. Taylor's new-year's letter to his parents, brothers, and sisters.

"*Nassau Hall, Dec.* 24, 1824.

"Endeared Parents, Brothers, and Sisters,

"The time has arrived for my annual gift; and, in anticipation, I wish you a happy new-year. Should it not be realized on earth, who of us doubts but it would be enjoyed at the right hand of God?

'There everlasting spring abides,
'And never withering flowers:
'Death, like a narrow sea, divides
'This heavenly land from ours.'

"To say that this may be the last epistle of this kind that I shall write, you know is to say what the closing year naturally suggests. But it may be that the Lord of the vineyard has designed me as an under-dresser.

"The close of the year generally finds men of business engaged in adjusting their accounts. Would it not be well for us, as stewards in the house of God, and transacting business for our unseen Lord, to inquire of each other, 'How much owest thou unto my Lord?' My father, my brother, my sister, how much owest *thou?* James, son, and brother, how much owest *thou?*

"How great is our debt as a family! In common with other families, we have enjoyed food, and raiment, and house, and home, and friends. The same social privileges, the same civil and religious liberty, have been given unto us as to our neighbors. And under heaven where is there a family more blessed with

fellow-feeling—more united to advance one another to the upper kingdom? What hath God wrought? To him be all the glory.

"But *the past* year has been fraught with loving-kindness and tender mercies! His mercy! O it reacheth to the clouds.

"Not less as individuals, than as a family, do we owe unto the Lord. In looking over the past year, what a train of good hath followed, and in good order! Prosperity hath been in the borders of each. How it hath been with you in particular circumstances you will remember upon a review. What health continued—what dangers escaped—what trials have been sanctified to wean you from the world—what lessons learned by experience, whereby we are able to do more, and with greater facility, for God and each other—what seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, both in secret, in the family, and in the great congregation!

"As for me, the Lord, that heareth the young ravens when they cry, and taketh care of the sparrows, hath heard and taken care of me. As fully and as seasonably as he hath remembered them, so hath he administered to me. Yes, I have not wanted any good thing; I have all and abound. How unlike my blessed Master! When wandering up and down, he had not where to lay his head. But he makes my couch for repose, and imparts sweet sleep—and besides, as a pillow softer than down, he gives me to lean upon his arm and rest on his bosom. It is impossible for me to describe the communion into which he hath admitted me with himself during the past year..

"Have we not all been ripening for heaven? How

much have we grown in grace and better acquaintance with our own hearts and with our God?

"How much owe we unto our Lord? 'More than ten thousand talents.' And what have we to pay? All that we have, does it not belong to God? How then shall the debt be cancelled? We must not say, Lord, be patient, and I will pay thee all; but fall down and rejoice that for Christ's sake God hath forgiven all our sins—the whole debt. For one, I feel constrained to say, thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption, for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.

"Let it be our aim to keep ourselves in the love of God. God is love, and love is the fulfilling of the law. Love, then, should be the reigning passion of our souls. This is the grace that never faileth.

"Respecting ourselves as a family, and as individuals, if we 'seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,' we may expect the good hand of our God still to be upon us for good, in this the house of our pilgrimage. Whatever then is neglected, let not our souls suffer. But I think, as our souls are in health and prosper, so our daily business will succeed, and that to the glory of God. And may those committed to our care be greater sharers in our exertions, as though the next were to be our last year; for, indeed, if not to all, it may prove such to some. Let us each inquire, 'Lord, is it I?' May we strive together more in our prayers for one another. On Mondays I think of you all more particularly than at other times; and I have had nearness of access to God in pleading for those I love.

"Who can tell but we may contrive something new

whereby to do good; or exert ourselves more in pursuing former plans? Let us in all things live to God, and eat, drink, sleep, and act for his glory.

"The succeeding year may prove to be a jubilee to multitudes of souls. For *this* our *prayer*, not our words merely should ascend, for our own sanctification, and for the purification of the church visible also. Let us, as much as in us lies, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and help the helpless. As for our enemies, love them and do them good, for did not Christ manifest his love for us, while we were enemies? He died for the ungodly. Let us be peace-makers. Be kindly affectioned one toward another. Love as brethren. If in life we are undivided, cemented in love, in death we shall not be sundered. May you all find the grace of hope filling you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost. And should I sink, as I deserve, may you rise to life. The Lord give you, every one, an entrance abundantly into his everlasting kingdom, and there may our united hallelujahs resound to God and the Lamb for ever and ever. If not before, I hope to meet you in one of the many mansions. Adieu. Your affectionate son and brother,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

## To his Cousin M—— A——.

"*Princeton, Dec.* 23, 1824.

"Notwithstanding my long silence, my thoughts have often flown across hill and dale to your habitation, with the inquiry, how is it with M. A.?

"Doubtless it has been well with you all the day long. Had I before me this evening a view of your

exercises since we parted, perhaps I should discover you shut out from the world, and at the same time shut up in the love of God. O what place is like that in which the soul is blessed with intimate holy communion with God our Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, through the indwelling of the Holy Ghost? Bless the Lord that our souls are not strangers to such visits of love. The world knoweth them not, but unto us our God hath revealed the hidden mystery.

"At another time I should discover you holding sweet converse with some dear child of God, who with yourself has drunk deep into his love. What harmony between souls that vibrate in unison when touched with love divine!

"At another time in your class or in the congregation; and there too you have renewed your strength. How good the good Shepherd is! he feeds his sheep. How kind our Elder Brother! he supplies our wants. How powerful our King! he subdues our foes. And through all our journey we may expect that the Lord will provide.

"If indeed you have been thus favored at home and abroad, you have gone UP in the way of holiness. And does not your purpose to follow on to know the Lord stand firm? Yes, my dear cousin, better things are hoped of you than of some who seemed to run well for a time. And from what the Lord has discovered to us of his goodness, we are looking for still greater things; for the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more to the perfect day. Verily, I believe there is such a blessing as *sinking* into the love of God. In thinking on this subject, I have compared the love of God to an ocean; and supposing

myself on the surface of this great deep, I could imagine myself sinking and sinking—but how far? O there are attainments in holy love which we have not yet made! May we sink, and sink, and sink, and so get out of the sight and influence of the world, and out of the reach of the devil.

"My little room still witnesses the manifestations of God in melting my soul into love and tenderness; so that in testimony of his favor I tell you that I am on my journey. Christ, as King, reigns on the throne of my heart. I have a consciousness of reconciliation, and am waiting for an unction from the Holy One, more and more to sink me into the ocean. GOD IS LOVE.

"Having been feasted at the rich banquets of our Lord, we long to see a multitude come and possess more than we have enjoyed. O, when shall the sons of Levi—when shall ministers of the Gospel be more holy;—when shall the church, *as a body*, put on this beautiful garment?

"Are there those with you, who 'hunger and thirst after righteousness?' May they expect to '*be filled;*' and not linger, but eat of the bread of life, and drink of the wells of salvation, till *satisfied.*

"How sweet a frame is this: to have the simple language of the soul—more love—enlarge the vessel, and give me more—more faith—more meekness—more HOLINESS.

"Day by day, may our souls rest under the smiles of our Father God, and God the Son. May Jesus breathe on us, and say, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost;' and feeling that our bodies are his temples, may we keep them under—walk as becometh saints—as chil-

dren of the day and not of the night. Be it ours in all things to keep consciences void of offence. To do this, we may often give offence to man, but in the sight of heaven we shall be harmless as doves.

"Soon we shall be done with things below. Till then, we shall be sheep—pilgrims—soldiers; sheep in the midst of wolves—pilgrims through a wilderness to a city out of sight—and soldiers for the Lord of hosts. Let us then feed by our Savior's side, who as the good Shepherd cares for his sheep. Let us run and not be weary—let us fight and conquer. Then comes the crown: in company with my cousin I expect to wear it.

"My mind is intent upon the work before me. Strive with me in your prayers, that I may receive a commission from the Lord, as well as from man, by being filled with the Holy Ghost.

"As ever, your affectionate cousin,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

## To Miss W——.

"*Nassau Hall, Dec.* 30, 1824.

"Very dear friend and sister,

"Remembering your injunction not to forget the New Year's letter, I again wish you, in anticipation, a happy New Year.

"At the close of a year, the thought naturally arises, how many, who started with us at the commencement of this year, are no more in the land of the living? And the prospect of as many dying the year just about to begin, is as serious as the fact that thousands have fallen into their graves—appeared before their

Judge—sunk to hell, or been raised to heaven during the past year. Among those who shall yield to the destroyer before the close of the next year, we may be numbered.

"Reviewing the past year, I find it fraught with blessings temporal and spiritual. I have just left perusing the records of God's goodness to me—and could I tell you all, you would say with me, 'O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.' But I will not attempt a narration. Suffice it to say, I am under infinite obligations to love God more than ever. And I hope you will still strive with me in your prayers to God for me, for an increase of faith, hope, love joy, meekness, humbleness of mind, holy zeal, and boldness for God.

"I should rejoice to have an hour's interview with you, as in former days, to hear *you* tell of the loving-kindness of the Lord. But it is unspeakable and full of glory. It is with you as with some others, who can look forward to another world as a place to recount all. What awaits us on Zion's hill, I leave for you to imagine. And may your soul get *further* within the veil, and *nearer* to the throne of love.

"As usual, I suppose you are in the midst of gayety and fashion. Do you find those professors, whose minds are taken up with outward ornament, best decorated within. I suppose you conclude with me, that a *clean heart* seeks the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is so honorable in the sight of God, and so esteemed by the holy, rather than the embellishments of art which man honors?

"Miss W. every day's observation convinces me

more and more that piety is not always connected with a profession. It costs but little (in this world) to be united in form to God's people. In another, the hypocrite will find that he has been playing the fool with his soul at a dear rate. While others trust in forms, may we have the power of godliness. While some share only in the name, be it ours to possess the virtue of Christians—Christians justified and sanctified. While others feed on husks, may we eat the true bread. While others grasp at golden ore, and are unsatisfied, let us obtain the true riches.

"As this may be our last year, we should be excited to do our utmost for our Master. How many are around us that we can benefit? We still live, and they are on the footstool of mercy. What we would do for *them* and for *ourselves* must be done quickly. I heard of the death of one of late, which caused me to ask, could not I have done something for him? But he is gone.

"Who can tell but some one of the young ladies of your household shall be followed to the grave ere the close of the next year? I know you wish to meet them at the right hand of the Judge; but are they anxious to meet you there? There is danger, it seems to me, danger of their retaining their unregenerated hearts, and carrying them to the bar of God. And who ever returned to tell us that an impenitent sinner ever got rid of his wicked heart, after passing the threshold of eternity? Ah! his once proffered Friend is now his enemy—his state is fixed—he is lost—he is damned for ever!

"A word to the young ladies. The year that is gone has witnessed the long-suffering patience of God

to us; while others are beyond hope, we are still prisoners of hope. The opportunity is offered us to flee to the strong hold—even to Christ. Commencing a new era of time, would it not be well to secure the favor of the Most High, and let future days or years bear witness to your allegiance to the King of kings? In answering this question, take into consideration the need you will have of Christ in the solemn scenes of the death-bed, the grave, and the judgment.

"But, Miss W. farewell! A Christian salutation to the friends of Christ. Affectionately yours,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

Diary.—"Awoke this morning with a heavenly sweetness, and took my usual walk as it began to dawn. Endeavored to follow Christ in his humiliation. This passage has been of comfort to me during the disturbance in college, and I have considered it a stronger defence than a wall. 'Whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from the fear of evil.'"

As Mr. Taylor closed the former year, so, with the spirit of genuine piety, he began the new year with God. Perhaps no man more strictly complied with the injunction, "In all thy ways acknowledge him;" and none seemed more confidently to expect the fulfillment of the promise, "He shall direct thy paths." The commencement of his diary for this year is an interesting and instructive exhibition of his obedience and faith in this respect.

"Jan. 1 1825.—That another year has rolled away

is to me no matter of regret. In time, and beyond time, it will be remembered as a season of distinguishing mercy. Thanks to the good Shepherd for 'the green pastures' of the past year: to my heavenly Father, for his smiles: my Comforter, for his presence.

"What will occur this year is hid from mortal man. But O, it is in the mind of the omniscient God. And this God is *my God*, to whom I am willing to refer all, both for myself and others. That he is on the throne, is enough for me. And his glory he will not give to another.

"Direct me, O Lord, in the right way. Lead me in a plain path all paved with love—the path that leadeth upward, and reacheth the land of rest—the way of holiness—the King's highway.

"I believe there are richer blessings in store for me; if not on earth, in heaven. And the Lord's will being done, it is not a matter of much concern to me whether on earth or in heaven. But should my life be spared this year also, may my soul sink—and sink—and sink into God, day by day. Then I shall grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus—deny myself, take up my cross, and follow Christ—live to God—be a light in the world—salt of the earth—wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove—spiritual, and not carnal.

"O that the lives of my relatives who are not yet for God, might be spared, to repent this year, and come to Christ; that my friends, who love the Lord, may honor him more, by bringing forth much fruit. May this year be a favored season for Zion.

"Lord, increase piety in the *watchmen*. Make the under-shepherds careful of the flock. May the flock

be purified. Let souls be joined to the Lord in thousands. Prepare *candidates* for the holy ministry for their office. Make all that come after more holy and self-denying than those who have gone before. Prepare *me* eminently to win souls to Christ, and build up the church. This is all I ask in this world in regard to my relation to sinners. For thee would I labor; for thee, O Christ, would I die, rather than be a hinderance to thy cause. But here I am; do with me as seemeth good in thy sight. Thy will be done."

To Rev. Mr. S——.

"I must tell you that the time passes, for the most part, sweetly, peacefully, and sometimes with joy and exultation. Perhaps, since I have been in college, I have not enjoyed more steadily the presence of *our* Lord than I do now. My studies are more agreeable, and my engagements are so regular, that I forget the day of the month, and sometimes have to pause for the day of the week. Come and interrupt me. I say *come*, if the Lord will. However glad I should be to see my brother, more happy would I be to have him, even from me, in the pathway of duty. Eternity is before us. In time we may yet spend happy days together. Beyond time, we will hope to sit down together in the kingdom of God. And though I would not be light on so sacred a theme, will you not, then, introduce me to some whom, under God, you have sent thither? With what double ardor should we raise our sails and ply our oars! Are you not among the ὑπηρετας of Jesus Christ—a *rower*-minister. (1 Cor. 4 : 1.) May the Captain direct your course. May

you keep a good look-out—run clear—ship multitudes—enter the haven fully laden—cast anchor and be safely moored for ever. Pray that I also, with wide-spread sail, may be wafted over to the heavenly port, the New Jerusalem. The good Spirit blow upon and fill our sails."

Diary. "Jan. 13.—'His loving-kindness, O how great!' Have just risen from the floor, where my peace was like a river. I longed for more of God; for a suitable preparation for the work of an evangelist. I felt myself a worm, and no man; but, blessed be the Lord, I am in his hands. Here would I lie, and wait and long for his direction from day to day. I love the truth, and long to be more and more sanctified through it. Praise the Lord for *holiness*—for a clean heart. May I keep myself in the love of God.

"16th.—The past week—this is Sabbath—has been fraught with loving-kindness and tender mercy—and base ingratitude. After the rich blessing of last Thursday, my spirit, before morning, was shorn of its strength, by what has so often shrouded my soul in darkness. But the Lord healed my backsliding. 'If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father;' and 'if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' He brought me to exercise confidence in God, and my soul was restored. Alas! that I should leave the Lord and wander from the fountain. Make me, Lord, to know wisdom from my past falls, and may I set a double watch and repel my foes. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things; and blessed be his holy name for

ever. Had, between ten and eleven o'clock A. M. a blessing of blessings. Took up the Memoirs of the dear Brainerd, and followed him through part of his last sickness. When I came to his interview with a clergyman concerning the great importance of the work of the ministry, my heart broke; it had heaved before, but now it melted and overflowed with unutterable emotions, while floods of tears ran down mine eyes. The importance of the work increased in my apprehension, while, in my own view, I was but a worm, and no man; yet I longed to preach the Gospel; I thirsted to labor in God's vineyard; to be an under-shepherd was my only desire; and the thought of ever relinquishing the glorious object increased still more my emotions, while my place seemed to be in the *dust*—nay, if justice should take its course, the lowest hell.

"Here I felt such an exercise as I am not conscious of having ever experienced before—a rising of soul to God; and being filled with love, until I yielded myself up entirely to his disposal, to live or die, labor or not, I fell before God, and acknowledged his blessing with thanksgiving.

"I soon repaired to the hall for worship. Had not been seated long before a heavenly breeze wafted my soul to higher communion with God. Never till then did I so feel the import of the passage, 'I am sick of love.' The sermon was attended with power to my soul. Thank the Lord for so faithful a servant as the preacher appeared to be. He seemed to be one who had drank at the fountain of holiness, and lived on angel's food; hence I came away with the conviction that *holiness—holiness*, is the grand secret of effectual

preaching. Upon this point my mind has been much exercised lately; and I bless God that I am becoming more and more conformed to him. The thought was suggested, 'What will you do when you become a preacher? You will not be fluent.' My answer was, at which I take courage, 'In the Lord have I righteousness and strength;' and I charged myself not to fear, for the Lord is my *light* and my salvation. No: I have nought to fear but offending God. I may take courage: onward let me go, 'redeeming the time,' living as becometh one whom the Lord thus favors. How much depression and gloom rested upon Brainerd—none upon me. I hardly know what it is. Health of body too is mine. O to lay it all out for God!

"17th.—Since Sabbath I have, for the most part, enjoyed a sweet savor of divine things; but this evening the Lord has come of a truth, to deepen his work in my soul. The effect seemed to be

> 'The speechless awe that dares not move,
> And all the silent heaven of love.'

Incense had been burning through the day. My willing soul looked upward. I longed for a deepening of the work of grace. Peace, in steady stream, glided me along; but my soul thirsted for God, for the living God. Sat down and opened the word, and read, 'Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' Jesus! O, at that name what emotions arose; his loveliness; his condescension. My soul melted, and was filled with love.

"What most occupied my mind, was my anticipated office. O! it is more and more magnified in my view. And as it gathers greatness, I long for the best quali-

fication for it—holiness. More of late than formerly does this subject call forth strong cries and tears. I now feel in my soul, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Shall I be left to prove a drone among the church's watchmen? Shall I live as I see *many* ministers live? Forbid it, Lord. They are *ciphers* when they ought to be thousands. And what lukewarmness—what apathy—what worldly-mindedness, pervade *candidates* for the ministry!

"How I longed for full preparation for the work; and of the kind the Lord would have me possessed of. And rather than live to prove a curse to the church, by being a mercenary—worldly—and thus, a *soul-damning* minister, I would now be removed. But the great Head of the church is breathing on me from time to time. He gives me the holy anointing; he sends sweet longings for his glory—holy jealousy for his honor. On him let me still lean and cast every care. Then I felt willing to relinquish all for Christ, to go any where, and to be any thing for him. And he showed me his countenance, and my strength was renewed.

"Sitting under the word this evening, honey from the rock dropped upon me. O, how good! The rest is already begun—the earnest is given—it is WITHIN. If I should say, I know him not, I should lie, and do not the truth; for I feel that I know God and his Son Jesus Christ, and am known of him. O, when shall I see him as he is? When shall I from earth away? 'O, glorious hour!' I am expecting his chariot; yet my prevailing preference is, if the will of the Lord be so, to live and do the work of an *evangelist*, and make full proof of my ministry; and then there will be an

eternity still. The will of the Lord be done. The kingdom is his—the work is his—and the glory is his. Amen, and amen."

To a young Christian:

"*January* 22, 1825.

"Soon a year will have gone by since that evening when you thought *you* 'determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified.' Has the *before* barren fig-tree brought forth fruit corresponding with the transplanting and cultivation? Once in the barren soil of the world—now in the garden of God; once as a sheep going astray—but now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. Can the world bring in their testimony that you laid out yourself more in unrighteousness than the people of God can that you spend yourself in *holy living*? As a tree planted by the river side—as a sheep in green pastures—as the sun at its meridian—so you should bring forth fruit a hundredfold. Always abound in spiritual health, and shine resplendently in your every-day walk and conversation.

"I have before me some mottos, and I will transcribe them for you:

'Whatever you do, do it for God.'
'For thee, Lord, for thee.'
'Is this lawful?'
'Is it becoming?'
'Is it expedient?'

I will add another—

'How will *this* appear to me on my dying bed?'

When aught is presented, *to be*, *to do*, or *to suffer*,

we may apply these *tests* as in the light of God's word, and in view of the relations we sustain to him, to the church, and to the world, and decide.

"Ever *retiring*, *submissive*, *mild*, let us act the part of little children, and so carry about with us the spirit of Jesus, whose plan of benevolence, having been devised, is now going on in its accomplishment. In the temple that is going up on the foundation rock Christ Jesus, let us try, by co-working with God, to have at least one nail in the building.

"With earnest desire that you may be holy, harmless, undefiled, and thus *Christ-like*, I say, press *forward*, and as you go *onward*, look *upward*."

Diary. "Jan. 23.

'Love divine, all love excelling.'

"This has been a high day to me. The Lord of the Sabbath has remembered me for good; and I praise his name. But how shall I record his visits of love? They surpass my powers of description. There is a certain something which is known only to those who have felt the same, that requires a higher language than mine to express.

"The exercises in the hall were profitable. My soul was drawn out in prayer for a fitness for the work of God in his vineyard, and melted with longings, not only for myself, but for brother M——, that God would make us eminently meet to do his will.

"After preparing for Bible recitation, took the Memoirs of Whitefield and read of his being a blessing to ministers, &c. when a thought crossed my mind,

which was as an arrow dipped in poison. When I came to analyze it, it appeared to amount to this: 'What is the use of striving to win souls? you will never gain as many as he did.' The effect was (for it seems I gave place to the devil) the removal of that ardent thirst for preparation which I felt before. I took the alarm and chided myself—fell before the Lord, and acknowledged all; and I felt that that sinful thought was enough to separate me from the love and favor of God for ever—I could urge no plea, but the once-suffering, bleeding, dying Savior; and through him I could discern that the Lord had only forsaken me in a little wrath, and that with everlasting kindness he would draw me. My heart melted a little; and then I could recollect with thankful remembrance the blessing with which I was visited, two years and nine months ago, about the hour I was then before the Lord. As yet, the *longing* to preach the Gospel, and anxiety for fruitfulness, and solicitude for full preparation, had not re-entered my heart, nor did I know that they would ever return again. I felt that I did not deserve this grace; and that God was under no obligation to bestow it—and that it was my folly that had brought me into this condition. Here I ventured to ask the Lord his will concerning me; and that if it were his will that I should possess zeal for his glory and a longing desire to preach the Gospel, he would *then* show it me. I looked, and waited, and prayed—and the answer came, and in a measure which perhaps I never felt before—all else seemed vain. O the heavings of my inmost soul to be *this one thing*, viz. an under-shepherd. Then the inquiry arose: Lord, shall I ever preach the Gospel? Lord, am I a chosen

vessel? Whether it was an answer or not, I took it to be such, and in the affirmative. I feel willing to live a *hundred years* on earth, if I might work for God and bring souls to Christ, and then have nothing diminished from ETERNITY. O who would not live a thousand years, if it were the will of God? Let me be no more anxious about living or dying; but let me live unto the Lord, that when I die, I may die unto the Lord.

"From the experience of to-day, learn, my soul, ever to apply to the fountain as soon as a stain is contracted, and with double earnestness. Rather learn to live so near as to *drink* for the keeping away all maladies, and for constant refreshing."

"27th.—Last week was invited to attend a party, but had no inclination to comply—no, my soul was too much set on heavenly, to desire the earthly entertainment; and so long as *eternal* things are pressing upon me, I think I shall find no *time* to devote to the gay circle. Instead of mingling with that circle, was called to speak for my Lord to a company of females. The Lord melted some of the audience, and I have now returned from seeing one who felt the word spoken. Endeavored to be faithful to a student of theology who called on me. Alas! at how low an ebb is piety among candidates for the ministry! Lord, save me from the contagion. He made a long acknowledgment of his coldness, but at the same time mingled with it many *fashionable* excuses. He did not tarry long. I pressed him to do his duty, and come out and live for God. May conviction drive him to his closet and to his knees, until he find the reviving influences of the Spirit.

"Endeavored to arouse two fellow-students to more life—alas! for professors of religion *here*.

"28th.—Spent part of last evening in visiting the poor with brother ——. One poor old colored man, whom we found in deep *happy* poverty, seemed near to the kingdom of heaven. He said, among other things, that he had rather be as he was, with Jesus in his soul, than to be a king upon a throne.

"At evening devotion, read a part of the last chapter of John. To the question, 'Lovest thou me?' I could appeal to the Lord with melting of soul. Henry's remarks were profitable. I fell before the throne, and had a longing for souls—I *thirsted* to bring souls to Christ. I *groaned* to win souls, and almost with agony pleaded to have souls for my hire. I think I felt willing to lay out my *life* for souls. Money is not what I desire. Souls, souls, I want souls. 'Give me children,' was my cry, and I wept with desire to say at last, 'Here am I, Lord, and the children thou hast given me.'

"I left my plea before the Lord for the coming Sabbath, when I expect to go out to my little meeting—may preparation for the seed be made by some forerunner—may the seed be sowed skillfully, sink deep, take root, and spring up, and bear fruit.

"Feb. 7.—On Friday concluded on a subject for Saturday night, on which to speak to the congregation that expected me. Went and delivered my message, after a rich visitation from God, at evening devotion; and it proved a message of God to souls. Yesterday was the Sabbath, and it was a day of rest to me, although I labored for God. Anticipating my meeting in the afternoon and evening, I committed my cause

to God. Having come from worship in the hall, I mused, and the fire burned—I waited upon God, and he heard my prayer. Having returned from dinner, I again prostrated myself before God, and felt less than the least—the unworthiest of the unworthy: thinking upon my subject as it was prepared, I concluded it was good for nothing, unless accompanied by the Spirit to the hearts of the people. I wrestled with God for a blessing. I was burthened with a desire that could not be uttered for the coming of the Lord. I felt unworthy to go out to the people, yet *panted* to speak for God. I thirsted, I drank; I hungered, and was *filled;* then took my staff and traveled on, and met the people. It was a heart-searching time, as one *engaged* Christian testified to me this morning. The Lord follow it with his blessing.

"Walked to attend another meeting about three miles distant, where there seemed still deeper solemnity, and where I was greatly helped. 'O Lord, how manifold is thy goodness to thy servant!' 'I'll try to prove faithful.' Felt happy in God, after the exercise of the day, although fatigued in body.

"To-day has brought with it a trial. A repeated request reached me that I would leave college for a season, and become a 'yoke-fellow' with brother S., now laboring at Springfield in New-Jersey, and where souls are joining themselves to the Lord. Arguments, both in favor and against it, arise in my mind. I committed myself and the decision as well as I could into God's hands. My heart went up to the great Head of the church—the question arose, why here constructing a triangle, when souls may be perishing? My heart melted and my eyes ran down with tears.

"At evening devotion I fell before the Lord, and called upon God my heavenly Father. But my petition could not find utterance. I only wanted to know the will of the Lord concerning me. This passage entered my mind, 'Be still, and know that I am God:' also, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord—acknowledge him in all thy ways; and he shall direct thy paths.' My tears were dried up. After petitioning in behalf of brother S. and the lambs around him, my father's house and friends, I arose to praise the Lord. I was only desirous to know his will; and I trust in him to make the way plain. I felt willing either to stay or go at his command. If I find the door to open wide, so as to let me pass out, I shall consider it a call of God to go: if not, I remain to do his will here. 'Praise the Lord, O my soul.'

"I knew not, nor do I know now, what I should do if I went, but I felt willing to do any thing to help on the work of God.

"8th. It is decided. Dr. C.'s negative puts it out of my power to leave college. Wrote brother S———; may my letter refresh his spirit. Had an interview with an aged brother, who is a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. He refreshed my soul. O for a host of such pilgrims."

In the letter to Rev. Mr. S., after giving an account of his struggle between inclination and duty, he thus writes:

"Since the decision, I do not rebel; but consider it all for the best. I would gladly have become your helper—but enough—I acquiesce.

"Of late I have received large blessings from God. I think I have been more in the school of Christ this session than ever before. And I have never had such evidences of being called of God to spend for him—nor such breaking of souls to do the work of an evangelist. Yes: I have felt desirous to live only to bring souls to Christ. I have been strengthened of the Lord to bear testimony both to saints and sinners—and the Lord has owned the word. *Direct effort* is against wind and tide. And besides, a student's influence is *too cheap* where they abound. I long to see more devotedness among the students of the theological seminary. Every third Sabbath I attend a meeting three miles distant, and generally once or twice a week I talk in town. Every thing goes on pleasantly; I spend my time with but few, except the indigent, the inquiring, and engaged Christians. Yet I am nothing but a sinner saved by grace. But this one thing I know, that 'God is love'—that I love God, and am loved of him; and should I deny it, I should deny the clearest demonstration ever made to my faith and feelings. 'All praise to Him that sitteth on the throne.'"

To the Rev. Mr. H., Mr. Taylor wrote on the 13th February, as follows:

"That which has mostly occupied my mind this session, is a *due preparation* for the Gospel ministry. While I have given literary acquirements their due, *the best gifts* have been earnestly coveted. My call of God has appeared to me more and more clear, and my soul has *burned* with desire to win souls to Christ. For *this*, and this alone, I have wished to live, and to accomplish this I have felt willing to live a thou-

sand years. I have longed to live and preach the Gospel; and I felt that God was either *anointing* me for his work on earth, or for a speedier flight to heaven. While willing to depart and be with Christ, I still strongly desired to preach the Gospel. At the same time, rather than go out without the approbation of the great Head of preachers, I would retire in silence, weep in secret, and there wait my appointed change.

"On a certain occasion—let me tell you—on a certain occasion, when, in answer to my prayer, the heavens were opened and let down 'peace like a river'—I left this solicitude to preach the Gospel remaining, and yet feared that I might not. Like a little child, I looked up and said, Father, am I a chosen vessel to preach the Gospel? My dear friend, whether it was an answer in the affirmative or not, judge thou; but at that moment there came over me what I must leave to another world to furnish a name for. I was no more solicitous, nor have I been since, whether I should live to preach the Gospel or not.

"I feel that I have been in the school of Christ where I now am: 1. as a *Probationer*. Thus were the disciples, before they were commissioned and sent out to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. While with Christ, their conduct was held up to the world—to angels—before the Lord himself. They were proved. 1 Tim. 3 : 10.

"2. I am in the act of *preparing*. The disciples went through a training. They were brought up at the feet of the great Teacher in Israel, whose perfect example was proposed for their imitation. They were his intimates too, and held communion with him. And he taught them lessons in theology, upon which, as a

basis, all the minister's furniture should rest; for if the superstructure be not on this *Rock*, who will insure it in the day of God's wrath? The apostles received a commission to go out for a season; and this seemed as a trial and preparation too. At length, in Christ's last command, they received more power, and had a broader seal. God grant that that day, to which I am looking forward, may be as the day of my espousals.

"Like the apostles, I go out from time to time, every third Sabbath regularly, and frequently during the interval, to call lost sinners to repentance. Last evening I met a few anxious souls—plead for me—plead for them."

Diary. "Feb. 15.—Will God sanctify me to himself more than ever? O to live—to labor—to spend all for God. Help, Lord, help thy servant, 'whom thou hast redeemed to thyself by thy precious blood.'

"27th.—'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!' Thus I found them this morning. My soul went out for the preacher, and he came with a message for me—I was blessed indeed. Through most of the sermon I could witness *in my soul* to the truth delivered. My heart leaped within me for joy. Thus this day has been to me a day of gladness. By and by I hope to rest above.

"March 5.—*To-day* I trust salvation has visited this college. A young man, in whom I have taken a lively interest ever since he joined us—who has been led away contrary to my advice, but whom I have followed with the truth notwithstanding his vices, has professed hope of eternal life. Thank the Lord, if I

have been in any way the means of bringing him to Christ. This, he says, is the case. This, with some cases in town, seems to be an interpretation of my detention from Springfield.

"March 10.—Returned from meeting the little band of anxious souls, where I found two of our number who professed hope. One seemed full of peace and joy. O what a change *every way!* Others present to-night, seemed *near* to the kingdom; but they are *far off* till they submit. Not one word of consolation has been offered in these cases, but I proceed with them as with others. 1. To induce the sinner to commit himself on the subject of religion. 2. When thus committed, to show him the awful responsibility resting upon him, and the great danger of delay. 3. Show him his sins against the law. 4. Urging, by Gospel motives, *immediate* submission—showing that God puts no barrier in the way of the sinner's coming to Christ, but that the obstacles are wholly in himself. 5. That he grows worse every hour he rebels against God. One thing particularly recommended was, *being alone.* This course has been attended with a blessing. Trembling has seized some, and the consequence is, they justify God and condemn themselves."

In the following letter Mr. Taylor appears in a light most commendable and worthy of remembrance and imitation.

"*Nassau Hall, March* 9, 1825.

"Beloved Parents,

"Having a little time this morning, I cheerfully devote it to telling you of my affairs.

"I am nearly recovered from a heavy cold which confined me to my room for a few days. The 'light affliction' has been sanctified.

"You are now looking out for your children's presence—waiting to give them a cordial reception into your new mansion. In times past we have hailed each other with grateful emotions. The time before the last, what a melting season we had before the family altar, soon after our united salutations. And how many seasons of refreshing have we enjoyed while we have conversed, and sung, and prayed, and wept together? I long to see your faces again, and again tell, and hear you tell, of the loving-kindness of the Lord. Again do I long to sit and kneel beside that father who has watched with anxious solicitude over the wandering foot-steps of a once unruly son. Again do I long to sit and kneel beside that mother whose fostering hand hath raised a child for the world —for the church—for God—for heaven. Yes, my dear parents, I long to see your faces, and be together blessed by our heavenly Father. Well, shall I? Shall my friends be gratified?

"You will remember, that when at home last, I left you for a short time, and again returned; when you concluded, from a combination of circumstances, that I ought to return again to Colchester. You bade me 'God speed,' for you believed that it was his will that I should go. Did you ever regret your decision? And have you not, even in praying for me, asked with this petition, 'Thy will be done?' Then you are prepared to let the Lord and his church have me, instead of having me yourselves. You will endure the disappointment for Christ's sake, and pray for me the more

May this evermore be your disposition. You have given me up to God by frequent surrenders. Now you will not take me back again. No, you would not take me out of his hands. You would not take me from his disposal, if you could. Rather would you say, should we never more see our son James, the Lord lead him —the Lord use him—the Lord be glorified by and through him.

"It is probable you will not see me the ensuing vacation; and for several reasons: not because I cannot cross the rivers and hills that intervene; not because I am straitened in circumstances; not because I want affection; no; but because a Macedonian cry seems to come from another quarter. My friend Mr. S. has writen me *thrice*, and as often urged me to leave college and go to his aid. He wished me to become his 'yoke-fellow' for a season. He is now waiting impatiently for my arrival. I did not leave college. To-day I have received a verbal request from him.

"The Lord is blessing his labors, and he wishes me to be with him. I may say it to you, but not to every one, he has such confidence in me as to make me his companion. By associating with him during vacation, I may learn many important lessons, which, if I visited Middle Haddam, might *be for ever lost* to me and to the church. This region seems to be the harvest-field at present. Laborers are wanted. I am drawn to him. Were I to go to Connecticut with my *present convictions of duty*, I should be unhappy. Thus, with all the affection of an affectionate son, I have now to leave father and mother, brothers and sisters, and go forth. My own inclination would be to see you; but for Christ's sake I must leave all and follow him.

"From these considerations, while you are disappointed do not murmur, but pray the more for me. You have encouragement to pray for me and my success. The Lord hath already heard you. He hath prospered me.

"During the present session, God hath been with me, and blessed me, and made me a blessing. Brother F. will tell you of the conversion of five souls over whom I have rejoiced. Praise the Lord for his goodness. The Lord bless my father and mother.

"As ever, your affectionate son, JAMES."

"To a Friend.

"*March* 30, 1825.

"You speak of ministers' dying. How mighty their responsibility! How awful the account of the ungodly minister! I have felt of late, willing to live a *long* life to be a co-worker with God. When I look around upon candidates for the holy ministry, what shall I say? The Lord answer the prayer of his handmaid. 'May you indeed be an exception from *many*, who, in preparation for the glorious work before them, lose their ardor, which, as laborers in Christ's vineyard, they particularly need.' I doubt not but this will be your oft repeated and continued prayer for me.

"The reason, in my humble opinion, why professors of religion in our colleges and theological seminaries are not more alive to God, is either, 1st, because, if they brought Christ with them when they came, they have not been careful to walk in him as they had received him, and so have stepped aside, and were *immediately* out of the way; or, 2d, if they had Christ in them the hope of glory, and dethroned him, if I may

so speak, they have not been engaged to enthrone him again; or, 3d, and most of all, because, notwithstanding their *name* to live, they are still, as they have ever been, dead—nay, twice dead in trespasses and sins.

"I know you take an interest in my prosperity. And to encourage you still to pray, I can tell you, *I do prosper. God prospers me. The right hand of God is stretched out for me, and victory turns on his side—on my side—on our side—yes, the Lord is for us.*

"'Not of myself, but of the grace of God bestowed, upon me, I will glory; not of myself, but of the grace of God in me I will glory.' And if, by that grace upon and in me, good hath been done to others, let the Author be magnified. And I will hope to be blessed with the blessedness of one who, though under God he may have turned one sinner from the error of his ways, yet is ready to own himself an unprofitable servant.

"April 2, 1825.—Yesterday was much indisposed—mused upon my state—thought that soon I should be cold in the grave, and that possibly the present indisposition might terminate in death. This passage occurred: 'Set thy house in order.' I felt that I wanted one piece of furniture—a broken, a pure heart. Blessed be God, he gave me what I wanted. I felt that I was cleansed—that my house was in order—that I was *ready, meet*, on my way to glory. I had a spirit of prayer for the lambs of my little fold. Whatever became of me, I desired for them a holy life. They seemed precious to me as the apple of my eye.

"From the means used last night, feel much better to-day. Will the Lord restore me fully to health? 'Nevertheless, not my will.' While I live, I would be

well, that I might do the more for God. But he knows what is best, and that is best for me.

"5th.—Called on Miss W——, who seems stronger, and yet stronger in the faith. From her testimony I believe she is a child of God. After much counsel I parted from her, not expecting to see her again before she returns home. God Almighty protect her. God our Father keep her from the evil one, sanctify her wholly, and make her useful."

To this lamb of the flock of Christ, brought into the fold by the blessing of God upon Mr. Taylor's labors, he wrote the following letter of instructions and exhortation, which not only shows how well he was qualified already for that holy office which he so ardently desired, but affords much that demands the attention of young converts, and may be useful to Christians in every stage of their progress to heaven; while it exhibits another trait of Mr. Taylor's character, viz. his tender solicitude that those who had been brought into the church through his instrumentality should be eminently pious:

"*Nassau-Hall, April* 5, 1825.

"Miss Sarah,

"'Grace be unto you, and peace, from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God our Father; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.'

"If an apology for this epistle were necessary, I could say, God is my witness how I have ceased not in attempting to bring you to Christ, by conversation

exhortation, argument, watching, prayers, and tears. And now, having come to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, you will doubtless still bear with me.

"But a few days since you were gay, thoughtless, and unconcerned; a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God; averse to serious conversation; but in the good providence, and by the grace of God, you were led to think on your ways, to turn your feet to the testimonies of the Lord, and to make haste and delay not to keep his commandments. If asked whence you came, you would answer, 'He brought me also out of a horrible pit—out of the miry clay—and set my feet upon a *rock*, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song into my mouth; even praise to our God.'

"How does that horrible pit and miry clay, whence you have professedly come out, appear to you? Could I hear your reply, I doubt not it would be, 'O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night over'—ah, you well remember what—you remember the years that have rolled away—you call to mind the gayety and mirth of former days—you remember the misspent hours in the fashionable circle—in the ball-room—the misspent Sabbaths—the lost opportunities, when you might and ought to have turned to God; and you now see how much you have lost by being a votary of the world instead of yielding obedience to God. O Miss Sarah, how much treasure you might have laid up in heaven, had you been as active for your soul's salvation as you have been to seek your own pleasures; upon all of which you now write 'vanity and vexation of spirit.'

"Having had your feet set upon the rock Christ, if

I mistake not, you are not ashamed of Jesus: and why should you be ashamed of him? Is he not God your Savior—your Redeemer, your all? Is he not your Prophet, Priest, and King? Your Shepherd, elder Brother, Friend, and Judge? Ashamed of Jesus!

'No, when I blush, be this my shame,
'That I no more revere his name.'

Sing then of his loving-kindness. His loving-kindness, O how free! how great! how strong! how good! It changes not; may you celebrate it in death, and beyond time.

"Said the Psalmist, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.' In secret we may consider and celebrate the loving-kindness of the Lord. In public, on proper occasions, we may declare it forth; 'for he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever.'

"To me the whole duty of man seems to be epitomized in this, 'Walk before me and be thou perfect.' It is more explicit in the following: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,' (how much?) 'with all thy heart, and soul, and mind, and strength. And thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.' In giving such a command, did not Jesus appreciate the necessity of love to God in the *highest* degree? Are they not the words of Christ himself? O that Christians would duly consider the privilege of enjoying, not merely for an hour, but through life, the degree of love spoken of by the beloved disciple. 1 John, 4 : 18.

"Miss Sarah, how much soever others may lose by

standing idle, or wandering away from duty, may it be yours—and may it be mine—to *press* forward into the *fullness* of this love. 'For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant *you* according to the riches of his glory to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your heart by faith; that you, being *rooted* and *grounded in love*, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height, and to *know* the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that you might be *filled* with all the fullness of God. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly. And I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Would the apostle pray for an impossibility? And he adds, 'Faithful is he that calleth you, who also *will* do it.' Believest thou this? According to your faith be it unto you.

"This appears to me to be the reason why souls born of God for the most part are no more sanctified: they are too soon satisfied with a 'name to live.' They forget that there is no truce in this war—that to lay down the armor is to be vanquished. Hence, however well they may have begun, laying aside their armor, dismissing their watch, neglecting to pray, they are overcome, and become again entangled with the world—lose their evidence of pardon—are thrown into darkness, and delaying to return from their backsliding, they wander wretched and forlorn. Shall I ask? But how appalling the thought that you shall ever fall from your steadfastness! Miss Sarah, shall your closet ever

testify against *you*? Will your heart ever be frozen into the adamantine hardness of some, who were *once* melted into love and tenderness? Shall the hearts of your praying friends—your Christian friends, who have wept and wrestled on your behalf, bleed over your love of the world? Shall angels witness, after your determination to come out from the world, your retrograde steps? O shall Jesus ever be wounded by you, his professed friend and follower? Shall the world, who are watching you with eagles' eyes, be gratified with one word or action whereby they may triumph? Shall the church be disappointed—the church below, who are looking after a full devotedness of yourself to God, both in prosperity and adversity—sickness and health—life and death? The church above, those angel bands—those blood-washed souls in the paradise of God, who are waiting to welcome the faithful?

"Suffer the word of exhortation:—Whatever others do or say, (I mean professors of religion,) whatever others may think sufficient to bring *them* to heaven—let it be well fixed in your mind that it will cost something to be a Christian. Having begun, may you continue, and may you end well. To stimulate you to action—to urge you on the way—is the object of this communication. I need not tell you of my solicitude that you should walk worthy of your high vocation; you have already had it evinced. 'Give, then, all diligence to make your calling and election sure.' Add to your faith virtue, and all the Christian graces. 'Love not the world, nor the things of the world.' ☞ '*Be clothed with humility.*' 'Watch unto prayer.' 'Pray without ceasing.' 'Deny all ungodliness—live sober-

ly, righteously, and godly.' 'Deny yourself, take up your cross, and follow Christ;' not like Peter, afar off. 'As you received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in him.' How was this? Did you receive him in a state of indifference—in unbelief—in love with the world—in pride—in gayety—without prayer—in self-indulgence? Go back to that hour—examine the foundation of your hope—see how you submitted. Follow up your course, and see what have been your most precious seasons, and then go on accordingly. Finally, set *high* your standard of piety—not higher nor lower than the Bible. Seek with all your heart the mind that was in Christ Jesus: then you will study to be faithful to God—faithful to yourself—and faithful to all around you.

"With solicitude for your best interests,

"I am, in the bonds of the Gospel,

"Yours, &c.

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

To the same.

"*April* 11, 1825.

"I thank my God upon every remembrance of you. And this I pray, that your love may abound more and more in knowledge and in all judgment—that you may approve things that are excellent—that you may be sincere and without offence till the day of Jesus Christ; being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, to the praise and glory of God.

"I rejoice that, under God, I was the instrument of bringing you to Christ. It is, indeed, a cause of humble acknowledgment to the Father of mercies, that I

have been employed and blessed as a co-worker with him.

"Your prayer to have the *will of God* done, and not yours, is one after the pattern of Jesus Christ. And who so holy, who so happy, as He who came not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him? Be it ours on all occasions to be conformed to the will of God.

"Here I would repeat what you remind me of saying in my first letter: *Press forward into the fullness of his love.* I trust you will—I pray you may: but do not put it off for a suitable occasion. Like other duties, like other blessings, the time is *now*. Whence issues the voice, *delay?* From the church above, or the church below? Nay, but from hell—from a thoughtless world—from soul-damning guides; from nominal, lukewarm professors, the cry is sent forth, delay. Alas! how many hear it and suffer from it. Of you I hope better things.

"Hungering and thirsting after righteousness, may you be filled.

'*Jesus, my only hope*, thy blood can cleanse
'My deepest stains, and purify my soul
'From all its native and contracted guilt;
'In that clear fountain of immortal life
'Let me be cleansed and thoroughly sanctified.
'I come, a helpless, miserable wretch,
'And throw myself, and all my future hopes,
'On mercy infinite; reject me not,
'Thou Savior of the sinful race of man.'—*Mrs. Rowe.*

"You said you had not conversed much with your friends. To do this profitably, we need the wisdom of

the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove. Regard should be had to time, place, persons, and the peculiar circumstances of individuals. While we may not have the opportunity of benefiting others in conversation, yet we may by example.

"But I think, Miss S——, should you fix it as a principle of action for your *whole* life—for you have entered upon a life-service—you have enlisted for the war—I say, should you fix it as *a principle of action for life, so far as in you lies, to benefit every individual that approaches you*, it is probable you would not regret it at your dying hour. Look to the everlasting hills for strength. Perhaps you will conclude that you have already bound yourself to this by your oath at the communion-table. Be it so; you need not wish the obligation revoked.

"At the communion-table! Ah! has God, have angels and men, beheld you seated at the table of the Lord? And, did you sing,

> 'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
> 'And enter while there's room?'

And shall I say, be faithful to your vows?

"As to doctrines, I would you were established firmly in 'the faith once delivered to the saints.' It is all in the BIBLE; and with this promise: 'If *any* man will do his will, he shall *know* of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.' These are Christ's words, who says, 'Search the Scriptures.' And the apostle, 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.' Like Apollos, may you be mighty in the Scriptures; and agreeably to the prayer of

Christ, be sanctified through the truth. O how necessary to be justified and *sanctified;* for '*without holiness no man shall see the Lord.*'"

Soon after writing the above, Mr. Taylor left college to spend the spring vacation in assisting the Rev. N. C. S. in a revival at Rahway, N. J. At his arrival he found the work going on, and about fifteen persons entertaining the hope that they had passed from death unto life. Among this people he labored, in conjunction with Mr. S——, about five weeks, very much to their satisfaction, and with great success. During this favored season the number of hopeful converts increased from fifteen to seventy or eighty, of all ages, from eleven years old to seventy, and of every condition in life.

To his brothers K—— and J——, Mr. Taylor wrote two letters from Rahway, giving an account of the progress of the work of grace in that town, in which he says:

"I am glad to inform you that the revival is increasingly interesting. Upwards of sixty have expressed hope. Among the young converts is one sixty-one years of age; among the anxious, one of seventy.

"The *child* of sixty-one is a mother, who, with her two daughters, became anxious on the same day; and on the same day they all expressed hope. This family I visited, and they received me *coolly*—nay more, they were *indifferent*, approaching to opposition. But, to our surprise, they soon sent for brother S—— and myself to visit them. We went, and found them in deep distress. Judge how differently they received us, from the

manner in which they received my visit! God be praised. There is no opposition worthy of note. The work goes on in solemn stillness.

"May you all be holy, and without blame, before him in love. Affectionately, JAMES."

Upon his return to college he wrote as follows to the family at Middle Haddam:

"*Nassau-Hall, May* 10, 1825.

* * * "I have often thought of your delightful situation on the hill—I have thought too that you are a house on a hill, that cannot be hid. To shine, we need to be covered. 'Be clothed with humility.' To be high, we need to get low in the vale, not of dejection, but of humility—'Before honor is humility.'

"Most of my enjoyments flow from a contented mind, which, when possessed, is a 'continued feast.' Not in the world, nor from the world, but from God, through Jesus Christ, we must expect our happiness. It is at the feet of Jesus we may find help in every time of need.

"Since my return, the Lord has visited me with rich blessings. I hope he is ripening me for his service here, and for his glory hereafter.

"I think I never took more interest in reading the Bible than since I returned. *Revivals* of religion are a happy comment upon the Bible. In reading the Acts of the Apostles, read them in reference to revivals. In reading the epistles, read them as addressed to young converts.

"As ever, affectionately yours,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

To his diary we are indebted for very much that Mr Taylor said, and did, and thought, and felt, giving an interesting development of his character, and the more to be relied upon, because it was never designed for publication, or even the inspection of his friends.

Though in the conversions which took place during the joint labors of Mr. S—— and Mr. Taylor at Rahway, there is evidence that his efforts were much blessed, yet in this secret record of the matter he lays no claim to distinction.

"May 21.—Went with brother S—— to Rahway, and found that, after his labors there for about two weeks, fifteen had expressed hope. I became his assistant for about five weeks, during which time the number was increased to seventy-five or eighty. Will God carry on his work, and still own the efforts of brother S—— in effecting a greater salvation among that people?

"During my labors I had too much hardness while witnessing the displays of grace, and while God was evidently owning his word. I often felt under the influence of lethargy. The Lord, I trust, has forgiven me. But, O! how much more humble and faithful I might have been! There were seasons, indeed, in which my heart was broken and contrite. I look upon this sphere of labor, and this opportunity with brother S——, as among the happiest, prospectively, in all my life. Since my return, God has been gracious to me, and afforded uncommon seasons of communion with himself, through Jesus Christ. I have been enabled to cast all my burdens on the Lord.

"In my walk this morning, met with a cross. As I

was passing a shop, a man *swore* by the sacred name of God. I passed on. The query arose, 'Shall I let this sin go unnoticed?' I stopped. Many excuses entered my mind—whether from the devil or my own heart, I cannot determine. At length this Scripture presented itself: 'Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him.' I went back, called the person by name, and requested an interview. We walked aside, where I had a serious talk with him; the result so far was favorable.

"June 1.—I rejoiced before God that there was an eternity to come, in which I might recount his goodness—see him as he is—and associate with saints and angels. O how my heart moved at the thought of meeting some there who might recognize in me a spiritual father! I would rather live than die, for the present; and this, God knoweth, is from the desire of being, if he would qualify me, eminently useful in bringing sinners to Christ. Yet if he were to call, I would go. Methought, how should I appear, seated with the saints in the new Jerusalem. I looked for the lowest seat.

"Among others, my friend L. P——— came to my mind. I think I never before pleaded for him with such confidence and submission. My petitions were groans which could not be uttered, for his salvation. I left him, with myself, in the hands of God. He will do right; and I rejoice that he is on the throne.

"6th.—Yesterday, the Sabbath, passed for the most part without much feeling in divine things till evening devotion, when, singing, I made melody in my heart to the Lord.

"June 9.—Evening.—To the honor of rich grace be

it recorded, that God, out of his exceeding fullness, hath just now visited my soul with salvation. After reading the Scriptures, while singing, the thought of my having spoken on the stage this evening, when I was considerably applauded, entered my mind. Thought I, what is this? O! if my faculties might be all on God's side, it would be honor. *Immediately* my heart broke, and went out, not in self-complacence, but in self-abasement. I fell upon my knees, to give myself away to God anew. I found I had nothing to give. All I am was his *already*. And besides, I owed him ten thousand talents. Then it occurred to me to ask of God to consecrate me *wholly* to himself, for his glory. The petition was too big for utterance; I groaned and wept it out. I think I never had such an overpowering willingness to spend for God. I felt an unusual resignation to his will: I felt myself in his hand. And if at last I should be held up a spectacle to creation, as a monument of long-suffering on his part, and then be sent to hell, I would wish to bring glory to his name while on earth.

"13th.—Brother S——— having left the people at Rahway, O how I longed to be with them for a season! But I cannot. I cast them and myself upon the Lord, and he bestowed a rich blessing upon me. I sunk into insignificance, while God was exalted above all."

While thus breathing out his affectionate soul in behalf of the lambs of the flock at Rahway, Mr. Taylor addressed to them the following communication:

"*Nassau-Hall, June*, 1825.

"*To the band of young converts in Rahway.*

'Beloved,

"My having seen some of you when dead in trespasses and in sins, and afterwards when awakened, anxious, and rejoicing, I presume will be a sufficient apology for this epistle. But besides this, I might assure you that the love of Christ constraineth me. The Christian affection and solicitude I feel towards you all draw me; and my regard for your best interests calls forth a line from my pen.

"Addressing an epistle to *young converts*, the apostle said among other things—'As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him; rooted and built up in him, and established in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgivings.' Col. 2:6, 7. Let me ask: *How* did you receive the Lord Jesus Christ? In impenitence, unbelief, and rebellion? or in contrition, faith, and submission? Was it in pride, love of the world, sensuality, anger, malice, or envy? Or in humility, forsaking the world, a crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts? Was it with a determination to live in sin, and so dishonor God? or with the fixed, unalterable determination to wage war with sin, to overcome sin, and to honor God by forsaking *every sin?* Methinks I hear one and another say, 'You have touched a point in my experience. *Thus* it was I received Christ Jesus the Lord.' What a combination of appellation and office is wound up in the name of the Son of God! *Christ*—anointed, sent and set apart to execute his office as mediator; *Jesus*—Savior; *Lord*—the proprie-

tor and ruler of all. When you received him, did you take Christ Jesus the Lord in all his offices? Then walk ye in him. Here, as in a journey, before we proceed we must get in the way.

"'Rooted and built up in him.' In this we see the necessity of being *confirmed* Christians. A tree should take deep root, for two reasons: that it may outstand every storm, and that it may receive the more nourishment. A house built on a sandy foundation is in danger of soon falling. The hope not founded on the Rock Christ Jesus the Lord, will be soon swept away.

"'And established in the faith.' Are there babes in Christ? so are there young and old men in Christ. As one is born, not always to remain a babe, but to grow up to manhood, so babes in Christ should grow up into Christ to the stature of perfect men. Once the wide-spread oak was shut up in the acorn; afterwards it shot above the earth; now it attracts the notice of the eye.

"'In the faith as ye have been taught.' Besides the experience of others, you have the witness within yourselves to testify to the doctrines of the Bible. As high as the Bible, and no higher, are we to set our standard of believing. With the Bible in our hand, and God's teaching, we may come at the truth as it is in Jesus.

"'Abounding therein with thanksgiving.' That there is such a thing as being deficient, nay *empty*, in religious experience, look at professors of religion here and there. Do you find them all 'full of faith and of the Holy Ghost?' Do you find a family altar in every house where religion is professed? Do you behold Is-

raelites indeed, in whom there is no guile, in all who go around the communion-table, and have their names in the church book? Judge ye of the walk and conversation of many who bear the Christian name, and ask, 'Shall I too be a deficient, empty, formal, lukewarm disciple?' Ah, my friends, I hope better things of you. I hope God, angels, and saints in heaven, and the church on earth, will witness in you a walk according to godliness; a firmness and stability of character worthy of such a hope, such a profession, such obligations as yours. And then you will abound too in thanksgiving that your eyes were open to see, your ears unstopped to hear, and your heart broken to feel the joys of sins forgiven.

"Having just entered upon the race, you have it to run, 'run with patience.' Having to fight, 'put on the *whole armor* of God;' for the world, the flesh, and the devil are arrayed against you. Are you discouraged? Does your soul draw back at the distance? at the contest? Why art thou cast down? Satan would have you so. The world, who are looking at and watching you with an eagle's eye, would have you draw back, or fall back from your steadfastness. But 'give no place to the devil.' Come out from the world and say, 'In the name of the Lord, I will destroy them all:' for, through Christ strengthening him, *what* cannot the Christian do? And does not the assurance sound from the word, 'My grace is sufficient for thee?'

"You recollect the season of our last interview. I think I shall never forget it. It was apparently a heavenly place in Christ Jesus. And have you found the '*God of love and peace*' with you? I doubt not that you have, if you have been of '*one mind*' to seek a

high attainment in the divine life, '*adding to your faith virtue*,' and have kept all the Christian graces in exercise. And if you still '*grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ*,' you will abound more and more in the consolations of the Gospel. For the sake of Christ, then—for the sake of the church, which is his body, and which he has purchased with his own blood, and for which he intercedes—for the sake of your pastor, who prays for your prosperity—and for the sake of those who have labored among you—and for your own sakes, I pray you to be UNCOMMON CHRISTIANS; that is, be *eminently holy—self-denying—cross-bearing—Bible—every-day Christians.*

"You *may* walk in Christ, be '*rooted and built up in him.*' You *may* 'exercise yourselves unto godliness, and be perfect, of one mind, live in peace, be of good comfort, and have the God of love and peace with you.' It is that to which every one of you may attain. It is—O yes, it is your high privilege—yes, it is your duty to attain unto it; and moreover, it is for your interest; for when are you the happiest, when worldly or spiritual, when earthly or heavenly-minded? Shall I repeat what you have so often assented to as duty, and in the performance of which your souls have been so much blessed? I mean, shall I say, live to God in secret—examine your hope—try your experience? Leave these duties unperformed for a day or a week, and see where you would be found. Rather, would I say, do not try the experiment; for it has undermined many hopes, nay, is one strong evidence of a bad hope; viz. the neglect of duty, and this neglect unattended with remorse and renewed submission to God.

"Shall I repeat, that the cords of Christian affection bind me to you? The remembrance of you has associated with it some of my sweetest moments: and I have rejoiced in the thought that an eternity is to come, in which I shall have the opportunity of seeing you, and rejoicing with you. Until then, if we converse no more on earth, we will hope to meet around our Father's board, and sing 'Hallelujah for ever and ever.'

"I presume you continue to meet for social prayer and praise as usual. May you be knit together more and more—may your hearts be united to fear, to love, and serve the Lord. Not only for yourselves must you feel interested, but for those with whom you are associated. Your affectionate but infirm pastor, whom you cherish with new emotions, calls for your prayers; your pious friends—your companions whom you left behind, to take their pleasure in the world—your fathers and mothers—your children—your brothers and sisters, who are left while you have been taken. O! how much have you to do; and what you would do for God, for yourselves, for your pious and for your ungodly friends, must be done quickly, for '*the time is short.*' Soon, you will go hence—soon, they will be here no more. Who of us would see a friend or relative of ours go down under the wrath of God? Ah! when the sound '*farewell*' shall echo at the bar of God—when an impenitent child shall take a last lingering look of a pious saved parent, and sigh 'farewell'—when parents shall sink from the view of pious children—when brothers and sisters shall part to meet no more, may *we* stand spotless, and without

their blood hanging about us. Finally, let our song ever be,

'I'll try to prove faithful,
'Till we all arrive at home.

"Yours, in the best of bonds,
"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

This address to young converts suggests some thoughts which are worthy of the practical regard, not only of those who are just commencing the Christian life, but of ministers and older Christians.

No one, who has his senses so exercised as to be capable of judging in the case, can be blind to the melancholy truth, that the cause of the Redeemer has suffered sadly from the want of that deep toned consistent piety which is attainable by every one who has been born from above. The opinion has indeed prevailed to a great extent, and is still entertained by many, that the freshness and fervor of the first love of young Christians must of necessity pass away, and give place to darkness, and uncertainty, and coldness. Most disastrous have been the effects of this opinion upon the growth in holiness and usefulness of the church; and instead of shining brighter and brighter to the perfect day, her light has been often obscured, her hopes enfeebled, and her influence neutralized. Instead of a vigorous, healthful action, her conduct has been fitful, and her very life an alternation of spasm and collapse; at one time, all zeal and devotedness, and again chilling all around with indifference.

Now it is perfectly manifest that neither the apos-

tles nor their Master ever countenanced or encouraged such a life in his followers. "Nevertheless," said our Lord to the church of Ephesus, "I have *somewhat* against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works: or else I will come unto thee quickly, and remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent." In this passage we have set before us the evil and the remedy. If a declension in the fervor of piety and the strength of faith—if leaving their first love, by Christians, must be repented of, then is such conduct offensive to God, prejudicial to his cause, and injurious to the souls of men. Every sin is offensive to God—but this sin necessarily prejudices his cause with sinners, and consequently injures their souls; and the only remedy is repentance. But every Christian has a security against this evil, in the abundant grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to divine promise, may be attained through faith, and watchfulness, and prayer. Let every Christian, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace, that he may obtain mercy and find grace to help in the time of need.

Until the church shall unlearn the lesson so often taught by good, but mistaken fathers and mothers in Israel, that the excitement attended upon conversion *must* be succeeded by depression and doubt—until ministers and members of the church practically learn that their power of doing good is in proportion to their holiness—there is no reason to expect the universal triumph of the cause of truth and righteousness. It is impossible that the wise and benevolent King of Zion should ever subdue the world to himself through the

co-operation of a people so imperfectly sanctified as is the present generation of Christians; nor does it seem at all consistent with His infinite fitness to govern, to impress the present character of the church, in which there is such a mixture of pride, and selfishness, and worldliness, and the spirit of contention, upon this earth's entire population. How important then the instructions given by Mr. Taylor to young converts! How necessary that they grow up from their very birth "unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

In the same strain and the same spirit is the following extract of a letter to a young lady in T———, to whom Mr. Taylor sustained the endeared relation of spiritual father:

"*June* 17, 1825.

"As you may conclude, I was glad to hear of your prosperity. As you are pleased to recognize in me the instrument, *under God*, of awaking you from carnal security, and of leading you to the Lamb of God, you rightly judge that I feel something of the solicitude attendant upon such a relation. And not only for you, but for others scattered up and down, near and remote. When the husbandman cultivates his field, he is more or less anxious until his expections are realized.

"I need not tell you that I have rejoiced over the lambs of the flock of Jesus, the good Shepherd. And perhaps I should not tell you that I have wept in secret places, for fear that some might turn aside—some who have expressed a hope, and so wound the cause of Christ. Yes, my heart has bled in the inner cham-

bers, my soul has agonized for the prosperity of those whom I have seen once dead in trespasses and sins, and afterwards awakened and hopefully born again. My heart's desire and prayer to God for them is, that they all might be *holy, harmless, and undefiled.* Is *holiness stamped* on your heart? Is *holiness to the Lord*, as the grand characteristic of your thoughts, words, and actions, carried out and made to stand forth in *all* the relations of life? Are you as harmless as a dove? Are you unspotted 'from the world?'

"May you be like a tree planted by the river's side —be rooted in Christ—*rooted*, that you may both draw nourishment from, and stand firm in Christ Jesus."

Diary, "June 19.—Another standard-bearer in Zion hath fallen—Summerfield is no more. *Hath fallen? is no more?* But he hath ascended to his Father, and lives in the Paradise of God. I have read once and again two letters of his addressed to my friend Mr. A. They are fraught with Christian love. The thought that the hand that wrote them is now entombed in the grave, and the spirit that dictated them now ranges the sweet fields above, was melting to my soul. Well: for the Lord hath done all things *well*, and now reigns. He hath joined those who have gone before. What interviews may he have already had with Wesley, and Whitefield, and Fletcher, and Spencer, and Martyn, and the innumerable company! And shall I join the heavenly band? I think I never before had such humiliating views of myself as for weeks past, while the Lord has been favoring me with the communications of his love. And if, after all, I should enter heaven, the thought occurred that the fittest

place for me would be to be raised to some conspicuous point in the midst of the adoring throng, as an everlasting spectacle of *superabounding grace.*"

To a Minister of the Gospel.

"*Nassau Hall, July* 13, 1825.

"Brother beloved,

"Your letter, which I have read again and again, came to hand about a week after its date, and it refreshed me.

"Indeed I have sympathized with you, and I still could weep with you under your various trials. But our sympathizing High Priest, who hath gone into the heavens, can better be touched with a feeling of your infirmities, having been tempted in all points as we are. Was Peter's wife's mother sick of a fever? Peter's friend was there to heal. Was the house at Bethany afflicted? The friend of Lazarus, of Mary, and Martha, was there to weep with the latter, and over the tomb of the former. I need not tell my dear brother that Jesus is virtually present, and that in him all fullness dwells. Yes, he is an attendant upon your companion—he watches over her for good—cherishes her spiritual health, and is thus maturing her to the stature of one perfect in Christ Jesus. The Vine Dresser holds the pruning knife, and with consummate skill severs one exuberant branch after another, till the tree may appear well nigh shorn of its beauty. Soon, the roots being imbedded in a soil watered by the river of God, branches more fresh and green will put forth; and if permitted to remain in the garden below, it will flourish, bud, blossom, and bear the choicest fruit; if transplanted to the garden above, it will

bloom and bear fruit for ever. And shall we complain that he removes a plant from a poorer to a richer soil —from the shade to the sunshine?

"Think it not strange, my brother, when all that are combined against you level their force against your honest intentions to do the work of an evangelist; for remember the case of our *Elder Brother*, who went about doing good. Even Peter assumed the office of dictator, and began to rebuke him, saying, 'Be it far from thee, Lord.' Is it not sufficient that the servant (δοῦλος) be as his master?—Remember too the great Apostle Paul, when with one accord they besought him not to go up to Jerusalem. 'Then Paul answered, what mean ye to weep and to break my heart? *for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.*' Paul would not be persuaded: neither let my brother be persuaded, until convinced by Him who hath put him into the ministry. And let him count it all joy to suffer for Christ's sake. Only get on 'the whole armor,' and then, though a host encamp against you, in the Lord you will do valiantly.

"If you do not enjoy the light of God's countenance, then must you be in double agony. I would that you were filled all the day long with faith and with the Holy Ghost. I need not suggest it—but so I find it—to come to a solemn pause, and get near to the Lord, serves as a *thousand arguments* against the world, the flesh, and the devil. May you experience more and yet more of the love of God. In carrying you and your interests to God, I have at times enjoyed liberty and nearness of access.

"I am reading, with interest, Edwards on the Affec-

tions, speak regularly once a week in the African church, and meet on Monday evening the young converts. I think I take an increased interest in reading the Bible. The world and its honors dwindle into the shade more and more. May I ever cherish the disposition, God being my keeper, to spend my all in turning sinners to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. A Christian salutation to Mrs.——. As always, yours,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

To the same.

"*Nassau Hall, Sept.* 1, 1825.

"Dearly beloved Brother,

"I am sorry on your account, that so much darkness pervades your soul. You need to walk in the light, for many reasons—for your own comfort, for the comfort of others, for the glory of God, and for the edification of the body of Christ, which is the church.

"I have testified to you verbally, and by letter, concerning some of the blessings God has vouchsafed to me. Of all the blessings in the house of my pilgrimage, one experienced last evening was perhaps the greatest. I will not attempt, with pen and ink, to describe it. Help me, my loving brother, help me to praise the Lord."

"*Sept.* 22, 1825.

"James to his dearly beloved and afflicted brother. Little did I expect to receive the intelligence I did this morning of your illness. Think it not strange, my dear brother, that you are sick; 'for whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.' Try to receive this visitation, as among your 'all things;' and give thanks, 'for this

is the will of God, in Christ Jesus, concerning you.' Perhaps my brother is not so much alarmed about his body, as he is solicitous that his affliction may be sanctified. Truly this should concern us most; for let what will befall the outer man, if the inner man be renewed day by day, we shall grow strong for *eternity*, whither we constantly tend. Are you tossed and not comforted? Do you spend wearisome days and tedious nights? I have been weeping and wrestling in prayer for you. While looking upward for myself, I remembered you; for how could I forget one to whom, under God, I am so much indebted, and to whom I bear a weight of love? I thought of asking for your health, your life; for I saw beside you, your E., and around you, your children; I saw you an elder in an infant church, and exerting, as I hoped, a happy influence along the path of life; yet for all this I could only say, 'The will of the Lord be done.' My weeping and wrestling for you, my dear brother, was according to the will of God, that you might be holy and without blame before him in love; that if your soul was beclouded, the Sun of righteousness might arise upon you; that our Captain would drive back the enemy, and give you the victory; for this was all I could ask for myself. I saw, moreover, that though your life appeared in many respects to be needful, yet for you, as well as myself, another life was in reserve, to enter upon which we must die. Is there a mansion for us in the skies, and shall we not enter in? Is it the Father's *good pleasure* to give us the kingdom, and shall we not possess it? To me earth is no way desirable but to live for God. And let me tell you, that of late I have thought myself near my resting-place.

I have been brought into so close a fellowship with God, that I knew not but I was *breathing out* my soul, to fly away. Yes, and it is the *earnest*, the *foretaste* of glory which the Lord has given me, that lifts me on high.

"The Lord is, I think, preparing me either to be more useful, or to take me to heaven. His will, not mine, be done.

"It may be that my dear brother rests under the smiles of our heavenly Father. Let us then cling close to the hope that is within us, stand firm at our station, endure with patience, fight valiantly. For this we must prepare in the inner chamber; with God in secret the harness is generally put on, and for the most part with weeping and contrition. May our hearts be *bruised* and healed, so that we shall be 'without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.'

"Should you be apprehensive that you shall leave us soon, let my brother do the work he would do. Be faithful to *me*—be faithful to E.—be faithful to your family, to your minister, to all.

"Let your house be set in *complete order*. Seek for a clear, undoubting evidence of your acceptance. Stop not short of *meetness* for glory and glorified society. 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' The very God of peace sanctify you wholly. And I pray God your whole soul, and body, and spirit may be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus. Faithful is he who has called you; who also will do it. Only seek him with your whole heart.

"Holiness captivates my soul. It is *this* that gives the character of God its glory, in my view. It is *this* that makes the character of angels and disembodied

spirits lovely in contemplation. It is *this* that makes heaven desirable. And it is this that illumi... my soul, and allies it to the most holy on earth. *My cry is*, Lord, give me wisdom and holiness. And let this be the burden of your prayer for me—that I may be wise to win souls, and holy to enter heaven.

"Let me comfort myself, saith Edwards, that it is the very nature of afflictions to make the heart better; and if I am made better by them, what need I be concerned how grievous they may seem for the present?"

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## CHAPTER VI.

### *Last Year in College.*

To a Lady in feeble health.

"*Oct.* 26, 1825.

"Acknowledging the receipt of your epistle, which came to hand a few days since, I am constrained to comply with your request, 'write to me.' With the other, which was, 'pray for me,' I have just complied, with tears and strong cries.

"Blessed be the *Beloved* that he has proved himself *your* elder brother—a friend always *near*. How relieving—O, how *unburdening* to the soul, is a gush of tears—sweet tears of love and gratitude! they have just flowed from my weeping eyes.

"I am glad that your spirit was refreshed by the coming of Christian friends; and for their concern for both *you* and *me*. Let us not think it strange, if, when

we see the image of Christ reflected more brightly in the walk and conversation of some of his disciples than others, we are tempted to chide ourselves for not loving *all equally*. It is indeed written—'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another;' and 'we know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren.' But the question is, Who is my brother? Is it one who has been baptized? goes to the communion-table? talks *about* religion? Our Savior tells us—'Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, *the same is my brother*.'

"Instead of adding one pain to your already accumulated sufferings, I would relieve you of *all*—exchange your weakness for strength—your confinement for the pleasant fields. But, I apprehend, the days of my sister, if not already gone by, are soon to be numbered. This I know does not alarm *you*. You are conversant with the dying hour in anticipation.

"I am seated where, by a turn of the head, I have a beautiful prospect. I can overlook a village once the scene of labors both interesting and profitable. There was a revival there three years ago last spring: the fruits still appear. It reminds me of the latter day, when all shall know the Lord. The fields and trees that meet my eye cause me to sing,

'Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
'Stand dress'd in living green.'

"And the river that flows by, lifts the thoughts to the 'pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb.' The grazing sheep and their fold speak, in association, of the good Shepherd, his flock and fold above.

"The sun has sunk beneath the horizon to illumine another hemisphere. Ere long our *sun* shall go down: may it set to rise resplendent in a better, brighter world. 'They that be *wise* shall shine as the sun; and they that *turn many to righteousness*, as the stars, for ever and ever.' How happy *his* lot who takes his departure to meet the souls whom, under God, he has sent to heaven! O, there is meaning beyond expression in what my soul hath felt in this view!—Pray, still pray, that a great company of sinners, redeemed from among men, may at last praise God for my instrumentality. May *you* be among the *wise* that *win souls*.

"The blowing of the wind reminds me of the sailor-boy, perhaps, far off at sea, becalmed, or wafted by the breeze, or tossed by the tempest; now he mounts up to heaven, then goes down again to the depths. Let *our* sails be wide spread to catch every breeze of heaven; nor need we take in when the gales of grace blow upon them. As one watches the pole-star to prove his course correct, so let us look to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. Thus we shall run clear—make our voyage—enter the haven fully laden—cast anchor, and lie safely moored for ever.

"I thank God for his goodness in permitting an acquaintance between souls so congenial, in this the house of our pilgrimage. Our communion has been holy; be it perpetuated above. I think I was enabled to acquiesce in the *will of God*. I could, and in a degree unknown before, bless him for making us mutual blessings. That *you* had been made a blessing to *me*, did not seem so strange; but that I should have been made a blessing to *you*, seems strange indeed. The

Lord knoweth the *mean view* I have of myself. If *alive*, (for I know not but I was thinking of one in heaven,) I *wrestled* for heaven's blessing to descend and abide with *you;* and I was blessed in pleading for my dear sister, to whom, as never before, did I feel a *binding* of soul in Christian fellowship.

"From this situation, so pleasant, I could descry a scenery more captivating than any seen by mortal eye. Through faith, I took a view of the house not made with hands, and anticipated the day when I should at least hear you sing, and see you bow before the throne. Yes, my sister, if I should be at a distance, do you strive to get near the throne.

"You recollect I mentioned one whose soul seems full of love. O for a *host* of self-denying, cross-bearing, humble, *Bible* sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

"It rains—may a shower of grace come to you. May the Holy Ghost descend in his influences upon you like drops of dew. May you be as a well-watered garden, producing abundantly the fruits of righteousness.

"I was asked to-night, by a minister, 'What is saving faith?' I answered him in holy language: 'It is that faith which worketh by love, purifieth the heart, and overcometh the world.' How exemplified is this faith in some Christians! Alas, that they are so rare. Let these characteristics of the devoted servant of God, and all the lineaments of the dear Redeemer, be manifested in us. If there should be but *one* on earth, ought *you* not to be the one, who should have the *whole* mind of Christ? Then would be seen in your every relation of life, what proves the reality, beauty, and excellency of the religion you profess."

The following letter, addressed principally to the wife of a beloved brother when she was expected to die, is so full of piety, and faith, and love, that no one can read it, with a serious mind, without admiring the writer, or rather the grace of God in him.

"*Nov.* 17, 1825.

"Your letter, dear brother, came this morning, with intelligence which I did not at all expect. Shall I tell you the train of thought it excited?—That you would be companionless—your children motherless—that R.'s happy spirit, like an uncaged bird, would fly away, and be at rest.

"Were you, my dear brother, were *you*, as some are, I would not write as I do. 'But ye, who were some time darkness, are now light in the Lord.' And I write this for your comfort. And if your *dear* wife and my dear sister be alive, and you think it for her comfort, read it to her, as perhaps the last epistle of James to her, just going into eternity.

"I will address it to *her*. Sister R., dear sister, forgive all my unfaithfulness to you, and once more pray that I may be blessed with *holiness and wisdom*. Little did I think of your being the *first* of our household that would probably be called away. Little did I think that you would be the *first* to enjoy the privilege of entering heaven.

"It is taken for granted that your soul is prepared for its exit. This is what each one must be concerned about for himself; for as you know, *as individuals*, we stand accountable to God for our conduct *here*; as individuals we must die, and as individuals we must be judged.

"Persuaded of your acceptance through Christ,

stand, stand *firmly*. Throwing yourself into the arms of Jesus, wait, wait patiently. Leaning on the bosom of Jesus, fear no harm; for *he* hath said, 'If I go away, I will come again and receive you unto myself.'

"When I remember that God has an economy of grace, as well as of nature—that the kingdom of grace is governed by a holy King, himself the Lawgiver, I am consoled; for certain I am that he will act so as to constrain all his subjects to see that *he hath done all things well*. Hence, my sister, should he call you away, I cannot but acquiesce, and say, 'The Lord reigneth.' However much you are beloved on earth, you would go where you would be loved much more—enjoy a *holy society* in a *holy place*, and be employed in rendering a perfect service to your God and mine. Hence—however much *I* love you, and were it the will of God, I would detain you here long—I would be the first to sing, though with streaming eyes,

'Tis finish'd, the conflict is past,
'The heaven-born spirit is fled,
'Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
'And now she's entomb'd with the dead:
'The months of affliction are o'er,
'The days and the nights of distress;
'We see her in anguish no more;
'She's *gained* her *happy* release.'

"Should I hear of your death, I would look up and thank God, that now, instead of earth, paradise is yours. I would think of you as a happy spirit that had entered 'through the gate into the city.' Having overcome, and being seated with Christ on his throne, you would, as a spirit, commune with God—commune with angels who are ministering spirits—commune with saints who have gone up through great tribulation, and wh-

are the spirits of the just made perfect. Think, too, of some of your friends who have died in the faith—of those who follow after, but above all of Jesus, whom *you* shall see as he is.

"When on the Mount Zion above, whether you shall look down on things below or not, think of James, and praise the name of the Lord for the blessings I have received—the earnest of the heavenly rest. What the employments of the saints are, you will know more particularly 'when on Zion you stand.' Of *this* you may be as certain as you are certain that you are a child of God—you shall behold a wonderful sight. 'Father,' said Jesus, 'I will that they whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold *my glory*.'

"To comfort you and your afflicted husband, remember the laws of the kingdom: 'Thy statutes have been *my song* in the house of my pilgrimage.' How often was this the case with David in his affliction. One law of the kingdom is, that the subjects of Zion's King must enter heaven—but he, even *our God and King*, hath reserved to himself the right of ordering for his subjects. Would we be at our own disposal? We feel safest in his hand. Then as it is *appointed* to men once to die, who can rightly designate the time and circumstances? God, who sees the end from the beginning; or we, who know not what a day may bring forth? Be comforted; let not your heart be troubled. I hope to have a mansion too. Then, whether you or I be called first, seeing that the will of God is done, what should we be concerned about but a full preparation for heaven?

"If you recover, we will be thankful. If you die,

may you be calmly dismissed, or go with a shout, as it is appointed. As the entrance is *ministered*, is it not all one whether we die calmly or exultingly? In *this*, as other things, let the will of the Lord be done. I am glad that you can give up your family; if in the hands of the Lord, they are safe. And surely they are at *his* disposal, as we are ourselves.

"Finally, my sister—my sister, with whom I have sung, with whom I have prayed and wept—farewell—we love one another till death—dying, I will not forget thee—I will remember all your sisterly affection—your kind hospitality; and when my work shall be done, I will hope to meet you at the right hand of God—An affectionate adieu. If you have a dying message for *me*, leave it with J.

"Brother, in conclusion, I think all I can say on this occasion, is, the will of the Lord be done. The wave may yet roll back upon you great things which you have not known. This may be the vehicle in which shall be conveyed the greatest blessings: only trust in God. 'Be still, and know that I am God,' saith Jehovah. He hath been with you; and although clouds and darkness are round about him, yet justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne. Therefore be not faithless, but believing. Look for a *happy issue* out of all your troubles.

"Your sympathizing brother,

"JAMES."

To his brother and sisters F., E., and A., then at New-Haven.

"*Nassau Hall, Dec.* 2, 1825.

"You have doubtless known the course of sister R.'s

illness. On the Wednesday previous to my leaving Princeton for New-York, brother J. wrote, 'Probably before this reaches you our dear R. will commence the song of angels.' I answered this letter, and addressed one to her, which was read to her, and she was melted to tears. 'O,' said she, 'I love James; tell him from me, that now I can go with him into heaven: not until this affliction could I see as he saw, but now I can rise with him to the top of Pisgah.' I say not these things to exalt myself, but to magnify the grace of God.

"Her room appeared to be filled with the glory of God, and her soul to be lighted up with the brightness of his coming. She was at *full liberty*. 'If the Son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed.' She could say in a higher sense than before, 'I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings; and he hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise to my God.'

"Before this she had very composedly taken leave of all. Her husband had received her dying message, and apparently heard her sigh the last adieu. Her children listened to her dying counsel; on the verge of eternity she spoke to all, and they were melted to tears.

"Wednesday night there was a favorable change. And it was when man had given her up—when she had rejoiced in the prospect of being in eternity in an hour—when the shroud and the coffin were full in view, that God interposed. He spake, and it was done.

'Back from the borders of the grave
'At thy command she's come;
'Nor did she urge a speedier flight
'To her celestial home.'

"You will conclude that I enjoyed a pleasant season with her, in our converse, and in songs of praise and prayer. Indeed it was a 'green pasture,' where were fed not only those who were around her more immediately, but other sheep of the same fold went in and out and found pasture. Upon this green spot —green, because of the divine influence in the showers of grace and the shining of the 'Sun of righteousness'—upon this green spot there was herbage, of which the pastor also partook and was refreshed. The circle in which they moved was tenderly affected, and seemed awake to set their house in order. To brother J. it has been a glorious visitation. With his companion, he seemed neither *above nor below the will* of God. To mother it has been, as she expressed it, in all her grief a happy season. To our father it has proved a time of refreshing. To me it has been the occasion of setting my affections on things above yet more than ever. Has not this visitation been fraught with mercies to you—*each* of you? That it may prove yet more the means of good to us individually, let us each lay it to heart: I mean *her experience*. She wondered that she had not come into such a blessing *before*.

"In her case we have the encouragement to ask and expect great blessings. To this is superadded, 'great and precious promises.' Let one *full* of import be recited: 'Call unto me, and I will answer, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou hast not known.'

After all we have known, there are still 'great and mighty things.' After all that we see, still the promise is good. If 'great and mighty things' be not in the experience of *each*, on whom shall the blame rest? Let us seek not low attainments, but great and mighty uprisings towards heaven.

"From R.'s faithfulness in sickness let us learn the important lesson of being faithful in *health*. And in all we do, let us ask, how will *this* appear on my dying bed? Thus may we be led to act, not with a view to man's judgment, but in accordance with the will of God.

"If our sister be restored, still it remains for some one of our number to lead the way to the bar of God. You know that a part of *my* grave-clothes were once made. How soon the winding-sheet may be *my* attire or *yours*, who can tell? But sure the funeral knell may soon tell our departure. How solemn is that sound: 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!'

"Let us, in minding our duty, keep where our sister would keep—near to God in *secret*, near to God in all our intercourse with others; for, holding converse with him, we shall be transformed into his likeness—the more like God, the more *holy*—the more holy, the more happy, and the better fitted for a heaven whose glory is *holiness*. Then, living or dying, all will be well.

'I'm *glad* that I was born to die.'

"Do you each see your way clear? Is it lighted up with glory as you pass along? or are you walking in darkness? Then you *must* stumble—you must halt. O, it cannot be otherwise. And if it be thus, I be-

seech you with a brother's love, and as though they were my dying words, remove the stumbling-blocks. Find out, bring to light, and slay every enemy. Harbor not one—no, not one disloyal subject. Let Jesus be King, and let him reign without a rival. O, how many, for the *indulging* of *one* sin, have prevented conviction and conversion; and for want of these, how many have sunk to hell! And tell me of a darker sign in a professor, than *one sin* of any kind *indulged*. Should not that be enough to lead him to question his being in a gracious state? My brother—my sisters, witness my determination; God being my helper, I will *love* and *serve* him. It is my choice. Be ye also more than ever determined. As a family, and as individuals, let us live to God. Give to the vain the vanities of time. Give to the worlding its 'fleeting show.' Let the lovers of pleasure grasp at a phantom. Be it ours to seek and possess the chief good; lay up treasure in the heavens, and reach for the prize. Then, as a family and as individuals, we shall answer the end of our being—live in the fear and love of God, die exulting, and wing our way to the paradise above. There, if not below, I will wait to meet you.

"With a brother's love,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

"*Nassau Hall, Dec.* 29, 1825.

"Dear Brother,

"Your letter has come to hand. No item called forth more grateful emotions than the testimony of your having more sensibly the presence of the Lord. Indeed, I praise the God of our salvation for his love to my brother in this respect. I trust he will

visit you yet more copiously. May you have gospel-measure.

"Of late I have rejoiced that there is an eternity—a glorious eternity. Separated now, there we shall mingle, and with saints and angels join. How then should we *act* on earth! O, had disembodied spirits to act over another life, how *active* would they be! Brother, what would the saint who *died rich*, now do with his money were he here? Would the thousands that have been scattered to the winds by prodigal heirs be again put into their hands? or would they be sacredly disposed of for God? How much better, 'in that day,' to be found among those who have been more solicitous to furnish the church with able ministers of the New Testament, than to adorn after-generations with *vanity!* And who dare say, that by doing more for God and less for heirs, souls would not have been saved?"

In the following from Mr. Taylor's diary, his communion with God, and resignation to the divine will, shine conspicuously, and are worthy of the imitation of all that come after him.

"Dec. 30, 1825.—Had, at evening devotion, an uncommon blessing, such in kind and degree as perhaps I never had before. I sang,

'Hail sovereign love, that first began.'

"Being led to examine whether I could acquiesce in the will of God, I asked, (but it seemed as if He put the question,) 'Could you, were God to say, *de-*

*sist* from your pursuit, could you relinquish the *ministry?*' My reply was, Lord, thou knowest this touches in the *tenderest* point—yet I could yield at thy bidding—go to the plough, or to the most servile employment. To me it seemed that my will was *wholly* resolved into the will of God. It was a holy talk with heaven, and beyond expression sweet. Gratitude inexpressible filled my heart, and struggled for utterance. I fell before the Lord in my accustomed kneeling-place, and attempted a thank-offering.

"Had an opportunity to talk faithfully to a candidate for the ministry. I told him, that, with my present views, it would never do for me to live and act as most ministers do. O what an account must sleeping watchmen give! And how will ministers appear, if at last they should cry out, Lost—lost for ever! Lord, give me holiness and wisdom. I will hope to lay out myself for God. I would rather lay me down and die, than live to dishonor thee."

Diary, "January 1, 1836—Sabbath evening.—Have just risen from my kneeling-place, where I thanked the Lord, at the remembrance of his mercies—for food and raiment—for health—for the use of all my senses—for the privilege of living alone—for literary advantages, books, and instructors. And the visits of his love the past year have been frequent—my record speaks of some. I have not recorded all, nor all my aberrations. My record is on high. The Lord knoweth. Clothed in the Redeemer's righteousness, *it is enough.*

"I thanked the Lord for my parents—that they have been spared—my brothers and sisters too. Although

sickness has entered our borders and threatened the removal of two of our number, they both live. I thanked the Lord for benefactors, praying friends, and correspondents.

"My prayer was, and is repeated—Lord, bless me this year also. Show me 'great and mighty things that I know not.' Bless me not only, but make me a blessing to my brethren in the college—make me a blessing to the college—to the town—to my relations and friends. Bless the church—the sons of Levi—the candidates for the ministry—scatter light among the nations of the earth. Great things have been witnessed during the past year. This has been an indescribably happy new year's day to me.

"While the brethren were at prayer in my room this morning, (as usual on Sunday morning,) a letter was left on my desk, of which the following is a copy:

'Sir,—You are suspected d—d strongly of having informed the faculty of the misdemeanors of several of the students. The evidence against you, though circumstantial, is of the strongest kind. You will for the future be strictly watched, and therefore it will be prudent for you to visit your *brothers*, the tutors, as seldom as possible; for if detected, your punishment is inevitable. Do not treat this with levity. If you do, you must suffer the consequences.'

"I was a little surprised at such a letter; but the charity that 'beareth all things' was in exercise. My soul *yearned* for the unknown individual who wrote the letter. I longed, with *weeping eyes* and *groans* which could not be uttered, to see him a *returning* prodigal. My heart broke too for the college. The exercise was more earnest than ever before for those

around me, yet my will was absorbed in the will of God—I saw that it belonged to him to work salvation. My soul was lifted up with its longings for a blessing on the preaching to-day, and with streaming eyes I arose, at the ringing of the bell, and hastened to hear the word. Shall we not see better days?

"I wrote on the aforesaid letter, 'Greater is he that is for me, than all they that are against me.' 'He giveth his angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' I add, 'Who shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good? The Lord is on our side.'

"A report is in circulation that an individual had said he should consider himself bound to report to the faculty the bad conduct of students. Though I am not the person who said this, if it was ever said, probably the suspicion has fallen on me. Amen. They meant it for evil; God meant it for good. A great blessing has come to me through an emissary of Satan.—O how would my arms of love open to him, if he would come to Christ. O for the descent of the Holy Ghost.

"Wrote my usual new year's letter to our family."

"*Nassau Hall, January* 1, 1826.

"As usual, I suppose my parents, brothers, and sisters will be expecting a new year's letter. They shall not be disappointed—A *happy* new year to you all—to me it has happily begun.

"To us, collectively and individually, the year 1825 has been fraught with good. Prosperity has been within our borders. Called, indeed, to talk of judgments, we have *sung* of mercies. All, but perhaps none more

than James, are laid under renewed obligations to love and serve the Lord.

"Recounting the goodness of God to *me*, I find that it reaches to the clouds. But 'when on Zion we stand,' we hope to talk of all his goodness. You have had my testimony already of some of those manifestations I have enjoyed. Suffice it for the present to say,

'The more thy glory strikes mine eyes,
'The *lower* I shall lie:
'Thus while I *sink*, my soul shall rise
'Immeasurably high.'

"I thank our God that he has continued our parents with us another year—our parents, always beloved by us all. They have fostered us—they have trained us up—they have wept for us—they have prayed for us—they love us. May their declining sun shine yet fair, and set in splendor. Methinks I hear my parents say, *we* will praise the Lord; yes, we *will* praise the Lord for all his goodness to us and ours. If we listen to *your* testimony, shall we not hear you witness to the visits of our heavenly Father? O yes, you each know what it is to hold fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. You know what it is to hold converse with God in secret; and doubtless the daily desire of your hearts is, 'Evermore give us this bread;' nor do I doubt that your daily prayer goes up for *our* advance in the way of holiness.

"Shall brother E. and sister M. see this? A happy new year to them. I need not repeat here, what you often converse on together. Every minister, and every minister's wife, *must* think of souls under their care—souls to be trained for heaven, who are already in the way, and souls yet in their sins.

"Brother F., how do you live in college? I do not hear from you. Are you getting much knowledge *upon your knees*? 'And they shall all be taught of God.' Take the promise that I have taken. 'Call unto me, and I will answer.' Live so in college, that when you graduate, you may stand beside your brother, and with him tell the world that there is no place more eligible for advancement in holiness than college. O, let us 'die daily' to the world, and have our souls so imbued with that knowledge which does not come from books, that, Moses like, others may see that we have been with God. Then, as before Moses, sinners will tremble before us. O for a holy *unction*.

"In the commencement of this new year, let us all be solemn. With many it is a day of mirth. Let us think on our latter end. We shall find it profitable to do it frequently. Is once a week too often? For one, I believe I try to do it *daily*. I go to the graveyard for this: I sit on the tomb-stones and read, 'Here lies,' and think on my shroud and coffin—the tolling bell—the funeral procession—the open grave—the falling earth—I *love* to die in imagination. There is nothing more interesting to me than death scenes. I know not indeed that my parents shall surround my dying bed; nor that my brother or sisters shall watch my parting breath. I am not worthy of their kind offices; I may die, a stranger in a strange land. But what of this? To lie beside my fathers' sepulchres would indeed be grateful: but one point of the earth is as near to heaven as another; and, although we may not rise from the same burying-place, the same trumpet shall awaken us, and we shall arise to the same heaven. Let us try to bring death *very* near, and for

several reasons. 1. That we may fix our faith more firmly on the doctrines of the *Bible:* the doctrines of men will not stand in a dying hour. 2. That our worldly pursuits may be rightly regulated. 3. That we may seek more earnestly full preparation. 4. That when afflicted we may the better sustain it. 5. That we may forgive and act towards all as becometh the dying. Redeem the time, and so be ever ready and waiting for the coming of the Son of man.

"To conclude. Let us, in entering upon any business, inquire whether it be lawful. Let all worldly attachments and pursuits hang loosely about us. Let our houses be set in complete order. Let us begin *nothing* of which we have not *well* considered the end. When you shall have read this, I wish *each* of you to go aside and pray for

"JAMES."

Diary, January 3.—"Am truly blessed of God. Before the commencement of service at the usual Tuesday evening meeting, I sat musing and invoking a blessing. The Lord came apparently with his servant—as he prayed, my soul seemed to gain new vigor—and while we sung. But as he spoke, a heavenly influence dropped—distilled—poured into my soul. The Holy Ghost seemed to come down—and I felt *hot* with hallowed fire. It was an increase upon the blessing of last Sabbath—for it was a struggle for souls. The subject was, 'God tries the patience of his children.' I felt that mine had been tried, and longed for his coming. His address being finished, I prayed. It was still a solemn time, and the divine influence seemed to increase—while this was the burden of our prayers:

*Holiness* for ourselves, and *conversion* and *holiness* for the impenitent.

"Spent a couple of hours in his room with the preacher and brother J., where I gained new vigor, exultation, and triumph, and some practical knowledge. Received a letter which made my soul leap for joy. How thankful I ought to be for the addition of this acquaintance during the last year. It will doubtless be consummated in heaven. The Lord blesses us, and makes us a blessing to each other."

To Rev. Mr. H——, of S——

"*Nassau Hall, January* 15, 1826.

"To my reverend, my esteemed Friend, and the Church in his house:

"I need not tell you how often I have perused those two letters received from my venerated father in the Gospel, nor say that they are among the most valued of my letters received. Think then how much I have desired a third and a fourth. Almost a year has elapsed since the date of the last. My affection for you all will not allow me to suppose that I shall *intrude* by *once more* breaking in upon a leisure half hour of yours.

"If not too late, a happy new year to you, and your dear family. How gladly would I spend this evening with you, in recounting the mercies of the last year. To you it has been full of loving-kindness—your family circle has been unbroken—your happy mansion has been screened from 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday.' While others have been called to follow their inmates to the narrow house, you all live.

"Believing that you still take as deep interest in

your young friend as when you wrote, 'My family, with many pleasant recollections, unite with me in the best wishes and prayers for your best welfare and highest usefulness,' I need not apologize for speaking a little of myself; for to me the year 1825 has been signalized with many blessings. 'Ten thousand thousand precious gifts my daily thanks employ.' Almost uninterrupted health--local privileges, heaven nigh—special baptisms of the Holy Ghost, producing *quietness* and *confidence*, in which for the most part has been my *strength*.

'Through all eternity to thee
'A grateful song I'll raise;
'But, O eternity's too short
'To utter all thy praise.'

"I might specify particular blessings, but it would extend beyond the bounds of a letter. With me, now as you read, give thanks to Him whose mercy endureth for ever.

"One of the richest blessings during the past year, came in the application of this promise: 'Call upon me, and I will answer, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.' O, it was *glorious*, glorious beyond description. At some time previous, perhaps two weeks, I opened Clarke on the Promises. *This*, among others, I read, I treasured it up in memory—I believed it—I took God at his word. I *plead* it before him. When applied, it was great and mighty in a degree of which I knew nothing before. I knew not but the hour of my departure had come. It seemed as if my soul was breathing itself out of the body.

"During the past year my call to preach the Gospel has been made so satisfactorily plain that there is not the shadow of a doubt on my mind. 'Wo is me if I preach not the Gospel.' Like other rich blessings, it came with *groans which could not be uttered.* O for a letting into our souls the powerful, availing, *inwrought* prayer. What strength does it give the Christian! How it prepares for an attack from the world, the flesh, or the devil! What a staff in his walks of usefulness!

"You are friendly to a candidate's exercising his gifts in public. To me it appears to be an *essential* part of his preparatory training. Its advantages you have long considered. To corroborate my assertion, I could mention the case of a clergyman now occupying an important station as a pastor. In his preparatory course he was shut up in the city of —— a close student. Soon after being licensed to preach, he was ordained over the flock he now feeds. He wrote and *read* his sermons. In the pulpit he was orthodox, pious, learned; but in the lecture-room I was told he could not proceed. To this kind of training I have devoted some time in the town, as well as in college.

"As a proof of Paul's apostleship, he pointed to his success. To the Corinthians he said, 'The seal of mine apostleship are ye, in the Lord.' Shall I tell you? It is with diffidence, lest you should think me forward and vain. But I will not glory of myself. It is a chain in *God's* providence; the hook was fastened upon a very minute circumstance—one link was added to another. One sinner was converted, and another, and so on to the eighth. Seven have since joined the church. Was I not happy in witnessing their

profession, and in sitting down with them at the table of our Lord? Perhaps, last spring, I labored, besides my studies, as much as some who are more fully in the vineyard. It was a season full of interest. From week to week I now try to act, in my degree, the part of an *under*-shepherd towards those lambs. May you, my dear sir, see them in paradise.

"The scenes witnessed at Rahway, last spring vacation, form a pleasing association with the year 1825. There, as you may have known, I spent most of five weeks. O what a time, when to a room *full* of young converts I said, 'Finally, brethren, farewell.' Time glides smoothly—swiftly; studies pleasant for the most part. The New Testament in the original, for the study of which I have the best critical helps, I read with pleasure, and I hope with profit; this I do daily; I long to be 'mighty in the Scriptures.' True, a minister may be this, and yet without grace—may be like the sign of an inn. For as the one points out a resting-place for the wayfaring man, and yet itself stands without, so a graceless minister may point out the resting-place and give some good entertainment for the pilgrim, and yet himself be blasted with the storms of an *eternal night*. O! how many, like the bells of their churches, may have called for others to enter, and may have succeeded, and yet have not entered themselves into the ark! It was a saying of Hilary, *Sanctiores sunt aures plebis quam corda sacerdotum;* which may be freely rendered, 'How many holy sounds are in the ears of the people, that never affected the hearts of the priests.'

"Let the burden of your united prayer for *me* be, that I may be *holy* and *wise*. Holy, to enter heaven; and wise, to win souls. I have not said the half I

would, nor in the manner intended; but you have the effusions of a heart overflowing with its best feelings; for I owe you a *weight* of love. When I think of *that* stopping-place, there are associated all your cordial receptions, from my 'first entering in unto you'—all your *more* than hospitable entertainments—all your affectionate adieus, to one unworthy to come under your roof. Farewell. I long to see you all. 'Happy seasons we have seen.' But adieu.

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

Diary. "Feb. 3.—A month has elapsed since I wrote in my journal. I sometimes fear I am partial in not entering minutely into all my exercises. But I only record *special* visitations of God; and hope, in their review from time to time, I may be able afresh to realize 'the good hand of the Lord, which has been upon me for good.'

"About noon to-day I went to seek a nearer view of him whom my soul loveth, by reading the Tract, 'A choice drop of honey from the Rock Christ; or a word of advice to all saints and sinners.' After dining, I mused and read again. I longed for the coming of the Beloved—I cast myself before the Lord in my blessed kneeling-place, and felt that I owed God more than ten thousand talents, and had not one—no, *not one* to pay: poor—poor indeed. With a clear view of the demerit of sin, I could point to Jesus and say, there is my *only* plea. It was enough, for long since hath the Father said, 'In him am I well pleased.' The indescribable breakings of my heart in laying hold on God, are known to the Giver. It was a sweet—melting season. Sin never, perhaps, appeared so odious;

it was in my view *the great evil;* and my only groanings, which at times could hardly be uttered, were for wisdom and holiness. My every load was taken off—I smiled under the light of my Father's countenance, and glory, glory as a stream, went out in return for so great a blessing. It had come from God, and now it was going back to God. Yet on my knees, my soul was again melted in view of the *goodness* of God. To-night attended my meeting in town, which was solemn.

"Had a most precious season before the Lord while reading the Tract, 'The Church Safe.' The strongest desire excited was, that God would *glorify himself* through my instrumentality. Spent part of the evening in visiting a sick friend, whose soul seemed refreshed. Upon my leaving her she said, 'You have been my best physician to-day.' I hardly ever saw so visible a change in any one as in her during my visit. Another proof that they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

To Mr. D. and family.

"*February* 3.

"So far as I can see, *this* appears to be the order in which blessings sometimes come upon me. The Lord gives me to see my meanness, unworthiness, nothingness, and *ill desert*, until brought into the deepest humiliation. Then opens Christ's beauty, worth, fullness, and his raising the sinner as high as his sins would sink him low. Then, with streaming eyes, broken heart, groans unutterable, the soul *longs* for the *coming in* of God—pants for the *overflowing* of the cooling stream—has an *unction* from the Holy One—

is *unburdened wholly—filled* with the Spirit, whose fruit abounds in love, and peace, and joy. Such a visit of love I experienced yesterday. Sometimes while *musing* the fire burns—the Father smiles—and communion is sweet. Thus, for the most part, my soul is *kept* in 'quietness and confidence.' O to be partakers of his holiness.

"7th.—I proposed to a few fellow-students, and would propose to the whole Christian world, that they would each, in some sort, comply with the declaration of the Psalmist, 'that prayer shall also be made *continually* for him;' at twelve o'clock each day, say from the heart, 'Thy kingdom come.'

"This morning did that for which I felt condemned. It was when off my guard. I raised my cry to the Lord, and trust he heard me. Learned anew the lesson, 'Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.' No one was injured by my sin. Lord, cleanse thou me from secret faults.

"At evening devotion had a blessed refreshing. Sung,

'Thou only Sovereign of my heart.'

Looking at the watchmen on Zion's walls, my heart bled for bleeding Zion. Considered Jesus as the grand Architect—as fully equal to the great work; and felt persuaded that the *temple* would be completed, however unfaithful and unskillful the underworkmen might be. My heart broke with desire for the bringing in of a more *devoted* ministry. I saw that he could purify the present ministry, and make them all holy, laborious men—not men-pleasers.

"In looking at myself, I felt indescribably mean in

my own eyes, and cried out, Oh, my ignorance! and saw that it must be *of the Lord* if ever I preach the Gospel. With streaming eyes I rose to fall in my kneeling-place, repeating,

'*Low* at thy feet my soul would lie;
'Here safety dwells and peace divine;
'*Still* let me live beneath thine eye,
'For life, eternal life, is thine.'

I bowed with groanings which could not be uttered, and rose praising the Lord.

"11th.—Night before last I got away from God by sinning against him. Alas! how aggravated my sin, after such overpowering visits of love! Surely I ought never more to have offended him. Since then, but more particularly to-day, till noon, I felt wounded to the quick. Being enabled at noon, while reading a tract, to arraign myself more closely at the bar of conscience, I plead guilty, fell at the feet of sovereign mercy, and God was abundantly gracious to a rebellious child. He *restored my soul.* He delivered me out of all my distresses.

"At evening devotion, after reading, kneeled where the heavens have so often opened over me and let down love, abundant, rich and free. I felt fatigued with the labors of the day, and expected soon to rise. I was led to supplicate for my father's house. I asked for the little ones, and for my nephews and nieces, that they might be Henry Martyns and Harriet Newells. Then with desire inexpressible I longed to be a *missionary.* In the midst of weeping and groaning I saw that I was mean and ignorant; but that Jesus was a com-

plete master-builder. My cry was to be made fit for the *very station* upon the scaffold around his temple I should occupy. I saw clearly that all things are possible with God—that he could carry me through the work even of an apostle. Well, he knoweth what is *best*—and *that* is best for *me*—sick or well—prosperity or adversity—rest or labor—earth or heaven. Amen and amen.

"It was pleasing to offer up my soul and body, my time, talents, influence, possessions, all that I am or hope to be. I felt that the Lord accepted the pittance I had to give, which I also felt was his before. I was greatly blessed, and walking my room, praised him as the rock of my salvation. This room will stand a witness to my prayers, those unanswered are lodged above. It will also stand a witness to my follies in departing from the living God. But they are *all* forgiven. The praise belongeth unto God."

On the 20th February Mr. Taylor wrote to a Christian brother who also had the ministry in view. The letter contains some passages that ought to be preserved.

"I have just come in from visiting a sick Christian; she is happy—sick and happy. Brother, in our ministerial sphere, should we ever be permitted to walk in it, I think no higher office of kindness or badge of sonship will be afforded us, than to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction. This is, indeed, religion, pure and undefiled before God. Hence it is important that we have our memories stored with *hymns* suitable for such occasions.

"In my meditations this evening I thought of Moses. He had well nigh entered Canaan; but, for his sin, he was only permitted from Pisgah's top to view the promised land. O how it wrung tears from my eyes to think it possible, that for past sins, or through sins that I might commit, I should be debarred entering upon the holy ministry. I know I do not deserve this honor. I could sigh forth a prayer—Lord, whether I preach the Gospel or not, purify the sons of Levi, and sanctify candidates for their work.

"Perhaps I never had more confidence in God, as to the carrying on of his work in the world. I have not a doubt Jesus *will reign.* And my soul has been exceeding glad. 'Every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess.'"

Diary, March 9.—"On the 2d and 5th was refreshingly visited by the kind returns of the Spirit, whom I had grieved away. But it was only through groanings which could not be uttered. This was only a foretaste of another love-feast which I enjoyed soon after, when my soul was melted into tenderness, captivated with holiness, and longed for greater likeness to Christ. My views and experience seemed to coincide with Edwards', when he said, 'the heaven I desire is a heaven of holiness.' This was only the precursor of another and richer blessing at evening devotion. I have yet with the Lord an unanswered petition then preferred. I left it with him. I *believed* the Lord could bless me *wonderfully*. I believed *all things* were *possible* with him; and I believed he would bless me. I am waiting for the fulfillment of the expectation raised within me, I trust, by the Holy Ghost.

"The world wanes—a *whole* surrender is growing in importance. Lord, did not I make that surrender to-day? Keep me—O keep me. Have I sought the *honors* of this institution—or of the literary society with which I am connected? Has not my desire prevailed for the honor that cometh from above? Shall I not have to ascribe much to the distinguishing grace of God, for his keeping and blessing me in this college? May my ambition be to FEAR, LOVE and SERVE God; let others take up with *husks*, give me Christ; the smiles of my Father, the presence of my Comforter. Amen—my loud and repeated *amen*.

"19th, Sabbath.—In last evening's devotions had nearness of access to God in remembering my beloved parents, brothers and sisters. Felt particularly for brother F. (now in Yale College) and myself, as candidates for the holy ministry. I could weep before the Lord for a baptism of holy fire to rest on us both. Together we have watched our Father's flock, together may we be faithful under-shepherds over the flock of God. I love my brother—I trust God loves him. Our hearts are united.

"Remembered those among whom I have been laboring from time to time. What interesting groups of young converts have I seen. I think I have felt somewhat as Paul did, when he said, 'Now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord.' Alas! how soon are the lambs torn in pieces! how alert should the shepherd be.

"Sabbath morning.—My soul has melted down at the presence of Jesus! A *pressure* of love rested on me, and praise, praise, praise in a stream went up from my inmost soul! This mystery, 'Christ in you, the hope of glory,' has never appeared so wonderful. Hea-

ven appeared truly desirable. Yet I desired to live, if I might, to bring many souls to glory. I should love much to send thither many a band of young converts. I desired it *much*, even if at a distance I should only be a looker-on. My love to God's children was greatly increased; and my desire for a clean heart was *intense*. It was given, and my eyes ran down with tears —sweet tears!

"24th.—'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'—selected as the theme for my meeting this evening. Having thought of it, it was applied *sweetly* to my own soul at evening devotion. I was not burdened nor weary; but my *rest* was increased.

"I have been thinking to-day upon our ships of war as spheres of future labor. I have thought of them before, but to-day with some desire, if God will, to engage as a chaplain. 'A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps.' May I be a good man; for the steps of a good man are *ordered* by the Lord.

"25th.—From the testimony of a brother who attended the *party* last evening, it seems that, as usual, lightness prevailed. I was invited; but attended *my* party, my usual society meeting. Enough, *enough* have I had of *fashionable tea-parties* to prove that, to me at least, they are unprofitable. This brother told me that he felt the *worse* for attending. Query, Is it *right* to expend money for the dissipation of the mind? to say nothing of the deleterious effects that such variety of viands, generally taken to satiety, have upon the corporeal system, especially on persons of sedentary habits. I was glad of so good an apology as my meeting.

"30th.—Memorable, memorable day! It has been a day of days to me. In it *much* has been unspeakable and full of glory. On my knees I recorded my resolution never more to boast save in the cross of Christ. While before the Lord, I have been much affected with the view of his *overwhelming* greatness, and of my own *infinite—infinite littleness*. No wonder that the beloved disciple became as a dead man. No wonder that Moses feared and quaked. But it is indescribable. I have felt so infinitely unworthy, that I could not look up; yet my hope in God is raised on high. God's greatness, connected with his amazing love and condescension, affected me much. I indeed felt constrained to say, 'I am a worm, and no man.'

"The love of Jesus, his life, sufferings and death, and the opposition to him, as manifested by the impenitent, affected me much. The holy influences of the Spirit of grace, and the remembrance of ever having grieved him, affected me much.

"To depart and be with Christ I felt to be *desirable*. Though so undeserving—unworthy even to be a doorkeeper in the house of my God here, yet I could anticipate the day when he would take his exile home.

"Heaven was regarded as a *holy* place. I was glad in the prospect of holy society—God, angels, and saints. The thought of dying to *know* more, was pleasant. But at evening devotion my will was absorbed in the *will of God*. 'I give my mortal interests up, and make my God my all.' Praise belongeth unto God. Let all things praise him. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

"April 2.—Sabbath.—'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven, give the

Holy Spirit to them that ask him.' This scripture was graciously applied to me at evening devotion, upon which I received an increase of the Spirit's influences. I believed, and according to my faith so it was.

"9th.—Sabbath evening.—The last Lord's day in college this session, and to be remembered as among the most precious. Reviewing this session, I have much to remember, and more than I can record of the goodness of God to me. Scientific pursuits have led me into an acquaintance with subjects before unknown to me. Lord, sanctify this knowledge.

"The study of the New Testament in the Greek has opened to my mind many things before hid from me. Yet, deeper would I dig into this rich, exhaustless mine; for the deeper, the more lucid and brilliant the precious gem of truth appears. Lord, sanctify *me* through thy truth: thy word is truth. My *weekly* exercises with the people among whom I have gone laboring, with the view of stirring up any gift I may possess, and of edifying my little congregation, has been of service to me. Lord, all that was amiss forgive; own what was thine, and may fruit appear at the last day. To my brethren in college, too, in our weekly assembly, I have not failed to be plain, pointed, and I hope affectionate.

"To the institution as a body, I have done but little. If it was my duty, I have not done it. I have not gone from room to room and 'warned every man night and day with tears.' Only to a few have I been personal in my interviews. Shall these dear souls be lost through my miscarriage towards them? In view of this subject, and some others, this day

"*Resolved*, that I will, the Lord being my helper,

*think*, *speak*, and *act* as an *individual:* for as such I must live—as such I must die, stand before God, be judged, be damned or saved for ever and ever. I have been waiting for others to go forward. I must act as if I were the only one to act, and wait no longer.

"The days of darkness have been few, and only when I slipped back from God. He has not withdrawn from me; but I have most ungratefully and basely withdrawn from him. As the earth rolls and involves itself in darkness, so by my turning from the Sun of righteousness have I been involved in darkness; nor till turned back again, did I walk in the light, as he is in the light; yet, though, like Peter, I fell, the Lord turned and looked on me again, and, like Peter, O how bitterly I wept. I do not remember that I *once* came back but with tears and groans which could not be uttered. When away, as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitied me. A father's pity to his wayward child is often manifested by the lifted rod; so my heavenly Father hath ever used the discipline of the covenant, and followed me till I again felt the Spirit of his Son uttering in my inmost soul, 'Abba, Father.'

"The days of peace have been multiplied, seasons of holy unction have been vouchsafed, powerfully constraining cords of love have bound me closer to the bosom of my Lord. Clearer, more elevating, and at the same time soul-humbling manifestations of Jesus have been enjoyed. In a word, my heavenly Father has smiled most graciously; Jesus has showed to me his life, his labors, his sufferings and death, his exaltation and intercession, and his love and care for me. The Comforter has dwelt in me as his temple, and I have sweetly contemplated saints and angels as my future

companions, and heaven as my home. With *increasing desire* I long to enter the field, to lay out my strength for God.

"Not knowing what the Lord has for me to do, I am kept from what, perhaps, would be as pleasant to me as to another, and at which some have been led to wonder. Some may think me stoically indifferent to the connubial state—but I fear to act prematurely. It is this which restrains me from taking any steps in that matter. When it is clearly one's duty to seek such a connection, will not a prudent wife come from the Lord? Sometimes I think of this, and wish that *ministers* would see well to it, that they obtain in their companions an increase of power to help on their work.

"The blessings attending our happy household increase. May we ever stand fast, and always abound in the work of the Lord. I hope to see them soon. May I go in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace, be blessed and made a great blessing to them, and to all with whom I may associate.

"This has been a day of the renewal of my covenant. Once more I have had the most honorable seat on earth, a place at the Lord's table. It was a precious waiting upon God. I again took the oath of allegiance, showed forth the Lord's death, remembered him, and gave thanks.

"May 18, 1826.—Since writing the above, have visited my father's house. Returning, I have now entered upon my last session in college. Already hath it been signalized with a most gracious visitation; the college opened this day at noon—at evening devotion the Holy Spirit was vouchsafed. My heart's desire was, that this session might be more glorious than any

before; my prayer, that no blot might attach to me; I gave my interests up to my faithful Keeper.

"27th. Sabbath.—The past week has been a glorious one to me, with the exception of nearly a day, when I wandered from God in doing what I ought not to have done. The fruits of the Spirit, so far as they have been produced in my soul, have been love, joy, peace, faith, and gentleness."

"This last trait in James Taylor's character," says a friend, "was particularly observable. He did every thing with gentleness. It was this which rendered his reproofs so inoffensive and effectual in his intercourse with his friends and with strangers. This characteristic, added to a familiarity and playfulness peculiarly his own, rendered him the favorite of the children of the families in which he visited, for whom he always manifested an affectionate regard, and whom he would attempt to interest and benefit by relating some story from the Bible, or some striking incident in the history of some child he had read of, or had known. His gentleness appeared in all his movements; he would even raise the latch of the door noiselessly. And on entering a house of prayer, or any place of religious worship, he walked as lightly as on tiptoe. He made this a principle of action, and rendered it, as he desired, *a habit;* and would remark, when speaking of conducting religious worship, that this habit was most desirable in the minister, as rendering the place of meeting more impressive and solemn."

"My seasons of prayer in the evening," continues his journal, "have been times of *special* blessing, in-

describable, sometimes *full of glory*. My heart broke with the longings it had to live to and for God—rejoiced that Christ was in me the hope of glory.

"Before retiring to rest last night, as usual knelt beside my bed. My renewed petition was that I might possess, in as high a degree as *possible* in this world, the life of God in my soul. In the night, while asleep, I thought myself in company with S——— and another person. I arose and spoke. The Spirit of God seemed to come upon me in an unusual manner, and powerfully attended my words. The whole house seemed to be filled with the Holy Ghost. I was overpowered, and sweetly swooned away. I put no interpretation upon this dream. My prayer has been, my petition *now* is, Lord, go with me to my meeting; clothe me with power; give efficacy to thy word, and let sinners be awakened and converted unto thee, while I address them from—'Sirs, what shall I do to be saved?' When I awoke from the forementioned dream, I trembled; I felt as if God had been near, and so near that I feared. I endeavored to throw myself on his kind arms, and to wait his coming, when and how he should please. Even if I should lose my life under his manifestations, I would trust him.

"I have been much blessed in reading Bellamy's characteristics of love to God. Was greatly refreshed before I went to the people this afternoon. Now I retire to rest after a Sabbath day richly fraught with divine blessings. O to hold fast whereunto I have attained. I renew my petition, Lord, accomplish thy will in me, and make me *all* that *thou* wouldst have me to be in this world. I desired to-day to be wholly devoted to the Lord.

"May 31st.—Heard from, and wrote to brother F. at Yale college."

The letter written to that brother, himself also preparing for the ministry, is as follows:

"*Nassau-Hall, May* 31, 1826.

"Dear F.

"Ere this you are in New-Haven. To-day you commence your session. Begin it with God. Continue it walking with God. Then, whether you end it or not, you will be found with him. Thus I commenced the session upon which I have entered. And if I had time, I might testify to the loving-kindness of the Lord. Suffice it to say, his manifestations have been overwhelming. Praise him on my behalf.

"I think the world recedes yet more and more, as God comes in and abides. One thing with me is paramount, and to this one thing I would endeavor to bend all my powers, that is, *to preach Christ*, to learn of him, and teach others, so as to arrive safe at heaven myself, and be the means of guiding others there.

"Brother, let us feel, let us ask God to impress *indelibly* on our hearts the solemn truth that we are identified with this generation, and bound to serve it. Soon, say in thirty years, where will these millions of souls be? We are a part of them. What power, under God, have we over them? Whatever it is, let us put it all in requisition on the side approved of God.

"Try to enjoy more of God in your own soul. Think not that you can do this and cling to the world *at all*. Superfluities must be abandoned; and when God pours salvation into the soul, every superfluity

will appear to be of no worth. Let us give up *all* for a whole Christ in us, living and reigning there—*living* and *reigning*. O my brother, I heard a godly man say last evening in an address, 'I believe that not one half of the *professors* of religion will ever cross the threshold of heaven.' Let us also beware lest a promise being left us of entering in, we should come short of it. The blessing of the Eternal rest on *you* and *me*. JAMES."

Diary. "June 4.—Sabbath.—The past week has not been so signalized as the preceding by successive visitations. Last evening had a peculiar season before the Lord. I had desired of God to give me a deep sense of the turpitude of *sin*. The process through which I received it was more varied and better felt than can be described—but it came; and never did I have so clear and pungent, yet not *distressing* but loathing view of sin. It was proportioned to the discoveries I had of the infinite holiness of God.

"Such a season of sweet submission of my will to the will of God was given, that I wept, and cried, glory—glory—glory. This was as spontaneous as my breath. I was brought to see and feel my utter *helplessness* as never before, and throw myself on God, who graciously received me and afforded me the communications of his love. But my nothingness! *Infinite* is stamped upon the amazing contrarieties. God is infinitely holy. One sin of mine is deserving infinite damnation; and I should have it, were it not for an infinite merit in Jesus Christ, for whose sake the infinite God stoops infinitely, and takes up an infinitely unworthy, self-condemning wretch—O where

shall I find an epithet?—dreg, from a loathsome, horrible pit, to an infinitely exalted station. 'If sons, then heirs—heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.' O glory infinite be unto the infinite God. And what do I profit him? O wonder of wonders! 'Where can a creature hide?'

"June 11—Sabbath.—During the past week a union has been formed among the brethren to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon us and the college.

"On the 7th, in the evening, had such a view of sin as to make me look at the LEAST *aberration* as enough to induce me to cry, Lord, come over the mountains of my iniquities! I had an application of Paul's words, with a consciousness that I had nought—no not a *particle*, whereof to glory; so that I was enabled, with an uncommon sinking and emptying of self, to put the crown on the head of Christ. These were the words: 'God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Christ,' &c.

"Warm to-day, and I have felt much lassitude. May duties be omitted because the weather is hot? Is this an excuse?

"18th—Sabbath.—Brother ——— came in the evening to tell me of an experience he had this forenoon. He remarked that the enjoyment of the one hour he would not give for all he had ever known. From what I have heard him express in former conversations, and his narrative now, perhaps he never experienced religion till to-day. He seems happy in God. I advised him to say nothing of it to any other till he had fuller proof that it was a work of God. O that such instances might occur daily. Better away with rotten hopes here, than wait till the judgment, and then lose them.

"Lord, establish thou me in holiness and righteousness all the days of my life. My enjoyment during the last week has been peace flowing as a river. I hope I am growing in knowledge for personal edification and future usefulness. My present plan* multiplies *subjects* to preach upon, and may prove an armory whence to draw weapons for my warfare, which is not carnal, but to be carried on with the sword of the Spirit.

"The Bible—in contemplating its truth, I was excited to cry out, 'Blessed Bible! blessed Bible! blessed Bible!' It so much engrosses my leisure time that other books are neglected. O to be mighty in the Scriptures! Here I compare 'spiritual things with spiritual.'

"Had a right feeling for one who has manifested a bad spirit towards me. My soul yearned for his conversion. O for the coming down of the Holy Ghost! Soon I shall be gone from this institution. As I lay down the other night, had solemn thoughts of dying, and sweet prospects of going from this to a higher sphere. The thought of dying to know more of God and of his works—perhaps in other systems—has occupied my mind much lately. Surely I would not live here always—to die, *I believe*, is *gain*—to be with Christ is best.

"June 21.—The consideration that I had been *three* years almost in college, without conversing with my fellow-students, was heart-breaking. To go forward seemed to be too heavy a cross. What! be pointed

* Making notes on the Scriptures, in his daily reading. Of these skeletons he has left hundreds, from which he used to speak extemporaneously.

at! Be subject to their ridicule and reproach! Do this *all alone!* The struggle was great, but it came to this: *Resolved*, in the presence of God and by his help, to begin and do my duty in college, in conversing with my companions in study. I repeated the resolution, and afterwards felt much relief. O that some would come over and help. But if not a soul comes to my help, I am to see and converse with the students of this college, if they will allow it, cost what it will. My character is not worth *a cent*, nor my influence; nor my acquirements, aside from the service of God—O for help. While at prayers, my burden left me in consideration of this truth: 'If any man will be my disciple, let him *deny* himself and *take up his cross* and follow me.' The thought of having my name cast out as evil for *Christ's sake*, sent sweet exultation into my soul. While there, I determined to invite a class-mate into my room and talk with him. It came in the way, but my heart well nigh failed me. But I addressed him—he followed me, and I pray God, who witnessed the interview, to raise in power to his own glory what was sown in weakness.

"July 2.—Sabbath.—The past week has been one of crosses. The cross which I have laid hold on with so much difficulty, I have only dragged since. With twenty impenitent companions, I have attempted to speak in reference to eternal things. The mouths of most were stopped. They listened and assented to the truth.

"I never had such views of some passages of Scripture: 'Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted

they the prophets which were before you.' 'Who shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good.' 'It is sufficient that the servant be *as* his Master, and the disciple *as* his Lord.' 'If they have persecuted *me*, they *will* also persecute you.' 'Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds.' 'Ye have not yet resisted unto *blood*.' 'No weapon formed against thee shall prosper.'

"The long-suffering patience of God towards sinners, daring, God-hating sinners, such as I once was, wears a new aspect. If I hate their ways—if I am pained at their wickedness, how must infinite purity look upon them! Surely it can make no compromise with sin. The least sin is infinitely hateful in God's sight; and the day is coming when his enemies must feel it so in their dreadful punishment.

"The honor and cause of God were never more dear to me. Last evening's devotions were peculiarly melting. I never had such a burning desire and such earnest wrestlings for sinners in this college. I wept sore, and left the cause of God and the honor of his great name suspended upon his righteous sovereignty, where I also wish to hang. It was a time of sweet relief. I gained the liberty which I needed.

"In view of my late attempts here, I find much to humble me. I asked the Lord to cast a veil of pardon over my best deeds—*best!* indeed, I could see no goodness in them; but I saw that he can reach down his sovereign arm and pluck these sinners as brands from the burning. Had a refreshing season in the meeting with the brethren, as usual, on Saturday night. In prayer for the Holy Ghost to be poured out as a *sove-*

*reign* gift, I was melted and stopped, and repeated the cry, Lord Jesus, come quickly.

"Nine o'clock, evening.—I have felt, and to this hour feel, that the glory is eclipsed. During sermon this A. M., I listened with interest. In one part of the application, power seemed to attend the word; and I earnestly prayed that it might go to the hearts of sinners present. The desire was so intense, that it seemed to partake of the spirit of Moses at the rock. I felt that it did not lie with meekness on the *sovereignty* of God. A hardness came into my soul—I lamented, I bewailed it. It is now there. O! sin, what hast thou done? enough to sink my soul to hell. Sin, the least sin presses heavily on me. I see that it is an *infinite* evil; and that those who enter heaven sin no more. This makes heaven in my view chiefly desirable. 'The heaven that I desire, is a heaven of holiness.' But what of this? What if I had been as holy as an angel? One sin resting on me is a load too heavy to be borne; and here it beclouds every object, and cools every service. Lo, I feel it—and will God forgive me? Will he take away my stony heart? Will he give me a heart of flesh? O! how it dries up my spirits! I offer no excuse; for there is none for sin. But I did not intend to interfere with the sovereignty of God. If in any thing, I think in this my soul has rejoiced. And if I perish, let God reign. If I be dashed like a potter's vessel, let God reign, and reign for ever. I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him; until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me: he will bring me forth to light, and I shall behold his righteousness. For if we sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the

righteous, who is the propitiation for our sins, and his blood cleanseth from all sin. This one thing I desire, and will still seek after, to be holy and wise."

We regret to say that the foregoing extracts terminate Mr. Taylor's diary. with the exception of a small fragment in the year 1828, which shall be noticed in its place. It is plain, indeed, that this valuable exercise had been followed through the intervening time, but the record was probably destroyed by himself, as it was not found among his papers. We regret this the more, because, as he advanced in his course, he became more and more occupied, so that his letters, as far as they have been recovered, are not so numerous, and for the most part written in haste. Still, however, materials sufficient are in hand to enable us to form a complete estimate of Mr. Taylor's character, and to hold him up as affording a most instructiye example to Christians, students, candidates for the ministry, and ministers of the Gospel.

To his brother F., Mr. Taylor wrote on the 8th of August, and referring to the misconduct of some members of college, says,

"How happy, my dear brother, that heaven has placed a barrier between us and such excesses. Let us be humble and thankful. Let us consecrate those powers to God which others prostitute in the service of sin and Satan."

To another of his brothers, an elder in one of the churches in New-York, he wrote about the same time, as follows:

"That the little Zion, on whose walls you have your place, gather strength, is good news. May the tree planted in so rich a soil, strike *deep* its roots and shoot wide its branches. Blossoms, it seems, have already ripened into fruit. May successive spring seasons come round, and no blight appear. May the heart of your beloved pastor, and the hearts of the office-bearers, and of the little flock, all rejoice together in the ingathering of not a little fruit. 'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand.' And may your inquiry, both early and late, at his temple, meet with responses to encourage and animate you all to do *much* for Zion. 'O Zion, that bringest good tidings!' What else is worth living for? Dear brother, may our sensibilities be most tender for Zion—bleeding Zion—Zion, against which the wicked are arrayed; but whose cause God, angels, and saints have espoused, and will never desert. How strong our consolation! for when we lend our aid to *this cause*, we are sure that it will prosper. Hath the Lord said it, and shall he not do it? Those whose hearts have been enlarged to embark in this cause, but who now, from reverses in business, must curtail their contributions, will not repine that so much has been safely lodged. Will not the Lord recompense them a hundred fold?

"When any fail, it is an affliction; but how much greater the affliction when the benevolent fail! True, God can open new fountains and multiply streams, when some are dried up: and, before Zion's cause shall fail for want of funds, will he not unlock the *earth's* coffers and bring forth millions to her aid? We need not fear; though the friends of God seem

fewer at present than his enemies, yet his resources are *infinite*.

"Brother, do you not think it more noble to act and labor against *opposing influences*, than it would be if the multitude fell in with the benevolence of the day? I think a brighter crown awaits such noble daring efforts as the apostles, and martyrs, and reformers, and some since their day, have made, than even the efforts of those who may live in the millennium: and simply for this reason; because the cross will be less heavy to bear when all take part with heaven. May our efforts be made with a single eye. The less conspicuous here, the more renowned hereafter. Christ was little known, and less *honored*. 'His name, however, shall be great among the heathen,' and his right to reign shall be duly acknowledged: for to him 'every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess.'

"Could I gain access to the benevolent ones around you, who already do so much, I would lament with them that so much wealth lies dormant in their city, when it might be employed for the eternal interests of men. I could tell some who hold their pennies so close, what I overheard the other day:—'I wish I had twenty dollars to help my brother through the next term in college.' This was said by one who had *struggled* long *and hard* for his own education. This man, too, bids fair to *bless* mankind; and his brother has lately professed conversion, and has the ministry in view."

At the commencement, in September of this year, he took his degree of A. B. in Nassau-Hall, and left

the place with the view of connecting himself with the Theological Seminary at New-Haven.

## CHAPTER VII.

*In the Theological Seminary.*

On Mr. Taylor's arrival at New-York from Princeton, he was attacked severely with pain, which probably laid the foundation of that disease which carried him to an early grave; or rather was the commencement of the disease itself, from which he seems never to have perfectly recovered. To a friend in Princeton, and to his parents, he wrote about the middle of October, giving some account of his illness.

"Since I left Princeton, with short intervals, I have had pain upon pain; have been bled and blistered on each side; relief, however, has been only temporary. At times the anguish has been almost overpowering. Indeed it has been a sore trial; yet many a time in my distress I have exclaimed, This is not Gethsemane—this is not the cross—this is not hell. Grace, I think, has triumphed in the midst of suffering. And I doubt not of the final good result of this affliction; 'light, and but for a moment;'—light, and but for a moment, in comparison with what it might be, and with what I deserve. How long I may yet be confined I know not, I need not know. It is enough that God knows

what is *best*, and that is *best* for me. My desire is to be located at New-Haven, by a week from next Wednesday. Thither I expect to go and remain for the present. There is no fever attending my complaint; it appears to be a rheumatic affection."

To his Parents.

"The Lord knoweth the rod that he hath laid upon me. His grace hath borne me up under its weight, so that I have rejoiced in tribulation. In the midst of judgment great have been the mercies I have received. I have not words to express my obligations to God for the rich manifestations of his love—when writhing in anguish of body I have thrown myself on his kind arm, and he hath sustained me. I think in the midst of it all he has kept me, measurably, in a childlike spirit, for my greatest concern has been to acquiesce perfectly in the will of God.

"This too has solaced me. The suffering time of the Christian will be over—it will come to an end; and this too—the pain of this *day*, this hour, this moment is never to be felt a *second* time. So much of the cup has been drunk, and the cup that *my Father* hath given me shall I not drink it?

"The views vouchsafed, both of the past and future, have been enlarged. I never saw myself to have been so unprofitable a servant. By grace, through faith, the prospect of laboring, suffering, or dying, seemed *all one;* only let God's will be done."

The only remaining memorial of this year is a letter written late in the month of December, giving an

account of his arrival at New-Haven—his reception into the theological seminary, and of the goodness of God manifested in his providence and in his gracious communications. Of his health he says, though exposed to cold and the effects of fatigue, "My cough and cold have well nigh disappeared—I think I am every way better."

During tne remainder of his life, Mr. Taylor devoted himself less than hitherto to correspondence with his friends, a change which he attributes to a loss of relish for this sort of exercise, and the fact that more of his time was occupied in writing, as he pursued his preparatory course. Another reason may be found—which perhaps did not attract his attention—in the irksomeness of a writing posture to one whose chest had begun to be affected by an incurable disease.

From the letters which have come into our hands we shall present the reader with such extracts as may throw light on his character, or, in our judgment afford matter of instruction and of religious excitement to Christians, and to candidates for the ministry—or may serve to illustrate the power of grace in bringing the whole being into conformity to God.

The first is addressed to a pious family, near Princeton, with which Mr. Taylor had much Christian intercourse during his college life, and at whose house he frequently held meetings for religious exercises.

"*New-Haven, February* 11, 1827.

"To the dear Family that dwell in the Valley:

"Of my location in this place you may not have

been informed. I address you with the testimony that the good hand of God has been upon me for good.

"Of my illness in New-York you were probably apprised. Detained as I was, I doubt not but the Lord saw in that sickness a link in the chain of my preparation for the holy ministry not unimportant. The remains of the attack I feel about me almost daily. So, you see, I have a daily memento of my mortality as I am traveling to the grave. At this recital I conjecture that your sympathies are all awake; and I believe your overflowing kind feelings would not be slow in devising something for my relief—give me your prayers,—I trust you do. Your fireside! How gladly would I spend a season in that family circle. Thither my willing feet have tended; but not so often as I desired. That you welcomed me ever, I owe you my kindest regards. The interviews enjoyed, if not on earth, I trust will be renewed in heaven. You too have been visited with sickness. You doubtless will reply,

'What charming words are these?
'Their sweetness who can tell?
'In time, and to eternity,
''*Tis with the righteous well.*'

Looking upon our cup as from a father's hand, takes away its bitterness, and the cup of consolation overflows.

"When ill, dear L—— came in and knelt beside my bed. I could not but mark one of his expressions. He thanked God that I had had a trial of my graces. Truly it is a matter of thankfulness that our faith, and patience, and resignation are *tried*. Otherwise, how should we know that we possessed them. If a man

possess a coin, the genuineness of which he doubts, a test applied will satisfy him. So when one passes through the furnace which our heavenly Father prepares for the trial of his children, though it be heated seven fold, if he be a *true* Christian he endures the trial. When one is so tried, he finds that it is one thing to *talk* of patience and resignation, and quite another to exercise them. If we consider a moment, we may see how important it is that the way to heaven lies through much tribulation. When the terminating hour of the Christian arrives, his trials terminate. If he exercise no patience in this world, he could never exercise it at all; for what is there in heaven to call this grace into exercise? But the Lord knows what *is best*, and that is best for me. This was my song day and night when racked with pain.

"I hope you are all abiding under the shadow of the Almighty—rejoicing in the light of God's countenance—sweetly visited with the presence of Jesus—and *filled* with the Holy Ghost.

'Children of the heavenly King,
'As ye journey, sweetly sing;
'Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
'Glorious in his works and ways.
'Ye are travelling home to God,
'In the way the fathers trod;
'They are happy now—and ye
'Soon their happiness shall see.'

"May you follow on to know the Lord—follow hard after him—have the intercourse between heaven and your souls open and free—hold fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. Thus you will advance in an onward and *upward* course. May

the blessing of God rest upon you all, through life—at death, may an entrance be administered unto you *abundantly* into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. In the best of bonds,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

To the Rev. Mr. L. Mr. Taylor wrote, on hearing that he had been bleeding at the lungs.

"*New Haven, March* 17, 1827.

"My dear, very dear L.

"I will not, for I cannot tell you how often the expression, 'dear L,' has escaped my lips to-day. Indeed since last evening, when I heard that you were ill and had bled at the lungs, I have been cast down on your account, on my own, and on account of the church. And now, in part to roll off the burden that rests on my heart, I address you. It is a burden that would gladly find its way through my eyes; but my eyes refuse to weep.

"When I had written the above, I said I will go and pray. I did: and now resume my pen. O my brother, what a resort is the throne of grace! It is there we find broken hearts. There we obtain a right spirit. Thence we come refreshed, having cast our burdens on the Lord.

'Long as they live should Christians pray,
'For only while they pray, they live.'

"I told the Lord that I was afflicted on your account, on my own, and on account of the church. I asked him, if it were possible, to bring you out of this furnace as gold, and in full health; to live long, and

under him, to be the means of peopling heaven. But above all, I pleaded for your soul's best interests, and asked for the best blessings to rest upon you. I thanked the Lord for one I loved so dearly, for Christ's sake—I thanked him for our acquaintance and fellowship. Think of the assemblage of associations rising in my mind—seasons together at Princeton—seasons in New-York—Heaven bless you—I am affected at their remembrance. They are *green spots* in this wilderness. I thanked God for the prospect of meeting you in heaven. Meeting you in heaven! Here my heart broke. What, *I* meet you in heaven! I be admitted to so holy a place! Is it possible! I exclaimed, with melting heart and streaming eyes, can it be that I, who am so unfit, shall ever enter a holy heaven! Thank the Lord for the *sinking* I felt—yet how far short were my views of that *depth* which I deserve. It seemed that if an anchor were fastened to my neck, and I were sunk into the deepest hell, I should not have half my desert; for how often, how aggravatedly, how long have I sinned! Heaven may forgive me; but I can never, no *never*, forgive myself.

"Brother L., in view of the prospect, I cry out, What shall I do? I do truly feel that I am undone as to preaching the Gospel, unless God do great things for me. To-day I have desired to lay me down and die, rather than live to dishonor God and his cause: and unless he keep me I shall. My experience tells me I shall: for alas! how often have I dishonored him already, and have thus lost his smiles! How often wounded my Savior, and thereby felt the absence of the Beloved—grieved the Spirit, and thus lost my Comforter! O! is there in heaven or earth a greater

monument of grace? or one that is more a sinner? No words can express the sin, for which I deserve an exceeding and eternal weight of damnation. Well, brother, however ill-deserving, I hope I have a garment in which I shall be accepted at the marriage supper. For this you have prayed—still pray, and pray till your voice falters in death, that I may wear the garment, and keep it unspotted. Then, whether you precede me or not, we shall both hope to enter and sit down at a table spread with heavenly food. O! how rich the feast prepared for the followers of the Lamb! I would not keep back one saint from glory—not even my mother—nor thee, my brother L. No: if the good and great Shepherd will take one of his under-shepherds from an imperfect to a perfect service, I will say, amen, and hope to follow in due time. Brother, do you think that you are soon to exchange worlds? Think you that you have turned aside to die? If so, may you be gathered as a shock of corn in its season, fully ripe."

"*New-Haven, March*, 1827.

"My ever dear Mother,

"I hoped before this to receive intelligence from home respecting your illness; but not a word; I therefore presume you are no worse.

'I am glad that I went home; for I trust I was permitted to add a little to your comfort in kneeling beside you and supplicating for mercy and grace in your behalf. Had I not believed that you consulted my progress in study, I should have remained longer; but you would rather that both be denied the pleasure of each others society, than that I should be retarded in my course.

"Above all, I rejoiced in your consolation that abounded. And my comfort has been, when I have remembered my dear mother, that the Lord lifted the light of his countenance upon you, and caused you to rejoice in that light. Had you not the hope of eternal life, what gloom would spread around you! With this hope, the pathway to the tomb is illuminated, and each successive step is one more towards a world of brightness and blessed fruition. Yes, there is something beyond time worth dying to possess. Heaven—the society of God—angels and saints—the eternity of ever increasing joy. Sin will be no more. Friends, who are the children of God, will not be separated—they will have one home, one service, one interest, and they will surround the same throne. How happy our friends who have gone thither! How happy they who are on their journey, when they shall join those who have gone before!

"May my dear mother, in this time of trial, find her faith increased—her hopes stronger—her prospects brightened, and her pace quickened.

"We hope—for we pray—that our mother may yet be spared to us. But were I to be called to die—to be with Christ, let none keep me back. However trying it would be, I hope for sustaining grace, if called to bury my mother, and to live in the prospect of meeting her—my father—and some, if not all of the family, at the right hand of the Judge.

"In this sickness still keep your mind stayed on God; lean on the arm of the Lord—commune with Jesus—and may you be filled with the Spirit.

"Your son, with increased affection.

'JAMES."

In a letter bearing date April 2, 1827, Mr. Taylor wrote to his brother, informing him of the commencement of a revival of religion in Yale College; in consequence of which. he says, "as a class, we have given up our instructor for the present session."

At the same time Mr. Taylor was invited by the pastor of the church in Bridgeport, and subsequently in Trumbull, where a work of grace was in progress, to go over and help them. From these places he wrote several letters to his friends, giving an account of the work, and of the success of his labors: from which it appears, though the truth is told with much modesty, that the Lord honored his young servant with a success which, together with his piety and the acceptance he met from the people, gave high promise of usefulness. To his mother he wrote: "The ministers where I am laboring, license me *verbally*, so that I preach as really as they do. They send me into the pulpit, &c. This is of *their* seeking, not mine."

To a brother whom he greatly loved, who, it would seem, had questioned the propriety of the course he was pursuing, Mr. Taylor replied in the following letter:

"*Trumbull, May* 3, 1827.

'My ever dear Brother,

"Your fraternal epistle reached me last evening, after the fatiguing labors of another day. Did you know how it refreshed me to hear from you, perhaps you would write oftener.

"Of all people in the world, I have the least reason to doubt the tender regard and timely solicitude of my brothers. Too much has been manifested on your part, to leave me in doubt as to your best feelings. I

am fully persuaded that your most cordial desires are enlisted for my welfare; and often with weeping have I thanked our common Father that I have relations and friends so valuable as you, and as you have both proved yourselves to be to the unworthiest. Even now, spontaneous tears fill my eyes, and my soul breathes the prayer, May heaven bless you both, and all yours, now and for ever.

"All the 'power' that belongs to me 'ecclesiastically,' is that of a lay member, for I am *simply* a member of the Cedar-street church. As such, it becomes me, in common with my brethren, to 'do good to all.' What greater good than that of winning their souls to Christ? *To attempt this, is the duty of the weakest, as well as the most gigantic servant of Jesus.*

"That I have a *call of God*, besides, to *preach* the Gospel, I have no more doubt than of my existence. This I count a blessing, one I did not enjoy when I began to prepare for this work. But since I received it, it has been peculiarly satisfactory; and what all do not have the happiness to possess. It did not become mine, but through strong cries, and many tears, and wrestlings, when I was in college. In grateful remembrance of that season, my pen has stopped, to weep—and thank the Lord. It is a blessing of his imparting. Not to me, but to Him be the praise. It is a blessing of great worth to any one who attempts to preach the Gospel, to feel that he has a *commission from God.* I now feel as I have felt: 'Wo is me, if I preach not the Gospel.'

'The power that I now exercise, if I exercise any, is this, simply this, and no more than this, 'Speaking the truth to my neighbor.' Zech. 8 · 16. This I do

'publicly, and from house to house,' by night and by day, as I have opportunity. What I do, is done under the sanction and wish of the regularly ordained pastors of these churches; and, if I mistake not, from the expressions of some, in accordance with the ardent wishes of the churches themselves. If this be wrong, let a man prove it so, and I will cease to do wrong. What matters it whether I take my stand in a pulpit or on a stump in the fields? If in the church, why under the pulpit rather than in it? If the question be decided by convenience, both for the audience and the speaker, the *pulpit* is the place. To me this seems to be straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. Knock down the pulpit and raise a platform; to me it makes no difference where I stand; but I like to see the people, and the hearers generally like to see the speaker.

"It is known that I am a student of theology. The minister, in the church, and when present at other meetings, *always* pronounces the benediction. When absent, I close the meeting with a short prayer. 'I am not ashamed.' Why should I be? God approves—sinners are awakened and converted—meetings are crowded—houses are opened to receive me—the work of God is advancing—the harvest whitens. Says the minister, with affection and emphasis—'We love you, and *wish* you here'—praying for me, and unwilling that I should leave him.

"When the cry is *all around*, Help, help, help, shall I close my mouth because a man may make a distinction between a pulpit and something else, when no such distinction is made by the Bible? Never—were I to die to-day, I feel that I ought not to hold my peace; and as I know of no statute that forbids my naming a

text to speak from, and as I find this the most convenient for myself, and every way acceptable to those who hear me, I presume I shall not be censured for this.

"The question is, *What is right?* not what this or that man says, without alledging his proof. Shall I hold my peace? My labors have been so great for some time past, you need not be surprised if I turn aside and rest awhile. I shall be glad once more to fall into your embraces, and to be refreshed in your mansion.

"May you increase more and more in this world's goods, but especially be rich towards God. Through your munificence I abound, and am now, as I always have been, your *obliged* and affectionate brother,

"J. B. T."

To the same.

"*New-Haven, June*, 1827.

"My dear Brother,

"After I left you in New-York, I returned to Trumbull, and found the state of things increasingly interesting. I spent the last Sabbath there: between thirty and forty attended the inquiry meeting. A solemnity rests on the minds of many: indeed the whole parish seem awed. To what it will come I know not—as many as twenty have expressed hope. The church are singularly alive, and seem much united.

"I am here; and the principal work before me for the summer is the study of the Scriptures, which I love.

"I hope you enjoy nearness of access to God day

by day. This afternoon my soul was exceedingly refreshed. May yours be doubly so—nay, a hundred fold.

"Your affectionate JAMES."

The reader will recollect with what agonizing earnestness, and persevering importunity, Mr. Taylor prayed for the conversion of his friend L. P. both while at Lawrenceville and at Princeton, as noted in our extracts from his diary. That he did not pray in vain, will be seen from the following letter, dated

"*New-Haven, June* 29, 1827.

"My dear, dear Brother,

"Is it—is it true? The intelligence of this morning, let me assure you, gladdened my heart. The mingled emotions of my soul sent me weeping to my kneeling-place, with thanksgiving on your behalf, and to pray again for the friends I always loved, but who now in our Lord Jesus Christ are dearly beloved.

"The language of my heart has been, since I saw Mr. B., O that I could see you, were it but for half an hour; for I would listen to you, and peradventure tell you how, in days gone by, I have felt, and wept, and prayed for you: for none, as for my dear friend P——, have I ever and so often agonized in secret places. The thought of spending a happy eternity at God's right hand with you, well nigh broke my heart *this morning; now* my soul rejoices in the prospect.

"Having tasted that the Lord is gracious, and felt solicitude for those whom you have left in their sins, you will now interpret what perhaps you might, at one time, have thought *intrusive* in me, as flowing from benevolence, overflowing benevolence, for your best

interests. Indeed it was so; and not unfrequently was my soul sweetly visited when in prayer to God for my friend P——. Thus you have my whole heart.

"By a note from Mr. B. I learn that at the last communion thirty-eight were added to the church. Happy days for L.! Did I know the names of the individuals, I might recognize not a few old acquaintances.

"Comparing 'the fruits of the Spirit, love, joy, peace,' &c. with the joys of former days, do you not exclaim, in amazement, Where have I been so long? And while you feast on the provisions of the Lord's house, does not your soul cry out, Evermore give me this bread? To them who grieve not the Holy Spirit, he is rich and ever new in his manifestations. From the height of one attainment we rise to another, till, instead of 'from grace to grace,' it shall be from glory to glory.

"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, as you have probably heard, I have, in the view of others, been over the grave's mouth. From my attack last fall I am well nigh recovered. To me the visitation was of no little importance. I thank our heavenly Father for it. It was from a Father's hand. Though racked with pain of body, my soul enjoyed the presence of God.

"Shall I tell you that more than ever I feel the importance of being wholly devoted to God? Well may every Christian, and especially every minister, lay himself out for God, as a co-worker with him. Each in his own sphere may do something. Happy the man who gathers but one sheaf! 'They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.' But I need not urge you to action. Doubtless you have been up and doing with your might. Doubt-

less you are daily walking with God, and find the blessedness of it in secret, in the family, in the social circle, in the house and ordinances of God, in your walks of usefulness and deeds of well-doing. I bid you, with all my heart I bid you, God speed

"Let me tell you that God puts honor upon my attempts in his service. Suffice it to say, he gives what I think I am most athirst for—souls. Lately I have been in two revivals.

"Often, when in L———, my fellowship was with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ—often when in Princeton. Associated with those places are not a few of the greenest spots in my wilderness. Here, too, in New-Haven, Heaven deigns to refresh me with gracious rains. Pray that the fruit may be unto everlasting life.

"How often have I contemplated your fireside as one of the happiest. Has it, now, what shall be both 'grace and glory' to it? I doubt not your willing feet bring you to the domestic altar with your morning and evening sacrifice. On that altar may a prayer now and then be offered for one, even for me, who would be *holy* and *wise*—holy, to please God, and wise, to win souls.

"In the best of bonds, yours truly,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

As evidence of Mr. Taylor's devotedness to the cause of his Master, his readiness to labor in that cause, the estimation in which his labors were held by the people, and of his own continued spirituality, we give the following brief extracts from letters written the last of July and 1st August, 1827.

"With pretty good bodily health, I am blessed with what above all things we value, the renewed visits of our Father's love, the presence of Jesus, and the incoming of the Holy Spirit. For a season past, my enjoyment in divine things has been uncommon.

"Somehow I am drawn in to labor, besides my studies. On Friday evenings I meet a company, to whom I try to speak the truth with all plainness. This meeting is made up of the higher circle of young ladies of New-Haven. This is not of my own, but of the seeking of others. On Saturday evenings I sometimes address an audience. On Sabbath, at two o'clock, I meet a Bible class; about one hundred and thirty present last Sabbath. By means of the latter, I feel that I am profiting; for I devote some time to preparation. This is the little that I am doing.

"I may tell *you* with safety that God puts honor upon my endeavors to do good. Sinners are converted, and saints quickened, in some few instances. Thus here, as in other places where I have been located in my preparatory studies, I hope to have a band whom I love."

In most of Mr. Taylor's letters written after his attack in New-York, there is reference to a slight indisposition—a rheumatic affection—the remains of his disease, &c. We now present the reader with one which shows the progress of his malady, and which gave the painful presage that his career of light would be short.

"*New-Haven, October* 29, 1827.

"My dear Brother,

"By a letter to H——, you will see that I was pros-

pered in my journey. Having arrived at New-Haven, and fitted my room for business, I was just ready to enter upon my work, when *that* happened whence I apprehended serious consequences. The result, however, is such, that, did I not fear an exaggerated report might reach you, I would not trouble you. Reaching my room, after dinner, on Friday, I coughed a little, which was succeeded by the discharge of some blood; afterwards, a spontaneous flow of perhaps a table-spoonful.

"Neither at the time, nor since, have I felt any ill consequence; so that, judging from my feelings and from the opinion of Dr. I——, it is thought that the blood came from *the throat*, not from the lungs. as I apprehended at first.

"These are the facts: and the occurrence demands improvement, and calls for my grateful acknowledgments. Its first effect was to break my heart. This I needed. And as the purposes of God relate to *all* actual events, so it was his purpose that this should occur. And I have looked upon it as a blessing; for it brought in its train a course of things that has made my soul happy. It has effected a desirable change in my feelings—I see that I may not be of so much importance in God's system of means as I may have thought.

"It has led me to conclude, that if God has laid, or intends to lay me aside, it is for one of these three reasons: that I should not stand in the way of others; or that I should not run ahead too far; or that He has other work for me to do in another and higher sphere of action.

"This providence will probably shut me out from those doors which I might have entered to labor, and

so afford me a more quiet session to become acquainted with theology—a matter of no small importance. It is, at least, a ready excuse to give for non-compliance with raised expectation at my return, and repeated applications to enter the field again.

"It has benefited others. Much of the kind feeling of dear friends has been enlisted in my behalf—and some have been led to see that we know not what a day may bring forth. It may be that this is an evil which is incidental to the highest possible good to me, and the good to be accomplished through me. Therefore let us receive it at the hand of the Lord as a kind memento. I look upon it as a *love-token* from his hand. True, I may have brought it on myself by imprudence, but I am not sensible of any such cause.

"Whatever be the result, I am in good spirits. No way depressed, but greatly raised. No where do I lie so sweetly as in the hand of God. I am looking for more of the presence of the Lord; and hope to live the life of obedience. Living or dying, the prospect is pleasant. Farewell.

"J. B. TAYLOR.

"P. S. By far more did I feel for my friends than for myself; for I feared they would not acquiesce. Let us wait and see if, in all, we shall not have occasion to say, *He hath done all things well.*"

"*New-Haven, November* 3, 1827.

"My dear, very dear Brother,

"I delay not to answer your letter received this morning; for I feel that your past care of me, and present solicitude, should be met with corresponding expressions on my part.

"Since I wrote you, I have felt no inconvenience from my bleeding, unless it be a little soreness of the throat. I do not apprehend, nor is it apprehended by others, that the blood came from my lungs. But, as it is well to know the worst, bleeding at the throat *tends* to produce bleeding at the lungs. It often follows in its train, unless proper precaution be used. So it was with one who once lived in New-Haven, but who is not. Dr. Taylor mentioned his case to me, with the caution, 'Take care.'

"My dear brother, my heart, as you know, has been *in* the work of the ministry. I need not tell you how it has bled in view of turning aside. But I think I have said at the footstool, Lord, thou badest me go *forward;* if thou say *return*, amen and amen. I have been happy in the varied view I have taken of the case, and yet I hope to live and labor in the vineyard. To realize this hope, I see, or seem to see, that it becomes me to 'take care.' You need not apprehend my engaging in meetings. I have not enlisted, nor do I purpose to enlist in public labor of any kind. But I would remain in quiet, patient waiting, so as, if possible, to recover *fully*. It doth not become me to commit suicide; of this I feel no danger. Inclination would bid me *onward*, but I think I shall hold the reins with a steady hand.

"My dearest interests, my dear brother, are identified with Christ's. As it is the purpose of God to subdue rebels to himself, so I would be loyal, and enlist my all to subdue others—and so would you. Well, as becomes wise and good men, may we act our parts below; then rising, it will be to move in a higher

sphere, and live among the angels. Happy, glorious change!—Last evening I had a most sweet, filial approach to our heavenly Father.

"I wish you and my other friends to understand that I am not cast down; far, far from it; and why should I be?

"O no! as I told you, 'it is a love-token from Him who, as a father, *pitieth* his children.' Let, then, your thank-offering arise that it is no worse. May you be greatly comforted with that comfort wherewith I am comforted. An affectionate adieu.

"JAMES."

"*New-Haven, November* 11, 1827.

"My dear Brother J. and Sister R.

"I doubt not you now and then mention my name, as you converse around your fireside. Gladly would I interchange words with you, and tell you how happy I am. Surely I am blessed of God. You know my late trial—the sweetness resulting is beyond description.

"You know that leaving business, I commenced preparation to preach the Gospel. My prospect of entering the ministry, as the time approached, has brightened, with longing of soul for the work. Often, in your hearing, have I hailed the coming day. The issue of my late bleeding may determine my future employ—nay, my stay in this world. O, my dear brother and sister, it is *sweet* to lie *passive* in the hand of God, and know no will but his. But my heart is full. To this state of feeling I have come only through tears and lying low at mercy's door: and now, when I think of the dear, dear object of co-working

with God in preaching the Gospel, my soul finds ready way to my eyes. Must I—must I give it up? O my Father, my Father! must I go back? It does not sink my spirits—far from it; but it breaks my heart—tears run down my eyes. It swells my soul to unutterable language, till I lie and groan before God.

'Indeed I am not worthy to look up—how much less worthy to be put into the ministry! Well—for he that doeth all things well, knows what is *best*, and that is best for me.

"Heaven never appeared more desirable—I have longed to see the King in his beauty—never did I gain so near access to God. Dying seems like going to my Father's house. And I could gladly bid adieu to the world—to those I tenderly love, to parents, brothers and sisters, to you, for my anticipated home with Christ, whom having not seen, I love—but I would willingly live and labor yet for threescore years and ten, nor count the time long; for I have longed—*longed* to enter heaven, after having, under God, been the means of sending multitudes thither.

"The cup which has been put into my hands I would drink; yet my heart's prayer has been, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass.' I have felt this evening, that if God would but speak the word, his servant should be healed. This, however, may not be best: surely, then, you and I should willingly say, 'The Lord reigneth.'

"To contemplate this hand that moves to address you, stiffened in death—to view this 'mud-walled cottage,' already shaken and tottering, fallen to the ground—is sweet—for should I not sleep *sweetly*? O yes, and my active spirit, which now clings to Jesus,

would be adoring, active and wondering among the spirits of the just made perfect.

"Dear, dear brother and sister, it is but a little way from this to yonder mansions. We each expect to find a welcome resting-place. How sweet the earnest! Only a little while, and we shall be there.

"Affectionately, JAMES.

"P. S. Since K. left, I have not noticed any blood, save this morning, when a *little streak* was expectorated. I should not mention this, but you would know the true state of the case. Rheumatism makes me an old man."

It will not be uninteresting to introduce here some of the conversation of Mr. Taylor at this time, illustrative of his feelings in view of the incident to which we have alluded. It was noted down by a friend who was a resident in the same family at the time, and his frequent companion.

"When first attacked with bleeding," writes his friend, "he called me into his room and remarked, 'You see, my dear brother, to what God is calling me. I am not frightened: my mind is perfectly composed and happy. I have desired to live and preach the Gospel, but the will of the Lord be done. I believe that God has in reserve a better portion for his people, in heaven, than in this world. *This* is a good world—I have no reason to complain of *this* world—I am not tired of it—I am happy to continue here, so long as it is the pleasure of my heavenly Father that I should. I cannot say, so far as my individual interest is concerned, that I have any choice whether to live or to

die. If God has no more for me to do in this world, I should be happy to die here, and go from this room to my home in heaven.'

"Here we both paused in silence for some minutes, when the recollection of his friends came over his mind, and he added, 'But, O my dear friends'—here his tears burst forth profusely; and he wept in silence for some time, and then continued, 'My dear parents, brothers, and friends have been so kind to me, and have so much anticipated my becoming a minister of the Gospel, that my heart is pained, deeply pained at the thought of their expectations being disappointed: but this is good for me, it is just what I needed.'

"After a short silence he said, 'My dear brother, I now am sensible that I sinned in indulging that repining thought: I now feel perfectly resigned to the whole will of God. I am happy—perfectly happy.'

"The next morning he said, 'My soul melted down before God last night, when I continued to ask him to let me live and preach the Gospel—but I cheerfully submitted all to him. O, brother, God has made such discoveries to my soul as I never expected or dared to hope for in this world. It is wonderful! wonderful! my body can hardly contain this immortal being that struggles within! I am willing to live my threescore years and ten. I wish for it only that I may preach the Gospel; but I shall be happy to finish my work, and mount away to Jesus!'

"Nov. 14th, evening.—He said, 'This has been a wonderful day to me. This morning I bled a little—just enough to remind me of my condition—I am thankful for it, for God has by it made this day an antepast of heaven to my soul.'

"Nov. 16.—'Afflictions,' said brother Taylor this morning, 'are good, because they come laden with a rich blessing. I wish all the world to experience the same that I do—not my pains, but the blessings which attend them: every pain through which I pass, I think that now I have taken one portion more of the cup—I shall never have *that* pain again, but the blessing which it brought to me will endure for ever. After all,' said he, 'what are my pains? They are not Gethsemane—they are not the cross.' He then repeated the hymn:

'O what are all my sufferings here,' &c.

"Again, 'I never before experienced such a fullness of grace. It seems as though my immortal spirit could not reside in this tabernacle—as though I *must* fly away to Christ. Yet my life is a history of sins and mercies. Never before have I felt myself to be so guilty a sinner. I deserve to have a millstone fastened to my neck, and to be anchored in the depths of hell.'

"Again, in the morning, after much pain and languor during the night, he said, 'I am well, and calm, and happy—it was a happy night—every few moments my soul awaked to hold sweet communion with heaven. Let this clay perish, if God will—my soul is happy in Him, and all will redound to his glory, whether I live or die."

"*New-Haven, Nov.* 23, 1827.

"Dear brother K——,

"Your letter reached me in due time, and upon its contents I have been pondering. After considering my case, it seems to me that I ought to remain here.

What little application I make is a necessary relaxation to my mind; and it is with this satisfying consideration, that it is in connection with my course. Besides writing dissertations, I find that I can investigate the subjects in theology, and so keep along with the professor. Every thing on the part of my landlady is done to make me well, and kind friends evince their good feelings. Were I away, I think I should be unhappy, as I do not see that it would be duty to leave at present.

"Rheumatism, or some other *ism*, yet troubles me in my sides, and disturbing my sleep, tends to debilitate my system. Twice since I wrote, a little streak of blood has appeared when I expectorated. My throat and lungs *feel* in their usual vigor.

"My soul leans on God, and sweetly reposes in his will. With a weight of love to sister E. whose kind hand I remember as often extended to alleviate my pain; I am affectionately yours, JAMES."

"*New-Haven, Nov.* 25, 1827.

"My dear Mrs. W——,

"You saw me in anguish of body—you heard me tell how happy I was in God. As on earth I have thanked our heavenly Father for that cup, so in heaven the visitation will be more clearly expounded. You have heard of my late *light affliction.* It would be too long a story to tell of all the attendant blessings—but consolation has *abounded.*

"The renewal of my old attack of rheumatism has been a little painful to the body; but O the unspeakable and full glory that has come along with it. The cup is sweet, sweet, sweet beyond expression. Believe

me when I say it, I think it worth worlds—nay, worlds weigh nothing to it, for worlds without Christ would be nothing worth. With the pain, I have Christ.

"I think I can adopt the language of some one, I know not of whom: 'Though I am sometimes full of pains, yet I am at all times full of patience. I often mourn under a sense of my corruption, but never murmur under my affliction.' And why should I *murmur?* This would be to oppose the medicine that *heals* my soul. The Lord never afflicts us to *hurt* us, but to *heal* us. While in this *wilderness*, the Lord would have our souls a fruitful paradise. The husbandman knows his choice trees of righteousness, and when he comes with his pruning-knife, it is not to *cut down* the tree, but to lop off superfluous branches.

"That this my poor cottage shakes, is a kind premonition of its fall. Let it fall, responds my inmost soul; for who would not resign such an earthly tabernacle, for a house not made with hands? Never did the thought of having a glorious body so overpower me as this evening. And think you, my dear sister, I shall prize a glorious body the less for having had one so frail? More of this when we shall have heard the archangel's trump, assembled at Christ's right hand, and been made like him; 'for we shall see him as he is.'

"I am inclined to think—though I am in a strait betwixt two, having a great desire to depart, yet longing to live to subserve the dear interests of our dearest Lord Jesus—I am inclined to think that God is not about now to take down this superstructure. He may be renewing the foundation.

"I think I have learned a little about *glorying* in

infirmities, *rejoicing* in tribulations, and possessing the soul in patience. Sweet lessons—lessons to be learned only in a certain school. In this school, an apt scholar, having a skillful teacher, may become a wonderful proficient. The wiser, the better we ought to be—then the holier, consequently the happier. Well, I am happy—I lean on my Beloved, and call him mine.

"It has been *most sweet* to lie in the hands of God. I have longed to drink *every drop* of the cup that my Father puts into my hand. Not one pain less; for He knows what is *best*, and that is *best* for me.

"Could I tell you I would, but the blessing that I have received this day from God is above description. Kindest regards to Mr. W. From yourself and from him I should be glad to hear again and again. The death of Mr. S. I saw mentioned in the paper. Remember me to the family, and tell them that God often removes outward mercies from us, in mercy to us.

"Fraternally yours, in our dearest Lord Jesus,"

"J. B. TAYLOR.

"*New-Haven, Dec.* 29, 1827.

"Dear K. and E.

"Ere this year closes, anticipating the commencement of the ensuing one, I wish you a happy, thrice happy new year.

"To me, the year, nearly gone, has been fraught with good, good beyond the years before: for we call both that good which is good in itself, and that also which is the means of good. True, few have been the days and nights in which this frail body has rest-

ed quietly. Nevertheless, in this school of suffering I have been taught lessons which, whether I live on earth or in heaven, will make me wiser.

"When other refuges have failed, I have not failed to find *one* soul-reviving. Never, perhaps, have I gained nearer access to God, held sweeter communion with him, enjoyed a more glorious hope, anticipated a release from earth with calmer delight, than when pain has been exerting its undermining influence.

"It would be repeating the story, to tell you I have been happy. You will understand me, when you remember those seasons of purest delight, in which your souls, with a child-like disposition, have fallen into the hands of our heavenly Father, and sweetly said, 'Thy will be done.'"

To his Parents.

"This morning I arose, and felt the ill effects of an anodyne. But *this* was gain. More fit to sleep than to be awake, I threw myself on the bed. Having sung a Sabbath morning hymn, the last lines reached my heart—I will repeat them:

'Then shall my soul *new life* obtain,
'Nor Sabbath be enjoyed in vain.'

"I was athirst for 'new life.' and O that I could tell you:—God, viewed as the Holy One, melted, subdued, comforted, and happified my inmost powers. Indeed I felt that never before did I gain so much 'new life' in so short a time. As you may suppose, I did not sleep. No, I was awake to commune still with God. Jesus seemed to say, 'Will you yet subserve my cause

on earth, and preach my Gospel?' With my soul leaning on him, I replied, 'Lord, thou knowest.' Truly, my dear parents, as a herald of the cross, I would run with delight. Be assured that the desire of preaching was never more ardent, for never more than of late have I felt my interests identified with the cause of our dear Lord Jesus. And while bars have seemingly been rising, and at least threatening to fence me out of the vineyard, I have had my love to my anticipated labor tried. Well, the prospect brightens; and ere another year goes by, I hope you will receive me to your embraces, as one who officially bears the tidings of great joy. Should the Master order otherwise, I hope my willing feet would run at his command. Were I even to leave the earth, the thought is pleasant every way, save that I long to stay and win souls to Christ. Be it as it may, of this I feel persuaded, that God is doing me good, either to serve him the better here or at his right hand. Therefore be comforted. I rejoice in my being, in my endless being too. We shall live till our appointed time; then with angels, and with saints in glory, renew the song of praise to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb.

"May you be comforted with the same comfort wherewith I am comforted.

"Your affectionate and obliged son,

"JAMES.'

The beginning of the year 1828 finds Mr. Taylor still at New-Haven, pursuing his favorite object; and though in declining health, yet most ardently desirous to enter upon the great business of life, in winning souls to Christ, and making delightful advances in

spirituality. The following letters and extracts show impressively the workings of a soul uncommonly imbued with divine grace.

"*New-Haven, Jan.* 2, 1828.

"Dear Brother B——,

"As many happy returns of the season to you as our heavenly Father sees best.

"To tell you that these are happy days to me, would only be testifying to the great goodness of God. Could I describe the view, whence was so much self-loathing, so much contrition, brokenness of heart, and melting of soul—could I tell the nearness that I gained this evening to God, in view of his paternal relation to one of his 'little ones'—nearness to Christ, as brother, friend—and the sweetness of the comfort that flowed into my soul, as my soul flowed down at the presence of God—I would speak it all forth. But it was 'unspeakable and full of glory.' The name of Jesus was as ointment poured forth. A holy unction descended and rested upon me. There was eye-salve in it, by which the visions of a glorious heaven gathered brightness. Truly, my brother, such visits are much to be prized; and though our guests are unseen, they are not unloved nor unfelt. We hail the light of their approach, and run to catch the first glimpse, till the Sun of righteousness comes upon our souls with full splendor. How vivifying! How soul-satisfying! 'Tis now the world wanes and dwindles into its real insignificance.

"O that Zion would arise and shine in her beautiful attire! And why does she not? Not surely because her King is unwilling that she should be thus adorned. Till his locks are wet with the dew, he has

waited, and he is waiting still. I trust that brother D. has long since clad himself with the white robe, and still wears his garments unspotted from the world.

"Seasons in which we are thus refreshed, are renewing seasons. Both bodily and spiritual vigor come from the presence of the Lord. If it be so on earth, what will it be when we see the King in his beauty? O, my brother, to me heaven never appeared more desirable than it has since I saw you; yet with strong desire have I wept to stay and preach the Gospel of our blessed Lord Jesus, for I see there is a wide difference in entering heaven with and without company. Let him know, that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, saveth a soul from death, and hideth a multitude of sins. 'They that be wise shall shine as the sun, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.' How much better to find in heaven a band of converts sent thither through one's instrumentality, than to arrive alone.

"The pain of body that I have undergone since I saw you has not been little; yet none too much, for it has been sweet discipline. 'The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?'

"Through God's goodness I am much relieved, and only feel the inconvenience of debility. By and by we hope to wear glorious bodies. When the saints shall put them on, may we recognize each other as brands plucked out of the fire.

"Fraternally yours, JAMES B. TAYLOR."

"*Middle Haddam, Jan.* 27, 1828.

'Dear Brother K —,

"I have been at home a short time. I find myself

an invalid yet. But of all lessons, those learned in the school of affliction I deem the most salutary. Would one learn the art of being patient? How can he know it unless he be tried?

"Years ago, I used to inquire, where are my trials? They have come. Some part, at least, of the bitter, *bitter-sweet* cup, has been drunk. The rest is in our Father's hand. Is not this enough? Last night, pain —*sweet pain*, as I called it—had a happy effect on my soul. The thought of leaving the earth and mingling with the holy above, was joy within, which bodily pain forbade me to utter—but I found my wonted resting-place, and calmly reposed on him whom my soul loveth, till I fell asleep. How sweet—how soul-refreshing, when the heart can say, 'Father, not my will, but thine be done.' May you be a hundred-fold comforted with the same consolation.

"Yours truly, JAMES."

From Middle Haddam, whence the foregoing note was written, Mr. Taylor returned to New-Haven, but his health continuing to decline, he was soon summoned to New-York, to prepare for a tour, or a voyage to the southern states, with the hope—in his case, alas! *vain* hope—of staying the ravages of disease, and recovering that health which he so earnestly desired, that he might preach the Gospel.

How he was exercised in view of the proposed excursion may be learned from the following extracts of a letter written at Stamford, while on his way to New-York, in obedience to the call to lay aside for a season his work of preparation, and seek the restoration of his health.

"*Stamford, Jan.* 30, 1828.

"Dear W——,

"Say you, why on your way to New-York? It is not a project of my own; but kind friends have issued the command, not of authority, but of love, and bid me pack up and be on my way: thus far I have complied.

"My dear Brother—at first, my heart rather revolted at the idea of going: but before I had finished the letter, I could not say aught why I should remain. Nay more, I felt that I should do violence to my own feelings, and the feelings of others, not to go. How different from what I felt two months ago. Then it seemed impossible to go away. You remember the reason. It was a *burning* desire to live and preach the Gospel; and I wished to remain and prepare for it. Since then, however, that intense longing has subsided, and given place to a calmness that has caused my soul sweetly *to rest*—not so solicitous to live and preach the Gospel, as that Christ, as Lord of the Vineyard, should dispose of me as the execution of his plan requires.

"Thus you see how sweetly I have been fitted to leave all: indeed I go as cheerfully as I would into the pulpit. I feel all that calmness and composure which result from a consciousness of doing the will of God. Therefore rejoice with me, my loving brother, and be happy in the thought that I am put aside for the present—Put aside! I am disposed to think that this turning me aside is to turn greatly to my account. —To *my* account!—I hope to Zion's account.

"Who can say that my journey is not to survey fields of labor which otherwise would not appear inviting? Who can say that a link is not to be made

out of this change of circumstances not the least important—nay, a *swivel* in the chain of my preparation, and one without which the chain would twist and break?

"May I not fail to make this a profitable tour! Pray for me *now* as you read, and ever, that I may, by every overturning, be more and more moulded into the image of our dear Lord Jesus.

"I now go out, not knowing the result. I go, perhaps to recover my health: this is my *primary* object. I go, perhaps to die. Well; I have the sweet prospect of yet mingling with the holy in heaven. Never, never have I had happier days than since I saw you. I verily believe I have been on *Mount Clear*, and spied out the Canaan that we love.

"Yours, in the best bonds.

"Jas. B. Taylor."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

*Visits at the South—Sickness—Death—Conclusion.*

After some detention in New-York, Mr. Taylor set sail for Charleston on the 7th March, and arrived on the 15th, without any occurrence of note, but, as he thought, with evident mitigation of his disease. After sojourning some time at Charleston, and enjoying the cordial hospitalities of that warm-hearted people, he proceeded to Savannah in Georgia, thence to Augusta,

to Columbia, to Fayetteville, Petersburg, Richmond, and so back to New-York. The kind attentions and expressions of interest which he received from many persons during this tour, were often spoken of by him in language of acknowledgment to them and gratitude to God. From these several places he wrote numerous letters to his friends, filled chiefly with descriptions of places, and observations on men and manners, which prove, that, though in search of health as his primary object, he had a heart still to mingle with the friends of Jesus, and to love his Master's image under whatever clime or color it might appear; that he felt for the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, without regard to localities, and that he was a shrewd observer of mankind.

From a few of these communications extracts will be given, as far as they exhibit the exercise of his faith and piety, and show the fatal progress of his disease, and the spirit with which he bore the waning of hope, as to recovery.

At Savannah Mr. Taylor was advised to make an excursion for a few days into the country; and accordingly, having received letters of introduction to a few of the planters in Liberty county, he found his way to the residence of a gentleman with whom he spent two days, and of whom he thus writes: "Mr. ——— is a single man, of about my age, which, you know, to-morrow, (15th April,) will be 27. Though not a professor of religion, yet he takes a stand indicative of heartfelt piety. Every night he meets his negroes collected for worship; sings, reads, expounds the Bible, and prays. His sister, a lady of known piety, meets the little folks in the afternoon, and in-

structs and prays with them: *praise-worthy practice;*"—and for this reason we transfer the account of their conduct to our pages.

"At Col. L.'s I had a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord: having retired fatigued and with some pain in my side, I thought on health: our sympathizing High Priest was near to bless. The thought of him was balm to my spirit. I was fully persuaded that if he spoke the word, his servant should be healed. To live and recover I saw to be in some respects desirable, yet, rather than carry about a *useless* tenement, I felt it desirable to depart: yes, though I seemed to love my friends more than ever, I felt that I could give you all up, and die, even among strangers. My soul experienced joys that elevated me; and then I could so sweetly fall into the hands of God, and meltingly say, my Father—my Savior."

"*Augusta, April* 18, 1828.

"My dear Brother,

"The evening before I left Savannah for this place I dropped a letter into the post-office, saying, among other things, that I was about to set my face homeward. We left Savannah on Thursday A. M. and reached this to-day. Mr. K.'s* horse preceded my *fox*, and thus we both came in my gig. With a little more practice, I think, 'upon a pinch,' I could demand $8 per month as a stage-driver;———but I feel like any thing else than a single light thought.

"Were I to describe my feelings, I should represent myself as pensive or disheartened. I do not com-

* A fellow traveller for health, who sailed with Mr. T. from N. Y.

plain: of all men, I have most reason to be thankful. I would not complain—no, never. But, my dear brother, I feel that I am not gaining much: the week or ten days past, the old pain has returned to my side. Whatsoever be the result, I hope in all things I shall be kept from sinning. Whether my days be few or many, nothing seems more abhorrent to my feelings than to be situated where I shall be a burden. But, to try me and others, this may be my lot. But desist—it is not good to borrow trouble. Yours affectionately,

"JAMES."

From Augusta Mr. Taylor wrote again, April 20, when he says:

"How pleasant to feed in green pastures while traveling through the wilderness. To-day the Good Shepherd hath given me a rich repast. My soul has gained strength from feeding on angels' food—if *angels feast* on the manifestations of God to them. Singing one of the songs of Zion, my heart began to melt, and sweetly flowed down into tenderness and love. To call God my Father, was sweet beyond expression; Christ, as my elder Brother, Friend, Shepherd, Lord—my all, captivated all my powers, and I cried with a broken heart—

'Thou lovely source of true delight,
'Whom I, unseen, adore,
'Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
'That I may love thee *more*.'

"O how soul-humbling! now soul-elevating! how full of consolation! to have the manifestations of Je-

sus as they are *not* made to the world. Perhaps never with more confidence could I ask for the Holy Spirit. Blessed anointings! with this blessing we climb the 'delectable mountains,' stand on 'Mount Clear,' and look away to the fair land. How fair and desirable it appeared to me this evening! More desirable than the land of my fathers! O the prospect of meeting the holy, when I shall have answered the end of my being in this world. My prospect brightens as God shows his beauties to my soul; and I long for the time to arrive when I shall become a disembodied spirit. I wish to behold the *glory* which Christ wishes his disciples to see. 'Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.' Much is comprised in that word, GLORY. Well, it will not be long before the disclosure will be made.

"Whenever I am so peculiarly blessed, then my longings are to preach the Gospel. There is an intensity of feeling that finds no expression but in groans. Still I lie in the hands of God, and if I mistake not, acquiesce in his will; and I feel fully persuaded that my protracted trials will issue in my good, whether I live or die. Through your prayers I may yet be restored and given to the church, to which, under God, long since and repeatedly I have surrendered myself.

"24th.—It may disappoint you, as I have been disappointed; but you would know my case *fully*. I had hoped that I should not have a return of bleeding. For two or three days previous to night before last, I had a stricture across my lungs, and they felt as though they were tied up. Then I had a turn of bleeding, pretty much as when at New-Haven. Last night

there was another discharge of about the same amount, and this morning another. I feel no inconvenience from it, but am relieved. I have not room to say much of the kindness that is shown me. You would be grateful to witness the attentions that are paid to the stranger in his exile. And I am happy. This morning my spirit has been sweetly refreshed. Be not concerned about me.

"*Columbia, May* 2, 1828.

"For a week, I think, before I left Augusta, and since, there has been no blood from my throat or lungs. After all, think not too much of my recovery; I do not, except that I wish to live to preach the Gospel. O how I have longed to put in the sickle *here!* Last Sunday evening a crowded house of *young people* waited to hear the truth. Think not that it injured me; for I was better after it: it seemed to untie my lungs. As I delivered my message, I longed to follow it up. But no; whether I live or die, the Lord be magnified."

From Columbia Mr. Taylor pursued his course northward, until reaching Louisburg, N. C. as a *Christian traveler*, he stopped to keep holy day, and thence sent the following interesting letter:

"*May* 25, 1828.

"My dear, dear Brother,

"Though worn out with the journey of the day, you will allow me to pour a little from the fullness of my heart. I am in a snug harbor, with the prospect of enjoying the approaching Sabbath, by keeping holy day here. I need the day both for body and mind: to

renew my physical strength for the journey, and to put on anew the armor of righteousness.

"My former letters bear testimony to repeated seasons in which I have been refreshed. Last night one occurred, and O how timely! I wet my couch with tears, sweet tears, from a broken, submissive heart. My dear brother, you know what a *solicitude* I have felt to preach the Gospel; and but for preparation for this, how willing I was to relinquish all, upon your visit to New-Haven." [This refers to his brother's desire that he should travel for his health.] "O, it was a *burning* of soul, that would take no denial. You know, from my testimony, how I yielded the decision into God's hands, to dispose of me as pleased him. In this I have *rested*. Last night it seemed pretty clear to my mind what would be the result. I looked *not* for the blessedness of standing upon the beautiful walls of Zion, as a watchman to sound the alarm. The evidence was, that the trumpet had failed. The fact stares me in the face. If I attempt to converse, to sing, to pray aloud, the *once*—tuned instrument is discordant; shortness of breath is troublesome. If I attempt to walk up a hill, it excites the lungs so much that respiration is difficult; and even throwing myself upon the bed produces breathing enough for one that has run a race. My lungs are very sensitive. Now all this was not the case when I left you, nor when I set out upon my journey from the south. A blessing came in connection with the hold which the ministry had upon my heart, and with the interrogatory, Will you give it up? Dear brother, think my whole soul responded—and I hardly know how—'Yes, yes, thy will be done; and there was a

staying upon God, and a solid, indescribable comfort within. Thus you see how one thing after another is lopping off. And indeed, more than ever, I thought it became me to set my house in order; and I longed to live more like Christ, and to exhibit more of his character. The prospect was *pleasant* even of putting aside *prospective* labors and of entering into rest. If it should soon take place, will not my brother, my dear brother, whom I seem to love more than ever, give me up? Yes, like a Christian; and so will others whom I love. As ever, yours, JAMES."

Early in the month of June Mr. Taylor arrived at his brother's in New-York, whence he sent a number of letters to his friends. Having previously announced to his parents his arrival, on the 25th of June he wrote them as follows:

"*New-York, June* 25, 1828.

"I doubt not my beloved friends *on the hill* would rather see my person than my letters. It is indeed great self-denial on my part not to gratify them. But as it is considered on the whole best for me to tarry here yet a little, I will again let you know of my affairs.

"My letter written from Louisburg you have probably seen. In that, I think it was, I mentioned the fact that I had relinquished the hope of preaching. That conquest was a crown. Last night I obtained another: 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, (trial,) for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life.' The trial that assailed me was a pain in my left breast, which to me appeared to be a new indication of my mortality. It was welcomed with

joy. I yielded sweet assent. My heart was melted into tenderness, and my whole soul felt a *preference*, if it were God's will, to depart. I desired to be gone. I longed to see my heavenly Father, whose matchless goodness had plucked me as a brand from the burning. I longed to be with Christ. To see him to whom I am indebted for *the much* he has done for me. I longed for the society of angels and saints, and thought of some whom I should see among the glorified.

"The goodness of God, as exhibited in my conversion, and the present comfort of soul in the midst of my protracted trials, was overwhelming. Thus my dear, dear parents, see that the Lord leaveth me not. Surely he is with me; and for his presence my pillow is often wet with tears of joy. Should I recover, I shall look upon the varied dealings of God with me as happily preparatory to my future usefulness.

"With love to you all, JAMES."

After remaining some weeks in New-York, for the sake chiefly of medical advice and attendance, Mr. Taylor repaired to his father's house, whence he wrote to his brother K—— several letters showing the flattering nature of his disease, and exhibiting something of his character.

"*Middle Haddam, July* 27, 1823.

"My dear Brother,

"Conversation engrosses but *little* of my time. My food is light—digestion good. I ride more or less on horseback or in my gig. During each day, spend some time in studying metaphysics, philosophy, and theology.

"From the fact that I am able to do more, and with greater facility, I persuade myself that I gather strength; I think I cough less. Blisters repeatedly applied have kept me not a little sore. However, it is good philosophy to endure a smaller, to root out a greater evil. Yesterday I felt sick of being sick, not so much on my own account, as on account of those so benevolently affectioned towards me. I hope it did not rise to a complaint of Providence. But the idea of so much and continued expenditure of the time, and money, and feelings of others on my behalf, and with so little, if any amendment, sadly affected me. The proof, too, that I have of its all flowing from a fullness of overflowing kindness on their part, only tended to make me feel more; for a soul that feels undeserving and dependent, cannot but appreciate such favors, and is glad to unburden itself by expressing a corresponding gratitude.

"This morning I felt strong enough to preach. I am encouraged, and live with the hope of one day triumphing over debility and disease, and standing forth a well man, to subserve the cause of God on earth. The hill looks well, and is improving. The trees grow finely. Are you and yours coming up? We shall be glad to see you, and will do all we can to make you happy. Love to E. and the children.

"Yours, as ever, JAMES B. TAYLOR."

"*Middle Haddam, Aug.* 4, 1828.

"Dear Brother,

"I think myself gaining in strength and flesh, though little of either; enough, however, for encouragement. I have been reviewing my course, so that I am well

nigh prepared to be examined for license. Two of my class were examined and licensed week before last. The Association meets again on the last Tuesday of this month to license the remainder. This being one thing that I wish to get out of the way, and being prepared for it, I have thought it best to be licensed also. My sermon I wrote, for the most part, when at the South. I presume your sentiments on this point will accord with mine. Among other reasons, these have weighed somewhat on my mind, amid the uncertainty of my recovery so as to be able to preach.

"Should I be able to perform the duties of a naval chaplain, and a sea voyage be recommended, I should gladly enter such a sphere of labor for the sake of doing good and defraying expenses. Should I become a resident of a West India island, as has been suggested, if found to agree with my constitution, I had better go commissioned to preach than otherwise. Should I go South to spend the winter, it would not be a disadvantage to go as a preacher. Should I remain at home, a burden would be off my mind. So far, then, as I can see, I cannot but conclude that it is my duty to be examined and licensed with my class.

"Yours truly, J. B. TAYLOR."

"*Middle Haddam, Sept.* 9, 1828.

"Dear Brother K——,

"I am here at anchor; no head wind but blows some one good. I hope to ride out the storm *patiently*, and especially amidst so many comforts. Often the sky, long lowering, clears away; and hope, as if on wings, places me where I have longed to be, in the vineyard. I read, the other day,

——————'The youth,
'Who in the glowing morn of vigorous life,
'High reaching after great religious deeds,
'Was suddenly cut off, with all his hopes
'In sunny bloom, and unaccomplish'd left
'His wither'd aims—saw everlasting days
'Before him dawning rise, in which to achieve
'All glorious things.'

"As I read I wept. O, my dear brother, it is hard work, but it is good work. But I am gaining, and ought to be thankful. A course of *suffering* may be the necessary means to prepare for a sphere of high action either in this or in the other world. Think not that I complain: no, I think I would not for the universe take my course into my own hands. Why not give a call on the Hill? We all should be so *glad* to see you.

"Your much obliged, J. B. Taylor."

In accordance with Mr. Taylor's views on the subject of being licensed, he attended the Middlesex Consociation, which met in East Haddam, Oct. 8, 1828; read his trial sermon, on the text, John, 12 : 26, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honor,"—was examined with respect to his own religious experience, his knowledge of Christian theology, and his ability to teach and defend the truths of the Gospel—all which were approved, and he was licensed to preach as a candidate for the Gospel ministry.

But his health being unequal to the labor of executing this long-desired commission, it was resolved by Mr. Taylor's friends, but with his own hearty concurrence, that he should spend the winter at the Union Theological Seminary in Prince Edward county, Vir-

ginia, in the family of the Rev. John Holt Rice, D. D. then Professor of Christian Theology in that Institution. To this retreat Mr. Taylor was invited by the affectionate kindness of Dr. Rice, and by the mild and healthful climate of that part of Virginia. Before setting out on this journey, he addressed letters to several of his friends, from which some extracts will now be given.

To his friend L. P. he commenced a letter at Middle Haddam on the 1st of October, and concluded it in New-York, after leaving his father's house for the last time.

"*Middle Haddam, Oct.* 1, 1823.

"My much loved friend,

"You will be glad to hear from me, though still 'in bonds.' The chain that bound me when at your house in June, though not so heavy, still holds me. Whether I shall burst it ere I become a disembodied spirit is known only to Him who has thus far upheld my goings. This is to let you know that I consider myself convalescent, though about my lungs there are indications no way flattering. Also, that I purpose to leave my paternal roof for another of my loved homes in New-York. Should circumstances permit, I may visit New-Jersey. I do not make too much of seeing you, for I may be disappointed; yet how gladly would we be comforters one of another.

"The grave does not seem so near as it did when you saw me so prostrated; but still I may be standing on its brink."

"*New-York, Oct.* 31.

"The above, as you perceive, I wrote nearly a month since. Hither I have come to sojourn but three

days more. On Monday I expect to set sail, not to your dwelling, but to a haven appointed by friends and physicians. I set sail for Petersburg, Virginia; thence I go to Prince Edward county to winter, unless in mercy I should be taken to a clime more desirable.

"I have detained this with the hope that in person I should see you. For this purpose I had designed to pass through Princeton and Lawrenceville. But as my health does not warrant the fatigues of journeying, and the excitement of seeing dear friends, I am denied the pleasure. It is self-denial. Peradventure I may return in the spring, better able to enjoy the society of those I love. If not, the land of dear delights is before me. Do you ask how I am in my protracted afflictions? The Lord doeth all things well. Sweet thoughts of Jesus melt my soul. Communion with heaven is soul-elevating and soul-transforming. In a word, I am a happy, though a sick and dying man. The Lord most gently and mercifully hands me down the hill of life, while the descent seems very short. O, it will be sweet to take the last step, and walk into eternity. To me the grave wears choice attire—Paradise more choice. I wish, and often with longing, to see Jesus as he is, to mingle with the holy above—to sing the song of the shining ones. O think not that I am gloomy or depressed; far, far, very far from it. Think of me as visited from above, and rolled along in a chariot all paved with love—think of me as one who loves you—think of me and pray for me as one feeble, shattered, tottering, and almost falling—falling into the arms of our Beloved.

"If my last—my most affectionate adieu,

"JAMES B. TAYLOR."

Reference has already been made to a fragment of a diary kept for a short time during the latter part of this year. From this record we shall now present a few extracts:

"Oct. 9, P. M.—Left my paternal roof on my way to a southern clime. Our tears flowed at the sound farewell,—dear, kind, affectionate kindred.

"10th.—Reached New-Haven, and one of my loved homes—again enjoyed the social and friendly intercourse of kindred spirits. Our christian communion was doubly sweet. I enjoyed refreshings—especially in Sunday evening exercises, in which all were melted.

"13th.—Left New-Haven, and again met those I love in New-York, again occupied a loved habitation, and again received the kind offices and sympathies of dear K. and E. Met Mrs. Palmer and Mary, who embark to-morrow for Charleston: they urge me to accompany them. I lie moored, and wait with sweet patience the decision of physicians and friends. May God direct.

"Last night, though restless and wakeful, I was greatly blessed. My enjoyment of God, in the night season, filled me with sweet peace and strong confidence. I think I know and have felt for a season past, especially last night, the 'strait' in which Paul was. I watered my pillow with sweet tears—I longed to fly away to Jesus—I longed to stay and labor in his cause. I can neither say let me die, nor let me live. My heart cries out for God to lead and dispose of my all. I am in his hands, and he will guide me even unto death.

"18th.—I am now waiting the arrival of medical

men, to examine and pronounce upon my case. Should they say that I am not in a confirmed consumption, or at least on the confines of it, I shall be disappointed.

"Yesterday, P. M. and evening, I enjoyed sweet meltings of soul in view of the many mercies surrounding me. Surely, if on my way to an early grave, I am going down most comfortably—my dear friends load me with benefits.

"It is sweet to look beyond time. I think I must regard my laboring days as gone by, and perhaps I shall soon enter upon my *long resting day*.

"It has made my heart ache to think that I should be put aside so soon, but grace has proved sufficient: I am sweetly patient. The Father smiles upon his child. A sympathizing Jesus is with me. Comfort and joy from the Holy Ghost pervade my soul.

"Retrospectively, it appears that God has designed to perfect me through *sufferings*—pain of body and disappointment as to the ministry. Well, I am a witness to the wise dealings of the *wise One*. God knows what is *best*, and that is best for me. He hath led me, as he leads one to holiness, to happiness, to heaven. Amen.

"19th.—The physicians came. The result of their examination was unexpected. So far as they could discover, they thought me sound, except an affection of the mucous membrane, which they would endeavor to relieve. So it seems I may yet recover and live to preach the Gospel; still uncertainty hangs over the restoration of my debilitated and overdone system.

"From the examination it was discovered that the cause of my painful days and nights, for two years and more, was a spinal affection: which disease commenc-

ed, continued, and I hope terminated, without being found out before.

"28th.—Yesterday had sweet thoughts of Jesus. The thought of becoming a pure spirit refreshed my soul.

"Last night, after I had retired, a precious love token was handed down to the unworthiest. The Lord remembereth that I am but dust: I am of a feeble frame. Often I find it a laborious task to repeat even the four lines I learned in my earliest infancy—'Now I lay me down to sleep,' &c. Greatly fatiguing to repeat the Lord's prayer. How mercifully the Lord accommodates himself to this weakness. The other night I had but just lain down and thought of the sweet pleasures which religion affords, when my soul was filled with peace; so, at times during the day, in my lonely hours as I sit and while away the time, unable to study or read. Last night I was refreshed with an unction from the Holy One.

"I thought of meeting one who asked me whether I had any solicitude now to preach the Gospel. My answer was, no. I added, the days of my solicitude are gone by. Then I remembered seasons of anxiety, deep, nay, *burning* anxiety, that I had had to do the work of a minister of Jesus Christ. Mine eyes ran down with tears, with the sweet consciousness of an honest appeal to God, who had ever marked out my way. The seasons have not been few in which I have groaned for the work, and for due preparation for it. The thought of relinquishing this object was pleasing, if so the will of God be. Nay, I was rather desirous of leaving all behind and going to Jesus. I think I see enough worth dying for.

"29th.—Of the seven sons of my father's house, I am apparently farthest on my journey to the grave. To-day I wept at the thought of soon leaving my dear friends far behind. I shall leave them more an invalid than when I went south last spring—it grieves me not to think of bidding them adieu, even if it prove a last farewell. I love them now—when glorified, how much more. Peace and heaven's choicest blessings attend them. It is sweet to think of falling into the hands of Jesus. It is delightful to confide in God as a Father who has suited his dealings to the frailties of his little one—I wept in his presence as I remembered my disobedience. How great his grace and mercy! There is forgiveness with God. It was delightfully pleasant to contemplate the Holy Spirit as *Comforter*; I longed to see of the things of Christ yet more and more brightly. Roll on, ye wheels of time, and bring me, a welcomed saint, to the dwelling-place of Jesus, my best beloved."

On the 4th November Mr. Taylor, as announced in his letters, embarked for Petersburg, (Virginia,) on his way to Prince Edward, and arrived on the 9th. Whence, on the 15th, he wrote to his brother at New-Haven:

"Dear F——,

"Having entered on the study of your profession, make conscience of studying *to approve yourself unto God*. To please God—to be blessed and made a blessing, thus to live and be happy—should be our first, constant, and last aim. If I sought for one thing

more than an other in my preparatory course, academical, collegiate, and theological, it was to be *signally* ANOINTED *of God*, for the great, the good, the most desirable, the highest work of man. I am happy in this consciousness. With little probability of ever doing this work, I am greatly glad that I sought this holy unction and I can testify that I found it. All along I was anointed; and I most affectionately and urgently present this as *pre-eminent* in importance. All else will go on well enough—rather let all else suffer, than forego the *refreshings of the Holy Ghost.*

"It is very pleasant for me to think that God can glorify himself and let me be an invalid. My confidence in God to endow me great, has much increased of late. Think of me then, not as desponding under his debarring me from the vineyard, but as quite contented and happy—as rather willing to be sick, believing it to be his will. Think of me as handed down very kindly, tenderly, and mercifully, though rapidly, on my way to the grave. Heaven appears very desirable.

"Ever truly and affectionately, JAMES."

The beginning of 1829 finds Mr. Taylor located in his last home on earth. Having spent a few days in Petersburg and Richmond, enjoying the hospitalities of Christian friends, whose privilege it was to entertain this devoted disciple, he proceeded to his destined resting-place in the Union Theological Seminary, whither Dr. Rice had invited him to come and spend the winter.

After his arrival in Virginia, Mr. Taylor wrote

several letters, which speak of places and their aspect; of Christian friends and their kindness; and of his gratitude to God and to them; of the goodness of God, and of his own love and confidence, and acquiescence in the divine will; and of the alternations of hope and despondency, as he felt better or worse under the changes incident to one who is contending with the most flattering and fatal disease. But though borne down with his malady, and often oppressed with a sense of weakness almost intolerable, he lost no opportunity of endeavoring to relieve the anxiety of his relatives and friends, and of expressing his strong affection for them. Nor did he cease to feel, and by all the means in his power to labor for that cause which to him was dearer than life. As an evidence of the interest he continued to feel in the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and as an appeal which may reach some heart, and yet bring a faithful laborer into the service of the church, we give the following extract of a letter written 4th January, 1829.

"Unable as I am to labor, and seeing the great harvest-field and the fewness of the laborers, I am so interested that I cannot but urge men to go into the harvest. I know not what may be your decision *now* as to this object; but these thoughts suggest themselves to me: Is it not in the power of my friend to do much in advancing the kingdom of Jesus Christ, by preaching the Gospel? Would not his father, from a consideration of the fewness of ministers, and the great and pressing call for them, say, 'Go, my son, and be a minister of Jesus Christ. I will consent to deny myself, for the sake of Him who left

heaven to die on the cross.' How can you think of dragging out your life in that secluded spot on a farm, when you may go out into the world and be *so much more useful.* You are young—none too old to commence. In a few years you may be prepared, and then you *may* live many years to preach the Gospel. As to means for your support, you need not be troubled: only make up your mind, and the way will be opened.

"I present this subject to you to *think of.* Think of it alone. Go over the ground again and again, and see if it be not *your duty* to enter upon this work. Write to me about it. Tell me the difficulties, if there be any, in the way. I shall be glad to hear of your spiritual welfare."

To a much esteemed Christian brother Mr. Taylor wrote on the 15th January, 1829.

"*Union Theol. Sem. Prince Edward, Va.*

"Dear Brother B——,

"Your love-letter of the 1st inst. reached me a few days since. I was glad to break its seal, and find it was from a friend and brother beloved.

"It has become so much of a task for me to write, that I must now put off my correspondents with a few lines only.

"By the letters I have written, you have heard of my condition. The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keeps my heart, through Christ Jesus. Since I saw you I have not been a stranger to sweet anointings, whose fruit is lasting peace. On my behalf you will rejoice.

"I am glad of *your* joy and peace in believing. May they increase more and more.

"The Seminary is flourishing. Much has already been done by it for the good of this land. Very much more remains to be done.

"My debility will be my excuse for brevity. I shall be glad to hear from you again and again.

"Yours truly, JAMES B. TAYLOR."

On the same date he wrote to his brother K.

"In my absence heretofore, as now, I have often thought myself the happiest of men. So be comforted, my dear brother, and ever think of me as taken up by our heavenly Father, as a little one, and continually and greatly blessed. On Saturday, my soul was melted under a sense of our heavenly Father's presence. Sitting alone my uplifted desire was uttered—Father, give me the Holy Spirit. An unction from the Holy One greatly refreshed my soul. I had been saying, Lord, how long? in reference to my protracted trials. My whole soul yielded, and said, Even so long as the Lord will; but thou wilt give me thy Spirit. I hardly know when my confidence gathered strength so fast in God, that he would make me happy. With unusual sweetness I adopted the language of Jesus, 'Father, glorify thyself.' O, I felt happy that he would be glorified. My confidence in the gift of the Holy Ghost was greatly strengthened.

"After such anointings the soul rests in calm, sweet, heavenly peace.

'Not a wave of trouble rolls
'Across my peaceful breast.

"With increased affection, JAMES."

To another brother Mr. Taylor wrote on the 20th:

"Those letters that I have written cost me labor, as every effort does. And surely I know I would not write again but to gratify my friends. Though directed to one, they were meant to give information to all. I am sorry that my brother thinks me depressed, when it is not so: far from it; peace rules in my heart; sweet refreshings come from above, and happify me from time to time. Think of me then as happy, very happy."

To another friend, on the 25th:

"I hope you are all well. I love to think of my friends as enjoying health; it gives me high pleasure; yet higher to know that they are abiding in Christ, and walking as he walked.

"You have often heard my testimony to the rich grace of God. It now abounds unto me. His visits of love are followed with sweet peace. This helps me much to bear my weakness, which I find *harder work* than formerly.

"Think of me as one blessed of God, and happy, though an invalid.

"I have done no preaching, nor shall I do any but parlor preaching.

"Let me be refreshed by a letter from you. Through letters I now obtain almost all my foreign pleasure.

"This is written out of much weakness. And I should treat you as I should my other friends—not write a line but to gratify you, for it is a great physical task. Glad am I always at the last word.

"Farewell, as ever, yours, JAS. B. TAYLOR."

To his brother K. he wrote, Feb. 11:

"For some time past I have been gradually growing feeble. I am much more so than on my arrival. For a few days I seemed to have a coldness approximating to chill, succeeded by fever. These changes enfeebled me much. My appetite has failed considerably. Though furnished with many varieties, I relish little. I am glad at every day's exit: and though weaker and more helpless,* I hope to be returned to you with gladness, in much patience and full submission to the will of our heavenly Father.

"I am wearied already in this little doing. Affectionately yours, "JAMES."

"By my amanuensis, Mrs. R. I thought to tell you at greater length; but, like all glorious manifestations of God to the soul, this beggars description. However, let me say, that to-day I have had sweet thoughts of going to another world. Gladly, while alone and resting in my easy-chair, would I have bade earth farewell, and winged my way to the paradise of God. The Lord said, Nay. I yet stay, and would patiently wait until my change come. I find it easier to dictate than to write with mine own hand.

"JAMES."

We have now given to our readers the last letter which Mr. Taylor was able to write with his own hand. Nor have we any thing dictated by himself to his friends, with the exception of two short epistles, from which we present a few brief extracts:

*The ground of that hope was doubtless the opinion of his physicians, that with care he might recover.

"*Union Theo. Sem., Feb.* 19, 1829.

"Dear brother K.

"Since my letter, which was a week ago, I have continued to fail. My nights are restless—cough increased—external things losing their interest—faith gathers strength.

"I have often thought, though so weak, if the weather were suitable, of setting out for the north to spend my last days among the friends I love. It has occurred to me as it never did before, that though grievous, it gives parents pleasure to have their children, when dying, with them. Brothers, and sisters too, would rather than otherwise stand round the dying bed of one of their number. I should love to add all the comfort in my power to those who have so often comforted me.

"To me it is apparent I shall not survive the coming few months; for, on the whole, my case is more critical than it ever has been before. The physicians begin to deal in *may be's*. I have told you the simple story of my feelings, that you may judge whether it be best that I attempt to come to you.

"20th.—This day I have been more feeble than yesterday, and the thought has naturally arisen, that this room may prove the place of my exit to another world. Believe that I am mercifully and most kindly handed along down the hill of life, and I hope the last step will be to the glory of God.

"Unless I should gain some strength, this will be the last letter that I shall ever dictate. But you will hear of me through my kind friends, who are ever ready to be my helpers.

"With increased affection and love to you all,

"JAMES."

"*Union Theo. Sem., March* 3, 1829.

"Dear Christian Friend,

"On my sick, and probably my dying bed, I frequently think of you. Your letter, which gave me pleasure, came to hand in due time: answering it, instead of employing my own hand, I am under the necessity of writing by the hand of another.

"For weeks past I have been sinking rapidly—I am now almost helpless and worn out, and unless there be a change soon, this 'mud-wall'd cottage' will presently fall to the ground. I mention this to show dear brother D——, that if he ever see me in the flesh, it must be very soon.

"One of my brothers is on the way to me, to be a comfort with my other friends, in these days of decline. You may rejoice with me, in that I rejoice in the Lord always. The prospect of changing worlds is pleasant. The home of the Holy is inviting.

"Farewell. With much love,

"J. B. TAYLOR."

The last piece of writing which Mr. Taylor left in his own hand, purports to be his will, and bears date the 1st March, 1820, from which we extract the following sentence:

"On my bed of sickness, Prince Edward. Symptoms of disease all tending to announce my departure. I wish to say now that I am peaceful. The prospect of changing worlds is pleasant."

Among the numerous letters, expressing the gratitude of those who had been blessed through his la-

bors, and the love and sympathy of Christian friends, there is one from the late Rev. Matthias Bruen, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Bleecker-street, New-York, which breathes a spirit so sweet, that the reader cannot fail to be pleased with its insertion.

"*New York, March* 24, 1829.

"The picture of you, my dear brother, has been vividly present to the little company of your friends here, and we have thought of ourselves lingering like you on the threshold of eternity. Ah! it is all the threshold of eternity—and to believers it is even now eternal life. This is the record, that God *hath* given to us eternal life; and this life is in his Son. He that believeth the Son hath life.

"We have endeavored to pray for you. You have some tender-hearted friends in our little church besides your dear relations, and are to them, while you breathe here, an object of ceaseless sympathy, and while they breathe, of hope and love.

"While I have been standing where you once stood, to pray and preach to my little charge, your image has been before my mind, and I thank God and take courage for the support you have as yet had; for your calamities are nearly overpast, while ours are yet to begin. May the chief Shepherd, who gave his life for yours, fill you even now with joy unspeakable.

"In this season of calamity to us, I know not how to write to you, who are so soon perhaps to know the certainty of the things in which the Spirit of Christ has instructed you. You have a holy anointing for all that you are to accomplish. If I were near enough, I I should rather sit at your feet and hear, or only look

on. I cannot say a word to you—rather, dear brother, I would ask a parting prayer for me. I know that the thought of our love is pleasant to you among earthly things, if the bright view of the Redeemer does not bedim all that is created. I shall always cherish the feeling of love to you, knowing that it will better prepare me to finish my work, and to meet the Son of Man, *who hath power on earth to forgive sins*. Here is our consolation—sins like scarlet and crimson may be forgiven—even we may walk in white!

"Until my hope of your surviving this severe dispensation is absolutely destroyed by the arrival of your great change, I look for something encouraging, as your days are prolonged; but we hope faintly. Into the care of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ we cheerfully commit you. He loves you more than we can. O! that I could commit myself to him with like ardor of confidence, that neither life nor death shall separate from his love.

"If you care to spend a moment's thought about any thing in the world, believe that a few persons *here*, as well as elsewhere, love you with a peculiar and lively affection, who would gladly kneel beside your bed and endeavor to alleviate your bodily sufferings, and who sympathize with the other bosoms which have yielded you such sweet repose in Virginia. Shall we not love even our Savior more, that so many are created anew in his image to love one another? May we live to love one another where they never die any more.

"With a faithful affection, and a remembrance of you never to cease, your unworthy brother in the hope of the Gospel,

"M. Bruen."

As the reader has already anticipated, Mr. Taylor gradually, and from this time rapidly declined, until his feeble body failed, and he went peacefully to his rest. On the 29th of March, 1829, in the 28th year of his age, at half past six o'clock, on the evening of the holy Sabbath, he left the world in full assurance of a blessed immortality. But we cannot give a better account of the closing scene, than in the language of those whose privilege it was to see how this good man died.

"We have just witnessed the departure of a Christian, of an eminent Christian, from this world of trial to that of everlasting rest—the Sabbath which is eternal in the heavens.

"For a considerable time during his sickness, his debility was so great that he required unremitted attention day and night; yet they to whose lot it fell to nurse him in his last hours, so far from being wearied out by the labor, considered it a privilege to be near him. And their testimony is, that his conversation gave them more enlarged ideas than they ever had before of Christian experience, and a more distinct conception of the power and preciousness of religious truth.

"From the time he came among us to the last moment of his life, his faith did not fail, nor even falter, nor did a cloud intercept his view of heaven. It would require a volume to record his various expressions of love, joy, and triumph—and all the same, whether he had hopes of recovery, or felt that he soon must die. The full exercise of reason was granted to him until the last. And when death came, although as fully sensible of it as any who attended him, yet his spirit

was as calm as a 'summer evening,' and he remarked that he 'had endeavored to live in such a way, that when he came to die, he should have nothing to do but to die.' About five minutes before his death he said: 'Farewell to you all, and farewell to this earth.' Then, after a short time, addressing a beloved friend who was supporting him, he said with great emphasis: '*Strive! strive!*' His friend asked him, 'Strive to do what?' '*To enter into the kingdom of heaven.*' These were his last words. His ruling passion was strong in death: to the very last moment he wished to preach the Gospel. After uttering this solemn exhortation, he drew a long breath—another and another—and then, without a struggle or a groan, his breast gradually sunk, and he gently fell asleep in Jesus; and took an upward flight 'if ever soul ascended.'"

Reader, may we die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his. Do you reply, Amen? Then let us strive—strive to enter into the kingdom of heaven; "for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able."

It may gratify the reader to see the letters which give a history of the closing scene. To these shall be added extracts from several communications to those who collected the materials of which this little work is composed. In these communications there is sufficient proof that the religious public is indebted for this compilation, not so much to the partiality of admiring relations, as to a just estimate of Mr. Taylor's christian character, and to a desire to do good, and to magnify the grace of God.

The first letter is from Dr. John Holt Rice to the eldest brother of the subject of this memoir.

"*Union Seminary, March* 29, 1829.

"My beloved Friend and Brother H——.

"It devolves on me to perform a mournful office. I have a brother whom I educated for the ministry, and I feel towards him as I do not towards any other human being, a sort of mingling of parental and fraternal affection; and I know you will feel, when I tell you that dear James is gone.

"His sufferings for some time past have been very severe—not so much from pain as from excessive debility; this was so great, that, as you may have seen from my former communications, the wonder was he did not die sooner.

"Apart from natural feelings of sorrow for the loss of one so beloved, and grief that the church should be bereaved of so precious a young minister, there is nothing in the case of your dear brother but cause of joy and thanksgiving. During his whole sickness, and amidst all the changes produced by disease in his spirits, he never had the shadow of a doubt in regard to his acceptance; his faith never failed, nor did his love grow cold. In the midst of all his sickness the adversary was most mercifully restrained, and he enjoyed the presence of his redeeming Lord. His affectionate heart, too, retained all its kindness, and he enjoyed to the last the sympathetic attentions of those who ministered to his wants. Dear man! he won our love most entirely.

"He was graciously permitted to exercise his reason to the very last, and showed what was the bent

of his mind by his dying speech: *Strive! strive!* to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

"How mysterious this event! Since it has appeared to me inevitable that one so prepared for the ministry, and so desirous to be useful as our dear brother was, should die, the thought has often occurred to me that there are services for very holy and devoted men in a higher sphere, to which they are called, and where they do incomparably more for the glory of the divine Redeemer, and are more useful than they could possibly be on earth: and while we are wondering that they should be cut off, and disappoint all our hopes of their usefulness, they probably do more in a day, in heaven, than they could do in a lifetime in this world. The Master had use for our brother above, and called for him. We would have kept him here. I confess I never have seen a young man whom I so much wished should live.

"But why should he come here, far from home, to die? On his passage to heaven, God sent him by this place, that it might be seen here what a young minister ought to be, and how a Christian can suffer and die. And perhaps *you* have thus been permitted to do more for us than could be done with money.

"Dear brother! I sympathize with you and your afflicted relations. May the Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit.

"Most affectionately yours, JOHN H. RICE."

The following letter is from Mrs. Rice to Mr. Taylor's mother:

"*Union Theo. Sem. April* 3, 1829.

"If I can in the least degree alleviate the sorrow of

the dear mother of my beloved friend, most gladly will I do it; and your afflicted son,* who does us the favor of remaining awhile with us, thinks a letter from me would be some comfort to you. If mingling my heart with yours, and feeling all a mother's bereavement could lessen the weight of your grief, then would it indeed be lightened.

"I regret exceedingly that I did not every day set down all that was interesting in relation to my dear *happy sufferer*. But much, I trust, is engraved on my memory and on my heart, never to be forgotten or neglected. I have indeed been most highly privileged, and am sincerely thankful to our Heavenly Father for sending to my care so precious a child of his. He seemed from the first to come as a blessing to me, and to raise my idea of holy living and of Christian enjoyments. He ever seemed happy, joyful, triumphant, until disease wore down his animal spirits. But his faith, hope, peace, never for a moment failed, but continued perfect to the last. I inquired shortly before he left us, the state of his mind, when he replied: '*Perfect peace;* but too weak to think or talk.' When he found he must die from you, he wept much, and grieved at the thought of your sorrow. 'Dear father! dear mother! what would I not do to comfort you,' he would often say; 'but my Heavenly Father is pleased to have it so, and I love to please him.' He did indeed delight more in the love of God, and in doing his will, than any one I have ever seen. He spoke of his removal as if going on *a foreign mission*. He loved to serve his Lord wherever he appointed him, and hoped to be engaged in the delightful work for

* A brother of the deceased, who was with him when he died.

ever. He often spoke of rest for his poor body; but his happy spirit longed to serve and please his Heavenly Father perfectly. He often spoke of seeing you all soon, and of welcoming you to a better world, never more to part. He is not, my dear madam, lost even to us: if we live as he did, we shall again enjoy sweet intercourse with him. His words, '*My friend for eternity*,' have made a deep impression upon my heart. O! that his mantle may rest on me and on this seminary.

"My grandmother lost a daughter in the state of Kentucky. To some it was matter of surprise that she bore the bereavement so calmly and cheerfully. She remarked, 'Heaven is not as far from me as Kentucky. I shall soon join her. She had much to suffer in this world; now she is perfectly happy; and why should I grieve?'

"My grandmother never expected to see her child again had she lived, but you and your dear son did expect to meet again on earth, and he enjoyed much the thought of introducing us to each other. But his joys are now far above mortal conception. O had we but a glimpse of his glory, we should adore and praise the Lord, and not repine. He did not finish his course among strangers, though far from home. Many saw, admired, and loved him, and to me he was inexpressibly dear—I may say *is*, for I know he still exists, glorious and happy. You are the blessed mother of a son safe in heaven. We rejoice that on his way there he called at the Seminary, and gave a new impulse to holiness of life among us. He had a tedious, exhausting time of suffering, and I felt, for weeks, as if going through the dark valley with him. But

the light of God's countenance ever shone to guide and sustain him. Such a lovely spirit is rarely known on earth; and now he is gone to a more genial clime. He who never errs has ordered all.

"Yours, very affectionately, A. S. R."

Of the letters received by Mr. Taylor's relations, while collecting the materials for this memoir, we insert the following from the Rev. Frederic W. Hotchkiss:

"*Saybrook, May* 8, 1829.

"Dear Sir,

"Yours of the 24th ultimo, enclosing a letter from Dr. Rice, on the death of your brother, my very dear friend in Christ, is now before me, moving on the deep feelings of my heart, and awakening some of the tenderest recollections of my life. I had seen the obituary notice, and the just and very appropriate remarks on his Christian character and peaceful departure; and after a short indulgence to the affectionate remembrance, while dwelling on the dear name, we resorted to his letters to hold converse with that sainted spirit, 'who being dead yet speaketh.' These letters will, according to your request, be transmitted by the first friendly conveyance we can find. You will perceive they are a little sullied by the hands of many readers, but they will not be the less appreciated because much used and often read.

"Our first interview with your brother was in my house, presenting me a letter of introduction from a reverend friend in the vicinity. There is a feature, a voice, a language, in a deep feeling Christian, which we sometimes think is too evident to be mistaken.

There was a religious sympathy then pervading our hearts, which was ardently reciprocated on his part. We felt as if we had found a dear christian brother, and our hearts burned within us, and we never for a moment in our future acquaintance had reason to think or feel differently. It was a season of deep feeling among my people, and in my family too, when our intercourse commenced; and in a very short time he seemed as a son and a brother in the best bonds; and thus we ever esteemed him. Frequently he visited us, and always he labored, and prayed, and exhorted among my people while with us, and will never be forgotten as one all devoted to the cause of lifting up souls to heaven. To how many he may have been a sweet savor of life I know not; but I do believe his heavenly example, ardent prayers, and impressive conversation, were blessed to the conversion of some very near to me; and who will one day, I believe, meet him in heaven, and hail him as Christ's chosen instrument of their eternal good.

"To spend and to be spent in the service of Christ and for the salvation of souls was his all in all. Often would he say, 'None but Christ: all for Christ.'

"He died as he lived, in the triumphs of that faith which could say, 'Lord, when, where, and how thou wilt.' 'Thy holy will, and thy whole will be done.' We lose the benefit of his life, but let us not lose the benefit of his death. His name is embalmed in the memory of many surviving friends; and while the remembrance is precious, may we learn to be followers of him who through faith and patience inherits the promises.

"With sympathy and reciprocated prayers, your friend and servant,

"FREDERIC W. HOTCHKISS."

Another minister of Christ, in forwarding some letters which he had received from Mr. Taylor, said: "I am rejoiced that you think of collecting his remains. It must do good—it cannot be otherwise." A third writes: "I am much pleased that a Memoir of James is to be written. I think it will be instrumental of great good. I never was acquainted with one of whose piety I had a more exalted opinion." A fourth says: "Your excellent brother came to my house when there was a powerful religious excitement among my people, and spent two weeks in animating professed Christians to greater efforts, and more humble and fervent prayer that they might grow in grace, and make greater attainments in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ; and in laboring for the conversion of sinners. I have no doubt he will find some among my people who will be his joy and crown of rejoicing throughout eternity: and I am happy in the belief that some of my church will wear a brighter crown of glory than they would have done, if your brother had never come among them. I will only add, that we all loved and esteemed him as a faithful brother in Christ."

Another pious and devoted friend, who was long and intimately acquainted with the departed saint, wrote: "I would beg leave to observe, that I think the lives of but few, if faithfully recorded, are calculated, on the whole, to do much good to the religious world; though they may have some valuable traits, and it may be very gratifying to their surviving

friends, yet the multiplication of such works has a tendency to weaken the force of those that are truly excellent. I would not therefore encourage the publication of the memoirs of any departed friend, unless his life had been very uncommon and calculated to elevate the standard of piety and usefulness. *That of our dear departed friend, I think, was exactly of this kind.*"

We do not desire to multiply these testimonies to a wearisome length, and shall therefore conclude with short extracts from three others, from the most respectable sources. The first is a letter from a man who had enjoyed Mr. Taylor's society often, and his friendship for several years, and had as ample opportunity to know him thoroughly as most of those who have given their testimony concerning him:

"It will give my wife and myself sincere pleasure to contribute, in any way we can, towards the intended Memoir, to render it as full and interesting as it should be.

"To place his character before the reader in all its variety of excellence, we think, will be no easy matter. To have any thing like a just impression of him as he really was in life, would require that intimate knowledge of him which we were privileged to enjoy. We can say that we never met with such sweetness of disposition, such a noble contempt of earthly things, such heavenly-mindedness, such entire devotion of the whole being to his God and Savior, such earnest desire to promote his Master's cause, in bringing all within the sphere of his influence to the knowledge of the truth; and, united with all this, a form and

manners of such peculiar loveliness and grace, and a beauty and consistency of character, such as, to our mind, made him a more perfect model than we had ever known.

"We believe there are those here, as well as in every place where he sojourned on earth, that feel they are under obligations to him which can never cease to bind them."

The second is from a clergyman, in which we find this passage: "James B. Taylor labored with me five or six weeks, during a revival in T——, in which between twenty and thirty souls were hopefully converted. During that time I was led to observe the manner and spirit of his conversation with young people on religious subjects. How winning and affectionate! He could speak of the fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, without creating any antipathy to himself. Sinners were won by his sweet voice and *christian courtesy* whilst they trembled for their souls and felt the necessity of repentance. His words were all for his divine Master. I never knew him trifle; he allowed himself indeed no relaxation whilst here. He labored till he was obliged, through fatigue and weakness, to desist; and then his only wish was to recruit, that he might renew his efforts in the service of his Redeemer. Could ministers be found as unremitting and ardent as he was, few, where the Gospel is preached, would be left without convictions at least, if not hopefully converted, through such instrumentality."

The last is from the Rev. Dr. Miller, of the Theological Seminary at Princeton. "I do hope," says Dr. M. "that the *Memorial* of this beloved and ex-

cellent youth which you propose to have erected, will be long a useful monument for candidates for the holy ministry. If his heavenly spirit should be held forth as it ought to be, it cannot fail to benefit the sons of the church, who are looking forward to that sacred office.

"I have a growing conviction that we need nothing in our rising ministry more than deep scriptural spirituality. If we had larger measures of that ardent thirst for the eternal welfare of our fellow-men, a more inextinguishable desire to win souls to Christ, such as our devoted brother had, it would be a pledge of brighter days for our American Zion."

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## CONCLUSION.

In bringing to a close this work, valuable to the compiler at least, it may be useful briefly to survey the character of Mr. Taylor in the relations which he sustained, and in the several situations in which he was placed by the providence of God, that the force of his example may be concentrated, and its impressions received by those who may sustain the like relations and be in pursuit of the same objects.

1. Then let him be contemplated as a Christian; and in this contemplation let it be recollected, that very early after his conversion he adopted the resolution to become an *uncommon* Christian.

This resolution, deliberately formed, and with full persuasion of its practicability, seems to have been acted on with remarkable consistency and persever-

ance, and with that decision of character, without which nothing of moment can ever be accomplished. And in order to its fulfillment, he betook himself to the Bible with the docility of a little child, and with strong confidence in the faithfulness of God. Believing that "the life of God in the soul of man" has its infancy and its growth to maturity; and that whatever attainments may have been made, the promises of God and the fullness of grace that is in Christ Jesus warrant the expectation of still higher attainments,—Mr. Taylor, with the most commendable diligence, used the means by which alone such expectations can be realized. With constancy he searched the Scriptures—not for subjects of speculation—not as a mere intellectual exercise—but with a strong desire to ascertain what affections ought to be cherished, and what duties performed. In the Bible, as in a mirror, he looked at himself; and in the light of the Bible he contemplated every object that claimed his attention or solicited his affections. He was indeed a Bible Christian. Perhaps no one ever more implicitly subjected his whole being to the inspired word.

Regarding the promises as sure, he desired and sought with irrepressible ardor those divine communications which the Lord Jesus vouchsafes to his followers in measures proportioned to the strength of their faith, the fervor of their prayers, and their faithfulness in duty. He believed it to be the privilege of the saints to live in the light of the divine countenance. And whenever, through inadvertence, or the rising of sinful thoughts, or the movement of irregular desires, or the neglect of duty, a cloud came over his soul, he ceased not to humble himself, to mourn

in secret places, to wrestle, and even agonize in prayer, until the joy of God's salvation was restored and the comforts of the Holy Ghost were again afforded. And when in uninterrupted communion with God, he did not, as is too often the case, rest satisfied, but his heart still panted for more grace, more light, and faith, and love—more of every thing that might elevate his piety and increase his moral power. Nor did Mr. Taylor's religion expend itself in the raptures of devotion or in the delights of heavenly contemplation. Its sweet savor was manifested in all the relations he sustained.

Perhaps few persons have ever discovered more of filial piety or fraternal love. And while these affections flowed out in all his correspondence, and in all his intercourse with his family, and in all respects were tempered and sweetened by his religion, yet, veneration for his parents and respect for the senior members of the household never for a moment restrained him from urging upon them the paramount claims of his Master, but always in a manner most earnest, tender, and respectful.

Nor did he content himself with efforts to augment the piety of those to whom he was bound by the ties of nature. In all his intercourse with the saints, and in his voluminous correspondence with Christian friends, his constant aim was, either by testifying of the grace of God to himself, or by direct exhortations to stimulate them also to become *uncommon* Christians. "Set your standard high," was his frequent charge—"There remains yet very much land to be possessed."

The abiding conviction upon Mr. Taylor's mind,

(and certainly it accorded with truth,) was, that Christians generally live far below their privileges. And to this cause he attributed much of their inefficiency in promoting the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom.

It is indeed a lamentation, and shall be for a lamentation, that the church is paralyzed for the want of that vigor of life, which is within the reach of all in whom the principle of vitality has been implanted by the Holy Ghost. This evil Mr. Taylor saw and felt; and while he resolved that, by the grace of God, it should not exist in his own case, against it he talked and wrote, prayed and LIVED; and not without some encouraging success.

His Christian character was a beautiful whole—not indeed absolutely perfect—to this he made no pretentions—yet as near the fair proportions in which it is drawn in the word of God as can almost ever be found in this imperfect state. And in this respect his example is most worthy of imitation.

It is indeed melancholy to observe how frequently the fair form of Christianity appears in an aspect so forbidding as rather to repel than allure the multitude, who have no knowledge of her but what they derive from the spirit, conversation, and conduct of her professed friends. As exhibited by some, she appears in the form of a cold and heartless orthodoxy, with a head filled with notions which have no influence in refining the affections or regulating the practice. In others, with an eye of fire and a tongue sharpened with bitter words, ready to denounce all who are not actuated by the same burning zeal—a zeal unmitigated by the meekness of heavenly wisdom. In others

again, she appears all deformed with passion—all ecstasy in the religious assembly—all tenderness in the hour of excitement—but in the world, morose, sensorious, proud, selfish, and dogmatical.

Such was not the religion of James B. Taylor. His faith worked by love, purified the heart, and overcame the world. His was the wisdom that comes from above—first pure, then *peaceable*, *gentle*, and easy to be entreated; full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy; and ever brought forth the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance.

But there were some traits in this lovely character which ought to be noticed with more distinctness, not only because of their beauty, but because there is a deplorable deficiency in most of those who bear the name of Christ, and in some measure possess the mind that was in him. These were *spirituality* and *humility*: the latter resulting, as it always does in man sanctified but in part, from the former. "His spirituality," says Dr. M., in a letter from which an extract has been already made, "was so uniform, that we had only, as it were, one face, and that of intense brightness, to behold." Spirituality is the habit of a soul illuminated by the truth, and sanctified, through that truth, by the Spirit of God. Such an one employs his thoughts and exercises his affections with facility and with lively interest on spiritual objects. He sets the Lord always before him, apprehends the law of God in its cognizance of the inner man, and feels and acts under a sense of its obligations. Jesus Christ is present by the Spirit with his heart, is seen in his

beauty, is submitted to in his authority, and is alone trusted for salvation, and loved as "the chiefest among ten thousand."

No one can read the letters and journal of James B. Taylor, and not perceive that spiritual things were the very element of his soul;—of them he thought, and wrote, and talked; and, in all situations, he acted in reference to them and under their influence.

One effect of this gracious habit of mind was humility, without which there can be no genuine religion. Jesus Christ was meek and lowly in heart, and no one can have learned of him without imbibing some measure of this excellent grace. Without it there may be ardor in religion; and then will be seen, acted out, if not heard, the cry, "Come, see my zeal for the Lord of hosts." And in this day of excitement, when every thing must be done with strong feeling and vigorous action, it is painful to observe how much, that commends itself to the spirit of the age, is either sadly deficient, or wholly destitute of the brightest glory of the religion of a sinner saved by grace.

He is an humble man who forms a just estimate of his own character, as he weighs himself in the balance of the sanctuary, and feels aright the force of his own judgment of himself. He compares himself, not with those around him, whom he may think or see to be less perfect than himself, but with the law of God, and with the holy example of Jesus, which is the law practically exhibited for the imitation of his followers.

That James B. Taylor was distinguished by his humility cannot be questioned. Living as he did, every day, in the presence of God, realized and felt; and

looking at himself habitually, in the light of God's truth and holiness, he saw, as in a polished mirror, the defects in his own character, and took cheerfully his place in the dust. At those seasons when he enjoyed most of the divine presence, and the brightest manifestations of the glory of God, we always find him taking the lowest place, and like Job, saying, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee: wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." But not only did his humility show itself in his communion with God, but in his intercourse with men. He was ever ready to render honor to whom honor is due, so that when those of age and experience would interpose to temper his ardor and to regulate his course, he would respectfully and meekly hear, and seriously consider; and if their counsel commended itself to his understanding and his conscience, he would cheerfully yield, and that too, when compliance was tasked with the most painful self-denial: and if, in the impetuosity of his feelings, he had taken his course, he would, on conviction of his mistake, promptly retrace his steps with ingenuous confession of his error. Nor did he, as far as appears, ever treat any one with that contempt or even disrespect which is the offspring of pride. His sense of propriety and his humility seemed ever to restrain him from rudely denouncing those whose zeal and devotedness were apparently less than his own.

Very nearly allied to humility is *gentleness;* a Christian grace, an ornament, which gives softness and loveliness to all the rest. In this our dear Christian brother so excelled, that none feared him, none were repelled from him, and he found easy access to the

hearts even of those who would otherwise avoid his company from hatred to his holiness.

The attentive reader has doubtless already observed that the great means by which Mr. Taylor made such distinguished attainments in piety, were the Bible, as noticed before, and the *throne of grace.* He was remarkably a man of prayer. In secret devotions he had his consecrated place and his fixed time; nor would he allow any thing to interfere with this arrangement. And as he did himself, so he exhorted others to do: "Have a fixed place and time for devotion."

2. Let us contemplate this eminent saint in his CONDUCT AS A STUDENT; and in this, perhaps, as much as in any other respect, he has left an instructive example.

Too often the complaint has been made—and oftener the effect has been seen and lamented—that an academical collegiate life has damped the ardor of piety, or greatly diminished its power. Indeed the impression has been deep and disastrous, that this is the necessary effect of a course of study in our public literary institutions. Such have been the facts, as to create a prejudice in many pious minds against a college education. The incorrectness of this impression, capable, *a priori*, of being proved, has been practically demonstrated by the *Christian student* whose course we are reviewing.

Mr. Taylor, aware of the existence and of the bad effects of this notion, entered upon his course of studies with his resolution fixed and his rules adopted; by a strict adherence to which he was effectually secured against the influence of that *esprit du corps*, and those unholy associations, which have so often and so sadly impaired the strength of piety in those who had gone before him.

Upon entering college, he resolved to perform his duties in the following order:

1. Take care of the soul.
2. Take care of the body.
3. Take care of his studies.

By observing this order—giving to reading the Bible and prayer a due portion of time, and always seeking until he enjoyed communion with heaven, he ever kept alive the flame of love; so that, at the close of his collegiate course of studies, he said to a friend, "I have, while in college, enjoyed much of the presence of God. The years I have spent in Nassau Hall will long be remembered as sweet seasons of communion with the Holy Ghost, and of special manifestations of the love of God."

And as to the second rule, his conduct was wise and exemplary. Too often, young men, ardent in their thirst for knowledge, or in haste to get into the field of action, or oppressed with the languor consequent upon mental labor and sedentary life, so neglect that regular exercise which is essential to health, that they come out unfit for service, or go down to an early grave.

On this interesting topic it is obvious to remark, that man is a compound being—that he is made up of an animal, intellectual, and moral nature, neither of which can be neglected with impunity. In all these respects food and exercise must be supplied regularly, and in proper kind and measure, or a weak and sickly habit will be induced, destructive both of happiness and usefulness.

With this natural constitution, and the sure consequences of neglecting it full in view, is it not utter-

ly astonishing that in so few of our literary institutions provision is made for that physical education so essential to the wellbeing of the animal nature? And is it not more surprising still, that men professing to be philosophers should endeavor to exclude from our schools that moral training—that religious culture, without which no man will ever act well his part in those relations for which education is designed to prepare him?

It is true, that, in the inscrutable providence of God, Mr. Taylor's health began to fail just after the completion of his college education, so that he was not permitted to enjoy the high satisfaction which he so ardently desired in preaching the Gospel. But still it is worthy to be remembered, that to the end of the course he enjoyed good health. Nor did his studies suffer at all by a rigid adherence to his rules.

3. But as a CANDIDATE FOR THE MINISTRY, his conduct, though not pretended to be perfect, is above all praise.

For religion's sake; for the sake of the holy name by which he was called; for the joy of the Lord which was his strength; he sought for and made great attainments in the divine life: but never did he seem to lose sight of the influence which his piety would have upon his ministerial character and usefulness. To be very "holy and wise" was the burden of his prayers. Holy and wise, that he might win souls to Jesus Christ, in all his ways please the Lord, and be fully prepared for the purity and blessedness of heaven.

No one could more fully recognize the dependence of man upon the grace of God than did Mr. Taylor. In his prayers, letters, diary, and conversation, he acknowledged the necessity of the Spirit's influences. He

not only believed, but gloried in the doctrine of divine sovereignty; yet he never once entertained the pernicious notion that these truths could either excuse inactivity, or lessen responsibility, or diminish the importance of employing means adapted to the end to be accomplished in the Gospel economy. God has indeed most wisely fited the means to the end, both in the kingdom of nature and that of grace, leaving in both ample scope for the exercise of all the skill and diligence that man can use to bring to pass his benevolent and gracious purposes.

Under the cherished impression of this divine arrangement, Mr. Taylor seemed constantly to live—and, with the conviction that holiness in the ministry afforded the best ground of hope, under God, of success, he with all earnestness, and perseverance, and self-denial, sought to become, and did become, eminently holy. Would to God that all who bear the sacred office were like-minded—that all who aspire to this office could be persuaded to walk as James B. Taylor walked, with God.

Next to personal holiness, Mr. Taylor desired to be "*mighty in the Scriptures*," not only that he might be sanctified through the truth, but that he might draw thence things new and old, giving to every one a portion suited to his condition. "O to be mighty in the Scriptures," was his frequent petition at the throne of grace. And to this end he submitted himself to the usual course of mental discipline. He desired not literary fame, nor the honor that comes from men. It was the Bible he was to expound—its doctrines he was to preach—its precepts to inculcate—the whole counsel of God, as therein revealed, he was to de-

clare. And therefore, to a right understanding of the Bible he resolutely determined to devote all his attainments. And although, in the ardor of his zeal to enter upon the great work for which he longed so earnestly, he wavered for a little season, as to the necessity of *all* that culture which in most cases is wisely required; yet, having corrected this error of judgment, no man more deeply felt the importance of full "preparation." For this he both labored industriously and prayed most earnestly.

In addition to Mr. Taylor's persevering and successful efforts to increase in piety and in knowledge of the word of God, he deserves to be remembered and imitated in his *intercourse with his fellow-men*. Always affable and obliging—noted for a deportment, the result of enlarged and active benevolence; exceedingly social in his feelings, and polite and graceful in his manners; yet he conscientiously avoided an intimacy with those whose society neither promised benefit, nor afforded opportunities of usefulness; but with the saints, the excellent of the earth, was his delight; and the more spiritual any one appeared to be, the more did he seek and enjoy communion with him. And here it mattered nothing with Mr. Taylor what was the condition or the color of the saint. In every one who showed the heart of a true disciple he recognized a brother or sister, and rejoiced to be an instrument in ministering to the edification and consolation of all those who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. To this end he visited the sick—conversed with professors—wrote letters—held meetings for exhortation and prayer, and used all the means he could employ to build up the kingdom of Christ in the hearts of his subjects.

And while Mr. Taylor thus labored and prayed to promote growth in grace in the church, the *burden* of his prayers and labors was for the *conversion of souls*. He had consecrated himself to the service of the Lord, the glory of his name, and the advancement of his cause. And not only in his intercourse and correspondence with his fellow-men did he endeavor to strengthen the interests of piety in those who were under its influence, but by all means, if possible, to gain some from the ranks of the enemy. Actuated by this zeal for the divine glory, and compassion for perishing sinners, he sought and seized every opportunity to beseech men, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. This he did in his private intercourse—in the family circle; and, with the sanction of pastors and other ministers, in many churches, and with uncommon acceptance and success. So that while pursuing his studies, he was made the instrument of bringing, perhaps, more persons to the knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus, than others have done in the ministrations of many years. During his sickness many letters came to him, expressive of the most devoted attachment, and reminding him of the blessing which had, in several places, attended his labors of love. His object was not wealth nor fame, but souls—souls; his constant cry was, "Give me souls!"

There is one further particular which, it has occurred to us, may be introduced with some advantage to students of theology. Many of Mr. Taylor's correspondents were young females—and in his labors he must often have come in contact with persons of this description calculated to awaken tender emotions; yet in all his letters, and in all his diary, there is no evidence

that he ever approached that entangling, and often embarrassing alliance, which so often impedes the progress of students, and too frequently presses as an incubus upon all their after-life and labors.

On the contrary, we find in his diary a passage already quoted, which shall here be cited again: "Not knowing what the Lord has for me to do, I am kept from what, perhaps, would be as pleasant to me as to another; and at which some have been led to wonder. Some may think me stoically indifferent to the connubial state: but *this* restrains me from taking any steps in that matter—I fear to act *prematurely*. When it is clearly one's duty to seek such a connection, will not a prudent wife come from the Lord? I wish that *ministers* would see well to it, that they obtain in their companions an increase of power to help on with their work."

The importance of the marriage relation, as a source of happiness or misery, is perfectly obvious. But this matter, as it bears upon the character and usefulness of a minister of the Gospel, is beyond all computation. None who has not had experience, or made observation on this subject, can tell how much a minister's standing may be affected, how much his work may be promoted or hindered, by the character and deportment of his wife.

How inconsiderate! how unwise the conduct of many young men, and young ministers perhaps yet pursuing their preparatory studies, who have no home nor field of labor—often no patrimony; who "know not what the Lord has for them to do;" who have not finished their theological course. Let those who aspire to this high calling learn wisdom from the folly

of many of their brethren who have gone before them, and "fear to *act prematurely*."

We close by quoting from the obituary notice published soon after his decease,—what, in substance, has been said before:

"Mr. Taylor was a young man admirably fitted to be useful in the ministry. To a fine person, a pleasant countenance, expressive of the benevolence of his soul, a sweet, yet powerful voice, and a cultivated mind, he added piety, humility, zeal, and devotedness to his profession, such as are rarely ever observed united in one individual.

"How mysterious! that in the present urgent wants of the church, one so gifted and qualified should be cut down just after he became ready to enter the pulpit. But perhaps he was called for to perform higher services for his Master in the church triumphant than can be rendered by mortal man in this militant state. And we shall see hereafter, that all things in regard to him were ordered well by that Lord and Savior to whom he had consecrated himself in soul, body, and spirit, for time and eternity." AMEN.

THE END.

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**Rice, John Holt,** 1777–1831.

Memoir of James Brainerd Taylor. By John Holt Rice, D. D. and Benjamin Holt Rice. D. D. 2d stereotype ed., rev. under the sanction of the surviving compiler. New York, The American tract society [1833]

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1. Taylor, James Brainerd, 1801–1829. I. Rice, Benjamin Holt, 1782–1856, joint author.

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